THE

WORKS

OF

Sir John Suckling,

CONTAINING

All his POEMS, LOVE-VERSES, SONGS, LETTERS, and his TRAGEDIES and COMEDIES.

Never before Printed in One Volume.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. H* and sold by *R. Bentley* in *Covent-Garden*, *J. Tonson* in *Fleet-street*, *T. Bennet* in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, and *F. Saunders* in the *New-Exchange*, 1696.

BODLEIANA

THE

WORKS

OF

Sir John Suckling,

CONTAINING

All his Poems, Love-Verses, Songs, Letters, and his Tragedies and Comedies.

Never before Printed in One Volume.

LONDON

Printed for H. H. and [illegible] by R. [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]

ON
New-Years Day, 1640.

To the KING.

1.

AWake (great Sir) the Sun ſhines here,
Gives all Your Subjects a New-year,
Only we ſtay till you appear,
For thus by us Your Power is underſtood,
He may make fair days, You muſt make them good.
Awake, awake,
and take
Such Preſents as poor men can make;
They can add little unto bliſs
who cannot wiſh.

2.

May no ill vapour cloud the Skie,
Bold Storms invade the Sovereignty,
But gales of Joy, ſo freſh, ſo high,
That you may think Heaven ſent to try this Year,
What fair or burthen, a Kings mind could bear.
Awake. awake, &c.

3.

May all the discords in your State
(Like those in Musick we create)
Be govern'd at so wise a rate,
That what would of it self sound harsh, or fright,
May be so tempered that it may delight.
Awake, awake, &c.

4.

What Conquerors from battels find,
Or Lovers when their Doves are kind,
Take up henceforth our masters mind,
Make such strange Rapes upon the place, it may be
No longer joy there, but an extasie.
Awake, awake, &c.

5.

A

May every pleasure and delight
That has or does your sence invite
Double this year, save those o'th night:
For such a Marriage-bed must know no more
Then repetition of what was before.
Awake, awake,
and take.
Such Presents as poor men can make,
They can add little unto bliss
who cannot wish.

Loving and Beloved.

1.

THere never yet was honeſt man
That ever drove the trade of love;
It is impoſſible, nor can
Integrity our ends promove:
For Kings and Lovers are alike in this
That their chief art in reigne diſſembling is.

2.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love,
Good nature now and paſſion ſtrive
Which of the two ſhould be above,
And laws unto the other give;
So we falſe fire with art ſometime diſcover,
And the true fire with the ſame art do cover.

3.

What Rack can Fancy find ſo high?
Here we muſt Court, and here ingage,
Though in the other place we die.
Oh! 'tis torture all, and cozenage;
And which the harder is I cannot tell,
To hide true love, or make falſe love look well.

4.

Since it is thus, God of deſire,
Give me my honeſty again,
And take thy brands back, and thy fire;
I'me weary of the State I'me in:

Since (if the very beſt ſhould now befal)
Loves Triumph, muſt be Honours Funeral.

1.

IF when Don *Cupids* dart
Doth wound a heart,
we hide our grief
and ſhun relief;
The ſmart increaſeth on that ſcore;
For wounds unſearcht but rancle more.

2.

Then if we whine, look pale,
And tell our tale,
men are in pain
for us again;
So neither ſpeaking doth become
Th Lovers ſtate, nor being dumb.

3.

When this I do deſcry,
Then thus think I,
love is the fart
of every heart:
It pains a man when 'tis kept cloſe,
And others doth offend, when 'tis let looſe.

A Seſſions of the Poets.

A Seſſion was held the other day,
And *Apollo* himſelf was it (they ſay)
The Laurel that had been ſo long reſerv'd,
Was now to be given to him beſt deſerv'd.

And

Therefore the wits of the Town came thither,
'Twas ſtrange to ſee how they flocked together,
Each ſtrongly confident of his own way,
That day thought to carry the Laurel away.

There was *Selden*, and he ſate cloſe by the chair;
Wainman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with *Townſend*, for they kept no order;
Digby and *Shillingſworth* a little further:

And

There was *Lucans* Tranſlator too and he
That makes God ſpeak ſo big in's Poetry:
Selwin and *Waller*, and *Bartlets* both the brothers;
Jack Vaughan and *Porter*, and divers others.

The firſt that broke ſilence was good old *Ben*,
Prepared before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deſerved the Bayes,
For his were called Works, where others were but Playes.

And

Bid them remember how he had purg'd the Stage
Of errors that had laſted many an age,
And he hoped they did not think the *ſilent Woman*,
The *Fox*, and the *Alchymiſt* out done by no man.

Apollo ſtopt him there, and bid him not go on,
'Twas merit, he ſaid, and not preſumption
Muſt carry't; at which *Ben* turned about
And in great choler offer'd to go out;

But

Thoſe that were there thought it not fit
To diſcontent ſo ancient a wit;
And therefore *Apollo* call'd him back again,
And made him mine hoſt of his own new Inn.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a faule
That would not well ſtand with a Laureat;
His muſe was hyde bound, and th'Iſſue of's brain
Was ſeldome brought forth but with trouble and pain.

And

All that were preſent there did agree,
A Laureat Muſe ſhould be eaſie and free,
Yet ſure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his Grace
Conſider'd he was well he had a Cup-bearers place.

Will. Daveuant aſham'd of a fooliſh miſchance
That he had got lately travelling in *France*,
Modeſty hoped the handſomeneſs of's Muſe
Might any deformity about him excuſe.

And

Surely the Company would have been content,
If they cou'd have found any Preſident;
But in all their Records, either in Verſe or Proſe,
There was not one Laureat without a noſe.

To *Will Bartlet* ſure all the Wits meant well,
But firſt they would ſee how his Snow would ſell:
Will ſmil'd and ſwore in their judgments they went leſs,
That concluded of merit upon ſucceſs.

Suddenly

Suddenly taking his place agen,
He gave way to *Selwin*, who ſtreight ſtept in;
But alaſs! he had been ſo lately a wit,
That *Apollo* himſelf ſcarce knew him yet.

Toby Mat hews (pox on him) what made he there?
Was whiſpering nothing in ſome bodies ear,
When he had the honour to be named in Court,
But Sir, you may thank my Lady *Carleil* for't:

For had not her character furniſht you out
With ſomething of handſome, without all doubt
You and your ſorry Lady-Muſe had been
In the number of thoſe that were not let in.

In haſte from the Court two or three came in,
And they brought letters (forſooth) from the Queen,
'Twas diſcreetly done too, for if th'had come
Without them, th'had ſcarce been let into the room.

This made a diſpute; for 'twas plaine to be ſeen
Each man had a mind to gratify the Queen:
But *Apollo* himſelf could not think it fit;
There was difference, he ſaid, betwixt fooling and wit

Suckling next was call'd but did not appear,
But ſtraight one whiſpered *Apollo* i'th'ear,
That of all Men living he cared not for't,
He loved not the Muſes ſo well as his ſport;

And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls above all the Trophies of wit;
But *Apollo* was angry, and publickly ſaid
Twere fit that a fine were ſet upon's head.

What Montague now ſtood forth to his tryal,
And did not ſo much as ſuſpect a denial;

But wiſe *Apollo* asked him firſt of all
If he underſtood his own Paſtoral.

For if he could do it, 'twould plainly appear
He underſtood more than any man there,
And did merit the Bayes above all the reſt,
But the Monſieur was modeſt, and ſilence confeſt.

During theſe troubles in the Croud was hid
One that *Apollo* ſoon miſt, little *Sid*;
And having ſpied him, call'd him out of the throng,
And adviſ'd him in his ear not to write ſo ſtrong.

Then *Murrey* was ſummoned but 'was urged, that he
Was chief already of another Company,

Hales by himſelf moſt gravely did ſmile
To ſee them about nothing keep ſuch a coil;
Apollo had ſpied him, but knowing his mind
Paſt by, and call'd *Falkland*, that ſate juſt behind;

But

He was of late ſo gone with Divinity,
That he had almoſt forgot his Poetry,
Though to ſay the truth (and *Apollo* did know it)
He might have been both his Prieſt and his Poet.

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which *Will. Davenant* began to ſwear;
But wiſer *Apollo* bad him draw nigher,
And when he was mounted a little higher.

He openly declared, that it was the beſt ſign
Of good ſtore of wit, to have good ſtore of coyn,
And without a Syllable more or leſs ſaid,
He put the Laurel on the Aldermans head.

At

At this all the wits were in ſuch a maze
That, for a good while, they did nothing but gaze
One upon another, not a man in the place
But had diſcontent writ at large in his face.

Onely the ſmall ones chear'd up again,
Out of hope as 'twas thought of borrowing,
But ſure they were out for he forfeits his Crown
When he lends to any Poet about the town.

Loves World.

IN each mans heart that doth begin
To love, there's ever fram'd within
A little World for ſo I found,
When firſt my paſſion reaſon drown'd.

Inſtead of *Earth* unto this frame, *Earth,*
I had a faith was ſtill the ſame,
For to be right it doth behoove
It be as that, fixt and not move.

Yet as the Earth may ſometimes ſhake
(For winds ſhut up will cauſe a quake)
So often jealouſie, and fear,
Stolne into mine, cauſe tremblings there.

My *Flora* was my *Sun*, for as *Sun,*
One *Sun*, ſo but one *Flora* was:
All other faces borrowed hence
Their light and grace, as ſtars do thence.

My hopes I call my *Moon*; for they *Moon*
Inconſtant ſtill, were at no ſtay;

But

But as my Sun inclin'd to me,
Or more or leſs were ſure to be,

Sometimes it would be full, and then
Oh! too too ſoon decreaſe agen;
Eclip'ſt ſometimes, that 'twould ſo fall
There would appear no hope at all.

My thoughts cauſe infinite they be — *Stars.*
Muſt be thoſe many Stars we ſee;
Of which ſome wandered at their will, — *Fixed*
But moſt on her were *fixed* ſtill. — *Planets.*

My burning flame and hot deſire — *Element*
Muſt be the *Element of Fire*, — *of Fire.*
Which hath as yet ſo ſecret been
That it as that was never ſeen;

No Kitching fire, nor eating flame,
But innocent, hot but in name;
A fire that's ſtarved when fed, and gone
When too much fewel is laid on.

But as it plainly doth appear,
That fire ſubſiſts by being near,
The Moons bright Orbe, ſo I believe
Ours doth, for hope keeps Love alive.

My Fancy was the *Air*, moſt free — *Air*
And full of mutability,
Big with Chimera's, vapours here
Innumerable hatcht as there.

The Sea's my mind, which calm would be — *Sea*
Were it from winds (my paſſions) free;

But

But out alas! no Sea I find
Is troubled like a Lovers mind.

Within it Rocks and Shallows lie,
Despair and fond credulity.

But in this World it were good reason
We did distinguish time and season;
Her presence then did make the *Day*,
And *Night* shall come when she's away.

Long absence in far distant place *Winter*
Creates the *Winter*, and the space
She tarryed with me, well I might
Call it my *Summer* of delight. *Summer*.

Diversity of weather came
From what she did, and thence had name;
Sometimes she would smile, that made it fair;
And when she laught, the Sun shin'd clear.

Sometimes sh'would frown, and sometimes weep,
So Clouds and Rain their turns do keep;
Sometimes again sh'would be all ice,
Extreamly cold, extreamly nice.

But soft my Muse, the world is wide,
And all at once was not descri'd;
It may fall out some honest Lover
The rest hereafter will discover.

Song.

WHy ſo pale and wan fond Lover?
Prethee why ſo pale?
ill, then looking well can't move her
looking ill prevail?
prethee why ſo pale;

y ſo dull and mute young ſinner,
prethee why ſo mute?
then ſpeaking well can't win her,
ſaying nothing do't?
prethee why ſo mute?

quit for ſhame this will not move,
this cannot take her;
her ſelf ſhe will not love,
nothing can make her:
the Devil take her.

Sonnet I.

1.

O'ſt ſee how unregarded now
that piece of beauty paſſes?
was a time when I did vow
to that alone;
but mark the Fate of Faces;
d and white works now no more on me,
it could not charm or I not ſee.

And

2.

And yet the Face continues good,
and I have ſtill deſires,
Am ſtill the ſelf ſame Fleſh and Blood,
as apt to melt
and ſuffer from thoſe fires;
Oh! ſome kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my Heart be faulty, or her eyes.

3.

She every day her Man does kill,
and I as often die;
Neither her power then, nor my will
can queſtioned be,
what is the myſtery?
Sure Beauties, Empires, like to greater States,
Have certain periods ſet, and hidden fates.

Sonnet II.

1.

OF thee (kind boy) I ask no red and white it
to make up my delight,
no odd becoming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in Faces;
Make me but mad enough, give me good ſtore
Of Love, for her I Court,
I ask no more,
'Tis love in love that makes the ſport.

Theres

2.

There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
it is meer cousonage all,
for though some long ago
Like certain colours mingled so and so,
That doth not tie me now from chusing new,
If I a fancy take
To black and blew,
That fancy doth in beauty make.

3.

Tis not the meat but tis the appetite
makes eating a delight,
and if I like one dish,
More than another, that a Pheasant is;
What in our watches, that in us is found,
So to the height and nick
We up be wound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

Sonnet III.

1.

O H! for some honest Lovers ghost,
Some kind unbodied post
Sent from the shades below,
I strangely long to know
Whether the nobler Chaplets wear,
Those that their Mistress scorn did bear,
Or those that were us'd kindly.

For

2.

For what-so-e're they tell us here
To make those sufferings dear,
'Twill there I fear be found,
That to the being crown'd,
'Thave lov'd alone will not suffice,
Unless we also have been wise,
And have our loves enjoy'd.

3.

What posture can we think him in,
That here unlov'd again
Departs and's thither gone
Where each sits by his own?
Or how can that *Elizium* be
Where I my Mistress still must see
Circled in others Armes?

4.

For there the Judges all are just,
And *Sophonisba* must
Be his whom she held dear?
Not his who lov'd her here:
The sweet *Philocles* since she dy'd
Lies by her *Pirocles* his side,
Not by *Amphialus*.

5.

Some Bayes (perchance) or Myrtle bought
For difference crowns the brow
Of those kind souls that were
The noble Martyrs here;
And if that be the only odds
(As who can tell) ye kinder Gods,
Give me the Woman here.

To

To his most Honored, the Lord Lepington, *upon his Translation of* Malvezzi *his* Romulus *and* Tarquin.

IT is so rare and a new thing to see
Ought that belongs to young Nobility
In print (but their own clothes) that we must praise
You as we would do those first shew the ways
To Arts, or to new Worlds: You have begun;
Taught traveled youth what tis it should have done:
For it has indeed too strong a Custom bin
To carry out more wit than we bring in.
You have done otherwise, brought home (my Lord)
The choicest things fam'd Countries do afford:
Malvezzi by your meanes is English grown,
And speaks your tongue now as well as his own,
Malvezzi, he, whom tis as hard to praise
To merit as to imitate his waies.
He does not shew us *Rome* great suddenly,
As if the Empire were a Timpany,
But gives it natural growth, tells how, and why
The little body grew so large and high,
Describes each thing so lively, that we are
Concern'd our selves before we are aware:
And at the wars they and their neighbours wagged,
Each Man is present still and still engaged.
Like a good Prospective he strangely brings
Things distant to us; and in these two Kings

We see what made greatness, and what it has been
Made that greatness contemptible again.
And all this not tediously derivd,
But like to Worlds little Maps contrived.
Tis he that doth the Roman Dame restore,
Makes *Lucrece* chaster for her being whore;
Gives her a kind Revenge for *Tarquins* sin;
For ravisht first, she ravisheth again.
She says such fine things after, that we must
In spite of vertue thank foul Rape and Lust,
Since twas the cause no woman would have had,
Though shes of *Lucrece* side, *Tarquin* less bad,
But stay; like one that thinks to bring his friend
A Mile or two, and sees the journeys end,
I straggle on too far: long graces do
But keep good stomachs off that would fall too.

Against Fruition.

STAY here fond youth and ask no more, be wise,
Knowing to much long since lost Paradise;
The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst should still
Last in their pride; and wouldst not take it ill
If rudely from sweet Dreams (and for a toy)
Tho wert awake? he wakes himself that does enjoy.

Fruction adds to new wealth, but destroys,
And while it pleaseth much the palate cloys;
Who thinks he shall be happier for that,
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat

By eating to a ſurfeit this once paſt,
What reliſhes? even kiſſes loſe their taſt.

Urge not 'tis neceſſary, alas! we know
The homelieſt thing which mankind does is ſo;
The World is of a vaſt extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled; Children there muſt be;
So muſt bread too; but ſince there are enough
Born to the Drudgery, what need we plough?

Women enjoy'd (what ere before 'thave been)
Are like Romances read, or ſights once ſeen:
Fructions dull and ſpoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the Plot before;
'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear,
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.

And as in Proſpects we are there pleas'd moſt
Where ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſs; ſo here reſtraint
Holds up delight, that with exceſſe would faint.
They who know all the wealth they have, are poor,
Hee's onely rich that cannot tell his ſtore.

II.

THere never yet was woman made,
nor ſhall, but to be curſt;
And oh! that I (fond I) ſhould firſt
of any Lover
This truth at my own charge to other fools diſcover.

You

2.

You have promis'd to your ſelves
propriety in love,
Know womens hearts like ſtraws do move,
and what we call
Their ſympathy, is but love to jett in general.

3.

All Mankind is alike to them;
and though we ſeldome find
The Loadſtone with the Iron joyn'd,
'tis not its fault:
It is becauſe neer the Loadſtone it was never brought.

4.

If where a gentle Bee hath fallen
and laboured to his power,
A new ſucceeds not to that Flower,
but paſſes by;
'Tis to be thought, the gallant elſe-where loads his thigh

5.

For ſtill the Flowers ready ſtand,
one buzzes round about,
One lights and taſts, gets in, gets out,
all, all-waies ſuit them,
Till all their ſweets are gone, and then again refuſe them.

Song.

NO, no, fair Heretick, it needs must be
But an ill Love in me,
And worse for thee;
For were it in my Power,
To Love thee now this Hour
More then I did the last;
I would then so fall
I might not Love at all;
Love that can flow, and can admit encrease,
Admits as well an Ebb, and may grow less.

True Love is still the same; the Torrid Zones,
And those more frigid ones
It must not know;
For Love grown cold or hot
Is lust or Friendship, not
The thing we have.
For that's a flame would Dye,
Held down, or up too high:
Then think I Love more than I can express,
And would Love more could I but Love the less

To my Friend Will. Davenant; *upon his Poem of* Madagascar.

WHAT mighty Princes Poets are those things
The great ones seek at, and our very Kings
Lay down, they venture on; and with great ease,
Discover, conquer what you please,
Some Flegmatick Sea-Captain, would have staid
For money now, or Victuals; not have waid
Anchor without 'em; Thou (*Will*) dost not stay
So much as for a wind but go'st away,
Land'st, view'st the Country; fight'st, put'st all to rout,
Before another could be putting out!
And now the news in town is, *Davenant*'s come
From *Madagascar*, Fraught with Laurel home;
And welcome (*Will*) for the first time, but p'ithee
In thy next Voyage, bring the gold too with thee.

To my Friend Will. Davenant *on his other* Poems.

THou hast redeem'd us, *Will*. and future Times
Shall not account unto the Ages crimes
Death of pure wit: Since the great Lord of it
(*Donne*) parted hence, no man has ever writ
So nere him in his own way; I would commend
Particulars, but then, how should I end
Without a Volume; Every line of thine
Would ask (to praise it right) twenty of mine.

LOve, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
Three mates to play at Barley-break;
Love, Folly took; and Reason, Fancy;
And Hate consorts with Pride; so dance they:
Love coupled last, and so it fell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

2.

They break, and Love would Reason meet,
But hate was nimbler on her feet;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hyes, and they two hugge together:
Yet this new coupling still doth tell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

3.

The rest do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reason on her side;
Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
Untoucht by love in Folly's hand;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in hell.

Song.

1.

I Prethee ſpare me, gentle Boy,
Preſs me no more for that ſlight toy,
That fooliſh trifle of an heart,
I ſwear it will not do its part,
Though thou doſt thine, employ'ſt thy power and art.

2.

For though long cuſtom it has known
The little ſecrets, and is grown
Sullen and Wiſe will, have its will,
And like old Hawks purſues that ſtill
That makes leaſt ſport, flies onely where't can kill.

3.

Some youth that has not made his Story,
Will think perchance the pain's the glory;
And mannerly fit out Lovesfeaſt;
I ſhall be carving of the beſt,
Rudely call for the laſt courſe 'fore the reſt.

4.

And oh! when once that courſe is paſt,
How ſhort a time the Feaſt doth laſt;
Men riſe away, and ſcaree ſay grace,
Or civilly once thank the face
that did invite; but ſeek another place.

Upon my Lady Carliſles *walking in* Hampton-Court garden.

DIALOGUE.

T. C. *I. S.*

Thom.

DIdſt not thou find the place inſpir'd,
And flowers as if they had deſir'd
No other Sun, ſtart from their beds
And for a ſight ſteal out their heads?
Heardſt thou not muſick when ſhe talkt?
And didſt not find that as ſhe walkt
She threw rare perfumes all about
Such a beam bloſſoms newly out,
Or chaſed ſpices give? ——

I. S.

I muſt confeſs thoſe perfumes (*Tom*)
I did not ſmell; nor found that from
Her paſſing by, ought ſprung up new,
The flowers had all their birth from you;
For I paſt ore the ſelf-ſame walk,
And did not find one ſingle ſtalk
Of any thing that was to bring
This unknown after after ſpring.

Thom.

Dull and inſenſible, couldſt ſee
A thing ſo near a Deity

Move

Move up and down, and feel no change?

I. S.

None and so great, were alike strange,
I had my thoughts but not your way,
All are not born (Sir) to the Bay;
Alas! *Tom*, I am flesh and blood,
And was consulting how I could
In spite of masks and hoods descry
The parts denied unto the eye,
I was undoing all she wore,
And had she walkt but one turn more,
Eve in her first state had not been
More naked or more plainly seen.

Thom.

Twas well for thee she left the place,
There is great danger in that face;
But hadst thou view'd her leg and thigh,
And upon that discovery
Search't after parts that are more dear
(As fancy seldom stops so near)
No time or Age had ever seen
So lost a thing as thou hadst been.

To Mr. Davenant *for absence.*

WOnder not if I stay not here,
Hurt Lovers (like to wounded deer)
Must shift the place; for standing still
Leaves too much time to know our ill:
Where is a Traytor eye
That lets in from th'enemy,

All that my supplant an heart,
'Tis time the Chief should use some Art;
What parts the object from the sence,
Wisely cuts off intelligence,
Oh how quickly Men must die,
Should they stand all Loves Battery;
Persindaes eye, great mischief do,
So do we know the Cannon too;
But Men are safe at distance still,
Where they reach not, they cannot kill,
Love is a fit and soon is past,
Ill dyet onely makes it last,
Who is still looking, gazing ever,
Drinks wine i'th'very height o'th Fever.

Against Absence.

MY whining Lover, what needs all
These vows of life Monastical?
Despairs, retirements, jealousies,
And subtile sealing up of eyes?
Come, come, be wise; return again,
A finger burnt's as great a pain;
And the same Physick, self same art
Cures that, would cure a flaming heart,
Would'st thou whilst yet the Fire is in
But hold it to the fire again.
If you (Dear Sir) the Plague have got,
What matter is't whether or not
They let you in the same house lie,
or carry you abroad to die?
He whom the plague, or Love once takes,
Every Room a pest-house makes.

Absence

Abſence were good if it were but ſence
That onely holds the Intelligence:
Pure love alone no hurt would do,
But love is love, and magick too.
Brings a miſtreſs a thouſand miles,
And the ſleight of lookes beguiles,
Makes her entertain thee there,
And the ſame time your Rival here;
And (oh; the Devil) that ſhe ſhould
Say finer things now then ſhe would;
So Nobly Fancy doth ſupply
What the dull ſence lets fall and dies
Beauty like mans old enemies known,
To tempt him moſt when hee's alone.
The ayre of ſome wild o're grown wood,
Or pathleſs grove is the Boys food.
Return then back, and feed thine eye,
Feed all thy ſences, and feaſt high.
Spare dyet is the cauſe love laſts,
For Surfeits ſooner kill than Faſts.

A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verſes of Mr. Wil. Shakeſpears, *By the Author.*

1.

ONe of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiſs,
Which therefore ſwelled, and ſeemd to part aſunder,
As angry to be robd of ſuch a bliſs:
The one lookt pale, and for revenge did long,
While tother bluſht, cauſe it had done the wrong.

Out of the bed the other fair hand was
On a green sattin quilt, whose perfect white
Lookt like a Dazie in a field of grass,
And shewd like unmelt snow unto the sight,
There lay this pretty perdue, safe to keep
The rest o'th'body that lay fast a sleep.

Thus far Shakespear.

3.

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
strove to imprison beauty till the morn,
But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
That it broke through, and shew'd it self in scorn,
Throwing a kind of light about the place,
Which turn'd to smiles still as't came near her face.

4.

Her beams (which some dull men call'd hair) divided
Part with her cheeks part with her lips did sport,
But these, as rude, her breath put by still; some
Wiselier downwards sought but falling short,
Curl'd back in rings, and seemd to turn again
To bite the part so unkindly held them in.

THat none beguiled be by times quick flowing,
Lovers have in their hearts a clock still going;
For though time be nimble his motions
are quicker
and thicker
where love hathits notions;

Hope

Hope is the main ſpring on which moves deſire,
And theſe do the leſs wheels, fear, joy inſpire;
the ballance is thought, evermore clicking
and ſtriking,
and nere giving ore.
Occaſions the hand which ſtill's moving round,
Till by it the Critical hour may be found,
And when that falls out, it will ſtrike kiſſes,
ſtrange bliſſes,
and what you beſt like.

THIS now ſince I ſate down before
That fooliſh Fort a heart;
(Time ſtrangely ſpent) a Year and more,
And ſtill I did my part:

2.

Made my approaches from her hand
unto her lip did riſe,
And did already underſtand
The language of her eyes.

3.

Proceeded on with no leſs Art,
My tongue was Enginer;
I thought to undermine the heart,
By whiſpering in the ear.

Who

4.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great Cannon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the Town,
And still it yielded not.

5.

I then resolv'd to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praysing and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

6.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in:
And brought my self to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

7.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The Enemy lay quite too,
And smild at all was done.

8.

I sent to know from whence and where,
These hapes and this relief?
A Spie informed, honour was there,
And did command in chief.

9.

March march (quoth I) the word straight give,
Lets lose no time, but leave her
That Giant upon ayre will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To

To such a place our Camp remove
As will not siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her Love
Onely to feed her pride.

Upon my Lord's Brohalls *Wedding.*

DIALOGUE.

S. *B.*

IN bed dull man?
When Love and Hymens Revels are begun,
And the Church Ceremonies past and done.
B. Why who's gone mad to day?
S. Dull Heretick, thou wouldst say,
He that is gone to Heaven is gone astray;
Brohall our gallant friend
Is gone to Church as Martyrs to the fire:
Who marry differ but i'th'end,
Since both to take
The hardest way to what they most desire:
Nor staid he till the formal Priest had done,
But ere that part was finisht, his begun:
Which did reveal
The haste and eagerness men have to feel
That long to tell the mony.
A sprig of Willow in his hat he wore,
(The losers badge and livry heretofore)

But

But now ſo order that it might be taken
By lookers on, forſaken as forſaken,
And now and then
A careleſs ſmile broke forth, which ſpoke his mind,
And ſeemd to ſay ſhe might have been more kind.
When this (dear *Lock*) I ſaw
thought I
How weak is Lovers Law?
The bonds made there (like gypſies knots) with eaſe
Are faſt and looſe, as they that hold them pleaſe.

But was the fair Nymphs praiſe or power leſs
That lead him captive now to happineſs?
Cauſe ſhe did not a forreign aid deſpiſe,
but entered breaches made by others eyes:
The Gods forbid,
There muſt be ſome to ſhoot and batter down,
Others to force and to take in the Town.
To Hawkes (good *Jack*) and hearts
There may
Be ſeveral waies and Arts:
One watches them perchance, and makes them tame,
Another when they're ready ſhews them game.

Sir.

WHether theſe lines do find you out,
Feeling or clearing of a doubt;
(Whether Predeſtination,
or reconciliation there in one,
Or the unridling how men die,
And live at once eternally,
Now take you up) know 'tis decreed
You ſtraight beſtride the College Steed:

Leave

Leave *Socinus* and the Schoolmen.
(Which *Jack Bond* ſwears do but fool men)
And come to Town; 'tis fit you ſhow
Your ſelf abroad, that Men may know
(What e'er ſome Learned Men have gueſt)
That Oracles are not yet ceas't;
There you ſhall find the Wit, and Wine
Flowing alike, and both Divine:
Diſhes, with names not known in Books;
And leſs amongſt the College Cooks,
With ſauce ſo pregnant that you need
Not ſtay till Hunger bids you feed.
The ſweat of learned *Johnſons* brain,
And gentle *Shakeſpear*'s eas'er ſtrain.
A Hackney-Coach conveys you to,
In ſpite of all that Rain can do:
And for your eighteen pence you ſit
The Lord and Judge of all freſh Wit.
News in one Day as much w'have here
As ſerves all *Windſor* for a Year;
And which the Carrier brings to you,
After 't has here been found not true.
Then think what Company's deſign'd
To meet you here, Men ſo refin'd,
Their very common talk at board,
Makes wiſe, or mad a young Court-Lord;
And makes him capable to be
Umpire in's Father's Company.
Where no diſputes nor forc'd defence
Of a Man's perſon for his ſence
Take up the time; all ſtrive to be
Maſters of Truth, as Victory:
And where you come, I'de boldly ſwear
A Synod might as eas'ly err.

Againſt Fruition.

FIe upon Hearts that burn with mutual fire;
I hate two minds that breath but one deſire:
Were I to curſe th'unhallow'd ſort of Men,
I'de wiſh them to love, and be lov'd agen.
Love's a Camelion, that lives on meer Air;
And ſurfeits when it comes to groſſer fare:
'Tis petty Jealouſies, and little Fears,
Hopes joyn'd with Doubts, and Joys with *April* Tears,
That crowns our Love with pleaſures: theſe are gone
When once we come to full Fruition.
Like waking in a Morning, when all Night
Our fancy hath been fed with true delight.
Oh! what a ſtroke 'twould be! Sure I ſhould die,
Should I but hear my Miſtriſs once ſay, I.
That monſter Expectation feeds too high
For any Woman e'er to ſatisfie:
And no brave Spirit ever car'd for that
Which in Down-beds with eaſe he could come at.
She's but an honeſt Whore that yields, although
She be as cold as Ice, as pure as Snow:
He that enjoys her hath no more to ſay
But keep us Faſting if you'l have us pray.
Then faireſt Miſtriſs, hold the power you have,
By ſtill denying what we ſtill do crave:
In keeping us in hopes ſtrange things to ſee
That never were, nor are, nor e'er ſhall be.

A Ballad

Upon a Wedding.

I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen;
Oh things beyond compare!
Such ſights again cannot be found
In any place on Engliſh ground,
Be it at Wake, or Fair.

At *Charing-Croſs*, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our Hay,
There is a Houſe with Stairs;
And there did I ſee coming down
Such Folks as are not in our Town,
Vorty at leaſt, in Pairs.

Amongſt the reſt, one Peſtilent fine,
(His Beard no bigger though then thine)
Walkt on before the reſt:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bleſs him) 'twould undo him;
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At Courſe a-Park, without all doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out
By all the Maids i'th' Town:
Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what? the Youth was going
To make an end of all his woing;
The Parſon for him ſtaid:
Yet by his leave (for all his haſte)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt.
(Perchance) as did the Maid

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For ſuch a Maid no *Whitſon*-Ale
Could ever yet produce:
No Grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of Juice.

Her Finger was ſo ſmall, the Ring
Would not ſtay on which he did bring,
It was too wide a Peck:
And to ſay truth (for out it muſt)
It look'd like the great Collar (juſt)
About our young Colts Neck

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little Mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But, *Dick*, ſhe Dances ſuch a way!
No Sun upon an Eaſter-day
Is half ſo fine a ſight.

He would have kiſs'd her once or twice,
But ſhe would not, ſhe was nice,
She would not do't in ſight;
And then ſhe look'd as who ſhould ſay
I will do what I liſt to day;
And you ſhall do't at Night.

Her Cheeks ſo rare a white was on,
No *Dazy* makes compariſon,
(Who ſees them is undone)

For

For ſtreaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a *Katherine* Pear,
(The ſide that's next the Sun)

Her Lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her Chin,
(Some Bee had ſtung it newly.)
But (*Dick*) her Eyes ſo guard her Face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze,
Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her Mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſwear her Teeth her words did break,
That they might paſſage get,
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any ſin,
The Parſon himſelf had guilty been,
(She look'd that day ſo purely:)
And did the Youth ſo oft the feat
At Night, as ſome did in conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him, ſurely.

Paſſion oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
(I trow) beſides the Bride.
The buſ'neſs of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that Men ſhould eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Juſt in the nick the Cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His ſummons did obey,
Each ſerving-man with diſh in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our Train'd Band,
Preſented and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,
What Man of Knife, or Teeth, was able
To ſtay to be intreated?
And this the very reaſon was,
Before the Parſon could ſay Grace,
The Company was ſeated.

Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouſe;
Healths firſt go round, and then the houſe,
The Brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by ſtealth.
(And who could help it? *Dick*)

O'th' ſuddain up they riſe and dance;
Then ſit again and ſigh, and glance:
Then dance again and kiſs.
Thus ſev'ral ways the time did paſs,
Whilſt ev'ry Woman wiſh'd her place,
And ev'ry Man wiſh'd his.

By this time all were ſtoln aſide
To counſel and undreſs the Bride;
But that he muſt not know:
But yet 'twas thought he gheſt her mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an hour or ſo.

When in he came (*Dick*) there ſhe lay
Like new-faln Snow melting away,
Kiſſes were now the only ſtay,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who would ſay,
God B'w'y'! with all my heart,
But juſt as Heaven's would have to croſs it,
In came the Bride-Maids with the Poſſet:
The Bridegroom eat in ſpight;

For

For had he left the Women to't
It would have cost two hours to do't,
Which were too much that Night.

At length the Candles out, and now,
All that they had not done, they do:
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Then thou and I have done before
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

MY dearest Rival, lest our Love
Should with excentrique motion move,
Before it learn to go astray,
We'l teach and set it in a way;
And such directions give unto't,
That it shall never wander foot.
Know first then, we will serve as true
For one poor smile, as we would do
If we had what our higher flame,
Or our vainer wish could frame.
Impossible shall be our hope;
And Love shall only have his scope
To joyn with Fancy now and then,
And think what Reason would condemn:
And on these grounds we'l love as true,
As if they were most sure t'ensue:
And chastly for these things we'l stay,
As if to morrow were the day.
Mean time we two will teach our hearts
In Loves burdens bear their parts:
Thou first shalt sigh, and say she's fair;
And I'll still answer, past compare.

Thou

Thou ſhalt ſet out each part o'th face,
While I extol each little grace;
Thou ſhalt be raviſh'd at her wit;
And I, that ſhe ſo governs it.
Thou ſhalt like well that Hand, that Eye,
That Lip, that Look, that Majeſty;
And in good Language them adore:
While I want words, and do it more.
Yea, we will ſit and ſigh a while,
And with ſoft thoughts ſome time beguile;
But ſtraight again break out, and praiſe
All we had done before, new-ways.
Thus will we do till paler death,
Come with a warrant for our breath;
And then whoſe Fate ſhall be to die
Firſt of us two, by Legacy
Shall all his ſtore bequeath, and give
His Love to him that ſhall ſurvive:
For no one ſtock can ever ſerve
To love ſo much as ſhe'l deſerve.

SONG.

1.

HOneſt Lover whoſoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

2.

If when ſhe appears i'th' Room,
Thou doſt not quake, and art ſtruck dumb;
And in ſtriving this to cover
Doſt not ſpeak thy words twice over,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

3.

If fondly thou doſt not miſtake,
And all defects for graces take,
Perſwad'ſt thy ſelf that Jeſts are broken,
When ſhe hath little or nothing ſpoken:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew;

If

4.

If when thou appear'ſt to be within,
Thou let'ſt not Men ask and ask again;
And when thou anſwer'ſt, if it be
To what was ask'd thee properly,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

5.

If when thy Stomach calls to eat,
Thou cut'ſt not Fingers 'ſtead of Meat;
And with much gazing on her Face
Doſt not riſe hungry from the place,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

6.

If by this thou doſt diſcover
That thou art no perfect Lover,
And deſiring to love true,
Thou doſt begin to love anew:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

Upon

Upon two Sisters.

BEleiv't young Man, I can as eas'ly tell
How many Yards and Inches 'tis to Hell;
Unriddle all Predestination,
Or the nice points we now dispute upon.
Had the three Goddesses been just as fair,

It had not been so easily decided,
And sure the Apple must have been divided:
It must, it must; He's impudent, dares say
Which is the handsomer till one's away.
And it was necessary it should be so;
Wise Nature did foresee it, and did know
When she had fram'd the Eldest, that each heart
Must at the first sight feel the blind God's dart;
And sure as can be, had she made but one,
No plague had been more sure destruction;
For we had lik'd, lov'd, burnt to ashes too,
In half the time that we are chusing now:
Variety, and equal objects make
The busie Eye still doubtful which to take;
This Lip, this Hand, this Foot, this Eye, this Face,
The others Body, Gesture, or her Grace:
And whilst we thus dispute which of the two,
We unresolv'd go out, and nothing do.
He sure is happy'st that has hopes of either,
Next him is he that sees them both together.

To

To his Rival.

NOw we have taught our Love to know
That it muſt creep where't cannot go,
And be for once content to live,
Since here it cannot have to thrive;
It will not be amiſs t'enquire
What fuel ſhould maintain this fire:
For fires do either flame too high,
Or where they cannot flame, they die.
Firſt then (my half but better heart)
Know this muſt wholly be her part;
(For thou and I, like Clocks, are wound
Up to the height, and muſt move round)
She then by ſtill denying what
We fondly crave, ſhall ſuch a rate
Set on each trifle, that a kiſs
Shall come to be the utmoſt bliſs.
Where ſparks and fire do meet with tinder,
Thoſe ſparks meer fire will ſtill engender;
To make this good, no debt ſhall be
From ſervice or fidelity;
For ſhe ſhall ever pay that ſcore,
By only bidding us do more:
So (though ſhe ſtill a Niggard be)
In gracing, where none's due, ſhe's free;
The favours ſhe ſhall caſt on us,
(Leſt we ſhould grow preſumptuous)
Shall not with too much love be ſhown,
Nor yet the common way ſtill done;
But ev'ry ſmile and little glance
Shall look half lent, and half by chance;

The

The Ribbon, Fan, or Muff that she
Would should be kept by thee or me,
Should not be given before too many,
But neither thrown to's when there's any;
So that her self should doubtful be
Whether 'twere Fortune flung't, or she.
She shall not like the thing we do
Sometimes, and yet shall like it too;
Nor any notice take at all
Of what, we gone, she would extol:
Love she shall feed, but fear to nourish,
For where fear is, Love cannot flourish;
Yet live it must, nay must and shall,
While *Desdemona* is at all:
But when she's gone, then Love shall die,
And in her Grave buried lie.

Farewel to Love.

1.

WEll shadow'd Landskip, fare-ye-well!
How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
At least so well
As he that now hates more
Than e'er he lov'd before.

2.

But my dear nothings, take your leave,
No longer must you me deceive,
Since I perceive
All the deceit, and know
Whence the mistake did grow.

As

3.

As he whose quicker Eye doth trace
A false Star shot to a mark'd place,
Do's run apace,
And thinking it to catch,
A gelly up does match.

4.

So our dull Souls falling delight
Far off, by sense, and appetite,
Think that is right
And real good; when yet
'Tis but the Counterfeit.

5.

Oh how I glory now; that I
Have made this new discovery!
Each wanton Eye
Enflam'd before: no more
Will I encrease that score.

6.

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to see
What manner of Deaths-head 'twill be,
When it is free
From that fresh upper-skin;
The gazers Joy, and sin.

7.

The Gun and glistning which with art
And study'd method, in each part
Hangs down the heart,
Looks (just) as if that day
Snails there had crawl'd the Hay.

The

8.

The Locks, that curl'd o'er each Ear be,
Hang like two Master-worms to me,
That (as we see)
Have tasted to the rest
Two holes, where they lik'd best.

9.

A quick coarse me-thinks I spy
In ev'ry Woman; and mine Eye,
At passing by,
Check, and is troubled, just
As if it rose from Dust.

10.

They mortifie, not heighten me;
These of my Sins the Glasses be:
And here I see,
How I have lov'd before.
And so I love no more.

The

The Invocation.

YE juſter Powers of Love and Fate
Give me the reaſon why
A Lover croſt,
And all hopes loſt,
May not have leave to dye.

It is but juſt, and Love needs muſt
Confeſs it is his part,
When ſhe doth ſpie,
One wounded lie,
To pierce the others heart.

But yet if he ſo cruel be
To have one breaſt to hate,
If I muſt live,
And thus ſurvive,
How far more cruel's Fate?

In this ſame ſtate I find too late
I am; and here's the grief:
Cupid can cure,
Death heal I'm ſure,
Yet neither ſends relief.

To live, or die, beg only I,
Juſt Powers ſome end me give;
And Traitor-like,
Thus force me not
Without a heart to live.

Sir *F. S.*

1.

OUt upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair Weather.

2.

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide World again
Such a constant Lover.

3.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no staies,
Had it any been but she.

4.

Had it any been but she,
And that very Face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

Sir *Toby Mathews.*

1.

SAy, but did you love so long?
In truth I needs must blame you:
Passion did your Judgment wrong,
Or Want of Reason shame you.

2.

But, times fair and witty Daughter,
Shortly ſhall diſcover,
Y'are a Subject fit for Laughter,
And more Fool than Lover.

But *I* grant you merit praiſe
For your conſtant Folly:
Since you doted three whole days,
Were you not melancholy?

She to whom you proved ſo true,
And that very very face,
Puts each minute ſuch as you
A dozen dozen to diſgrace.

Love turn'd to Hatred.

I Will not Love one Minute more I ſwear,
No not a Minute; not a ſigh or tear
Thou gett'ſt from me, or one kind look agen,
Though thou ſhouldſt court me to't, and wouldſt begin.
I will not think of thee but as Men do
Of Debts and Sins, and then I'll curſe thee too:
For thy ſake Woman ſhall be now to me
Leſs welcome, than at Midnight Ghoſts ſhall be:
I'll hate ſo perfectly, that it ſhall be
Treaſon to Love that Man that Loves a She;
Nay, I will hate the very good, I ſwear,
That's in thy Sex, becauſe it doth lie there;
Their very Virtue, Grace, diſcourſe and Wit,
And all for thee; what, wilt thou Love me yet?

The careless Lover.

NEver believe me if *I* Love,
Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove;
And yet in Faith I lye, *I* do,
And she's extreamly handsome too:
She's fair, she's wondrous fair,
But *I* care not who knows it,
E're *I'll* Die for Love, *I'll* fairly forgo it.

This heat of hope, or cold of fear,
My foolish Heart could never bear:
One sigh imprisoned ruines more
Than Earthquakes have done heretofore:
She's fair, *&c.*

When I am hungry *I* do Eat,
And cut no Fingers 'stead of meat;
Nor with much gazing on her Face,
Do e're rise Hungry from the place:
She's fair, *&c.*

A gentle round fill'd to th'ebrink,
To this and t'other Friend *I* drink;
And 'tis named anothers health,
I never make it hers by stealth:
She's fair, *&c.*

Black Fryars to me, and old *Whitehal*,
Is even as much as is the fall
Of Fountains on a pathless grove,
And nourishes as much as my Love:
She's fair, *&c.*

I visit, talk, do business, play,
And for a need laugh out a day:
Who does not thus in *Cupids* School,
He makes not Love, but plays the Fool:
She's fair, *&c.*

Love and Debt alike troublesom.

THis one request I make to him that sits the clouds above,
That I were freely out of debt, as I am out of love;
Then for to dance, to drink & sing, I should be very willing;
I should not owe one lass a Kiss, not ne'er a knave a shilling.
'Tis only being in love and debt, that breaks us of our rest;
And he that is quite out of both, of all the World is blest:
He sees the golden age wherein all things were free and common;
He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest, he fears no Man nor Woman.
Though *Cræsus* compassed great wealth, yet he still craved more,
He was as needy a Begger still as goes from Door to Door.
Though *Ovid* was a merry-Man, Love ever kept him sad;
He was as far from happiness, as one that is stark mad.
Our Merchant he in goods is Rich, and full of Gold and Treasure.
But when he thinks upon his Debts, that thought destroys his pleasure.
Our Courtier thinks that he's preferr'd, whom every man envies;
When Love so rumbles in his pate, no sleep comes in his eyes.
Our Gallants case is worst of all, he lies so just betwixt them;
For he's in Love, and he's in Debt. and knows not which most vex him.

But

But he that can eat Beef, and feed on Bread which is so brown.
May satisfie his appetite, and ow no Man a Crown:
And he that is content with Lasses clothed in plain Woollen,
May cool his heat in every place, he need not to be sullen,
Nor sigh for Love of Lady fair; for this each wise Man knows,
As good stuff under Flanel lies, as under Silken Cloaths.

J. S.

Song.

I Prethee send me back my Heart,
Since I cannot have thine:
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain,
For th' hast a thief in either Eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
Oh Love! where is thy sympathie,
If thus our Breasts thou sever.

But Love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out:
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine:
For I'll believe I have her Heart,
As much as she hath mine.

To a Lady that forbad to Love before Company.

WHat no more favours, not a Ribband more,
Not Fan nor Muff to hold as heretofore?
Muſt all the little bliſſes then be left,
And what was once Loves gift, become our theft?
May we not look our ſelves into a trance,
Teach our Souls parley at our Eyes, not glance,
Not touch the hand, not by ſoft wringing there,
Whiſper a Love that only yes can hear?
Not free a Sigh, a Sigh that's there for you,
Dear muſt *I* Love you, and not Love you too?
Be Wiſe, Nice, Fair; For ſooner ſhall they trace
The feather'd Choriſters from place to place,
By prints they make in the Air, and ſooner ſay
By what right line the laſt Star made his way
That fled from Heaven to Earth, than gueſs to know
How our Loves firſt did ſpring, or how they grow.
Love is all Spirit, Fairies ſooner may
Be taken tardy, when they night-tricks play,
Than we, we are too dull and lumpiſh rather,
Would they could find us both in Bed together.

The guiltleſs Inconſtant.

MY firſt Love whom all beauties did adorn,
Firing my Heart, ſuppreſt it with her ſcorn;
Since like the tinder in my breaſt it lies,
By every ſparkle made a ſacrifice.

Each

Each wanton Eye can kindle my desire,
And that is free to all which was entire,
Desiring more by the desire I lost,
As those that in Consumptions linger most.
And now my wandring thoughts are not confin'd
Unto one Woman, but to Womankind:
This for her shape I Love, that for her face;
This for her gesture, or some other grace:
And where that none of all these things I find,
I chuse her by the Kernel not the Rhind:
And so I hope since my first hope is gone,
To find in many what I lost in one;
And like to Merchants after some great loss,
Trade by retail, that cannot do in gross.
The fault is hers that made me go altray,
He needs must wander that hath lost his way:
Guiltless I am; she doth this change provoke,
And made that Charcoal, which to her was Oak.
And as a Looking Glass from the Aspect,
Whilst it is whole, doth but one Face reflect,
But being cracke or broken, there are grown
Many less Faces, where there was but one:
So Love unto my Heart did first prefer
Her Image, and there placed none but her;
But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn,
Many less Faces in her place are born.

Love's Representation.

LEaning her hand upon my Breast,
There on Loves Bed she lay to rest;
My panting Heart rock'd her a Sleep,
My heedful eyes the watch did keep,

Then Love by me being harboured there,
No hope to be his Harbinger,
Desire his Rival, kept the Doon;
For this of him I begg'd no more,
But that, our Mistres to entertain,
Some pretty fancy he would frame,
And represent it in a Dream,
Of which my self should give the Theam.
Then first these thoughts I bid him show,
Which only he and I did know,
Arrayed in Duty and Respect,
And not in Fancies that reflect,
Then those of value next present,
Approved by all the Worlds consent;
But to distinguish mine asunder,
Apparell'd they must be in wonder.
Such a device then I would have,
As Service, not Reward, should Crave,
Attir'd in spotless Innocence,
Not self-respect, nor no pretence:
Then such a Faith I would have shown,
As heretofore was never known,
Cloath'd with a constant clear intent,
Professing always as it meant.
And if Love no such Garments have,
My mind a Wardrobe is so brave,
That there sufficient he may see
To cloath Impossibility.
Then beamy Fetters he shall find,
By admiration subt'ly twin'd,
That will keep fast the wantonest thought,
That ere Imagination wrought:
There he shall find of Joy a chain,
Fram'd by despair of her disdain,
So curiously that it can't tie
The smallest hopes that thoughts now spie.

There Acts as glorious as the Sun,
Are by her Veneration spun,
In one of which I would have brought
A pure unspotted abstract thought,
Considering her as she is good,
Not in her frame Flesh and Blood.
These Atoms then, all in her sight,
I bad him joyn, that so he might
Discern between true Loves Creation,
And that Loves form that's now in fashion.
Love granting unto my request,
Began to labour in my Breast;
But with the motion he did make,
It heav'd so high that she did wake.
Blushed at the favour she had done,
Then smil'd, and then away did run.

SONG.

THe crafty Boy that had full oft essayed
To pierce my stubborn and resisting Breast,
But still the bluntness of his Darts betrayed,
Resolved at last of setting up his rest,
Either my wild unruly heart to tame,
Or quit his Godhead, and his Bow disclaim.

So all his lovely Looks, his pleasing Fires,
All his sweet Motions, all his taking Smiles;
All that awakes, all that inflames Desires,
All that sweetly Commands, all that beguiles,
He does into one pair of Eyes convey,
And there begs leave that he himself may stay.

And

And there he brings me, where his ambush lay
Secure, and careless to a stranger Land:
And never warning me, which was foul play,
Does make me close by all this Beauty stand.
Where first struck Dead. I did at last recover,
To know that I might only live to Love her.

So I'll be sworn I do, and do confess,
The blind Lads power, whilst he inhabits there;
But I'll be even with him nevertheless,
If e're I chance to meet with him elsewhere.
If other Eyes invite the Boy to tarry,
I'll flie to hers as to a Sanctuary.

Upon the Black Spots worn by my Lady D. E.

Madam,

I Know your Heart cannot so guilty be,
That you should wear those Spots for vanity;
Or as your Beauties Trophies, put on one
For every Murther which your Eyes have done;
No, they're your Mourning-weeds for Hearts forlorn,
Which though you must not Love, you could not scorn;
To whom since cruel Honour doth deny
Those joyes could only cure their Misery;
Yet you this noble way to grace them found,
Whilst thus your grief their Martyrdom hath crown'd,
Of which take heed you prove not Prodigal,
For if to every common Funeral,

By

By your Eyes martyr'd, such grace were allowed,
Your Face would wear not Patches but a Cloud.

Song.

IF you refuse me once, and think again,
(I will complain.
You are deceived, Love is no work of Art,
It must be Got and Born,
Not made and worn,
By every one that hath a Heart.

Or do you think they more than once can dye,
Whom you deny.
Who tell you of a thousand Deaths a Day,
Like the old Poets feign
And tell the pain
They met, but in the common way.

Or do you think't too soon to yield,
And quit the Field.
Nor is that right they yield that first intreat;
Once one may crave for Love,
But more would prove
This Heart too little, that too great.

Oh that I were all Soul, that I might prove
For you as fit a Love.
As you are for an Angel; for I know
None but pure Spirits are fit Loves for you.

You

You are all Etherial, there's in you no droſs,
Nor any part that's groſs,
Your courſeſt part is like a curious Lawn,
The Veſtal Relicks for a covering drawn.

Your other parts, part of the pureſt fire,
That e're Heaven did inſpire;
Makes every thought that is refin'd by it,
A quinteſſence of goodneſs and of wit.

Thus have your Raptures reach'd to that degree
In Loves Philoſophy,
That you can figure to your ſelf a Fire
Void of all heat, a Love without deſire.

Nor in Divinity do you go leſs,
You think, and you profeſs,
That Souls may have a plenitude of Joy,
Although their Bodies meet not to employ.

But I muſt needs confeſs, I do not find
The motions of my mind
So purified as yet, but at the beſt
My body claims in them an intereſt.

I hold that perfect joy makes all our parts
As joyful as our hearts.
Our ſenſes tell us, if we pleaſe not them,
Our Love is but a Dotage or a Dream.

How ſhall we then agree, you may deſcend,
But will not, to my end.
I fain would tune my fancy to your Key,
But cannot reach to that obſtructed way.

There

There reſts but this, that whilſt we ſorrow here
Our Bodies may draw near:
And when no more their joys they can extend,
Then let our Souls begin where they did end.

Profer'd Love rejected.

IT is not four Years ago,
I offered Fourty Crowns,
To lie with her a Night or ſo:
She anſwer'd me in frowns.

Not two Years ſince, ſhe meeting me
Did whiſper in my Ear,
That ſhe would at my ſervice be,
If I contented were.

I told her I was cold as Snow,
And had no great deſire;
But ſhould be well content to go
To Twenty, but no higher.

Some three Months ſince, or thereabout,
She that ſo coy had been,
Bethought her ſelf and found me out,
And was content to Sin.

I ſmil'd at that, and told her, I
Did think it ſomething late:
And that I'de not Repentance buy,
At above half the Rate.

This present Morning early she
Forsooth came to my Bed,
And *Gratis* there she offered me
Her High-priz'd Maiden-head.

I told her that I thought it then
Far dearer than I did,
When I at first the Forty Crowns
For one Nights Lodging bid.

Disdain.

1.

A Quoy servent d'artifices
Et serments aux vent jettez,
Si vos amours & vos services
Me sont des importunitez.

2.

L'amour a d'autres vœux mi appelle
Entemdez Jamais rien de moy,
Ne pensez nous ren dre infidele,
A mi tesmoignant vostre foy.

3.

L'amant qui mon amour possede
Est trop plein de perfection,
Et donblement il vous excede
De merit & de affection.

4.

Je ne puis estre refroidie,
Ni rompre un cordage si deux,

Ni

Ni le rompre ſans perfidie,
In d'eſtree perfidi pour vous.

5.

Vos attentes ſons toutes en vain,
Le vous dire eſt nous obliger;
Pour vous faire eſtpergner vos peines
Du vous & du temps meſnager.

Engliſh'd thus by the Author.

1.

TO what end ſerves the promiſes
And Oaths loſt in the Air,
Since all your proffer'd ſervices
To me but tortures are.

2.

Another now enjoys my Love,
Set you your Heart at reſt:
Think not me from my Faith to move,
Becauſe you Faith proteſt.

3.

The Man that doth poſſeſs my Heart,
Has twice as much perfection,
And does excel you in Deſert,
As much as in affection.

4.

I cannot break ſo ſweet a bond,
Unleſs I prove untrue:
Nor can I ever be ſo fond,
To prove untrue for you.

Your

5.

Your attempts are but in vain,
(To tell you is a favour:)
For things that may be, rack your brain;
Then lose not thus your labour.

LUTEA ALLANSON.

Si sola es, nulla es.

THough you, *Diana*-like, have liv'd still chast,
Yet must you not (Fair) die a Maid at last;
The Roses on your Cheeks were never made
To bless the Eye alone, and so to fade;
Nor had the Cherries on your lips their being
To please no other sense then that of seeing:
You were not made to look on, though that be
A Bliss too great for poor Mortality;
In that alone those rarer parts you have,
To better uses sure wise Nature gave.
Than that you put them to; to Love, to Wed,
For *Hymens* rights, and for the Marriage-Bed
You were ordain'd, and not to lie alone;
One is no number, till that two be one.
To keep a Maiden-head but till Fifteen,
Is worse than Murder, and a greater Sin,
Than to have lost it in the lawful Sheets,
With one that should want skill to reap those sweets:
But not to lose't at all, by *Venus*, this,
And by her Son, inexipable is;

And

And ſhould each Female guilty be o'th' crime,
The World would have its end before its time.

Perjury excus'd.

ALas it is too late! I can no more
Love now, than I have lov'd before:
My *Flora*, 'tis my Fate, not I;
And what you call Contempt, is Deſtiny.
I am no Monſter ſure, I cannot ſhow
Two hearts, one I already owe:
And I have bound my ſelf with Oaths, and vowed
Oftner, I fear, then Heaven hath e'er allowed,
That Faces now ſhould work no more on me,
Than if they could not charm, or I not ſee.
And ſhall I break them? ſhall I think you can
Love, if I could, ſo foul a perjur'd Man?
Oh no, 'tis equally impoſſible that I
Should love again, or you love Perjury.

A Song.

HAſt thou ſeen the Down in the Air,
when wanton blaſts have toſt it?
Or the Ship on the Sea,
when Ruder Winds have croſt it?
Haſt thou mark'd the Crocodiles weeping,
or the Foxes ſleeping?

Or haſt viewed the Peacock in his Pride,
or the Dove by his Bride,
when he courts for his Leachery?
Oh ſo fickle, oh ſo vain, oh ſo falſe, ſo faiſe is ſhe!

Upon T.C. *having the* P.

TRoth, *Tom*, I muſt confeſs *I* much admire
Thy water ſhould find paſſage through the fire:
For Fire and Water never could agree,
Theſe now by nature have ſome ſympathy:
Sure then his way he forces; for all know
The *French* ne'er grants a paſſage to his Foe.
If it be ſo, his Valour *I* muſt praiſe,
That being the weaker, yet can force his ways;
And wiſh that to his Valour he had ſtrength,
That he might drive the Fire quite out at length:
For (troth) as yet the Fire gets the day.
For evermore the Water runs away.

Upon the firſt ſight of my Lady SELIMOR.

WOnder not much if thus amaz'd *I* look,
Since *I* ſaw you, *I* have been Planet-ſtrook:
A Beauty, and ſo rare *I* did deſcrie,
As ſhould *I* let her forth, you all as *I*
Would loſe your hearts; for he that can
Know her and live, he muſt be more than Man.

An

An Apparition of so sweet a Creature,
That credit me, she had not any feature
That did not speak her Angel. But no more
Such heavenly things as these we must adore,
Nor prattle of; lest when we do but touch,
Or strive to know, we wrong her too too much.

Upon L.M. *weeping.*

WHoever was the cause your tears were shed,
May these my curses light upon his head:
May he be first in Love, and let it be
With a most known and black deformity,
Nay, far surpass all Witches that have bin
Since our first Parents taught us how to sin!
Then let this Hag be coy, and he run mad
For that which no Man else would e'er have had;
And in this Fit may he commit the thing
May him impenitent to th' Gallows bring!
Then might he for one tear his Pardon have.
But want that single grief his Life to save!
And being dead, may he at Heaven venter,
But for the guilt of this one fact ne'er enter.

The deformed Mistress.

I Know there are some Fools that care
Not for the body, so the Face be fair;

Some others too that in a female creature
Reſpect not beauty, but a comely feature:
And others too, that for thoſe parts in ſight
Care not ſo much, ſo that the reſt be right.
Each Man his humour hath; and Faith 'tis mine
To love that Woman which *I* now define.
Firſt *I* would have her Wainſcot Foot and Hand
More wrinkled far than any pleited Band;
That in thoſe Furrows, if *I*'d take the pains,
I might both ſow and reap all ſorts of grains:
Her Noſe *I*'d have a Foot long, not above,
With Pimples embroider'd, for thoſe *I* love;
And at the end a comely Pearl of Snot,
Conſidering whether it ſhould fall or not:
Provided next that half her Teeth be out,
Nor do *I* care much if her pretty Snout
Meet with her furrow'd Chin, and both together
Hem in her Lips, as dry as good whit Leather.
One Wall-Eye ſhe ſhall have; for that's a ſign
In other Beaſts the beſt, why not in mine?
Her Neck *I*'ll have to be pure Jet at leaſt,
With yellow ſpots enamel'd; and her Breaſt
Like a Graſhoppers Wing both thin and lean,
Not to be touch'd for Dirt, unleſs ſwept clean;
As for her Belly, 'tis no matter, ſo
There be a Belly, and——
Yet if you will, let it be ſomething high,
And always let there be a Timpany.
But ſoft, where am *I* now! here *I* ſhould ſtride,
Leſt *I* fall in the place muſt be ſo wide;
And paſs unto her Thighs, which ſhall be juſt
Like to an Ants that ſcraping in the duſt:
Into her Legs *I*'d have Loves iſſues fall,
And all her Calf into a gouty ſmall.
Her Feet both thick, and Eagle-like diſplaid.
The ſymptoms of a comely handſom Maid.

As for her parts behind, *I* ask no more,
If they but answer those that are before,
I have my utmost wish, and having so,
Judge whether *I* am happy, yea or no.

Non est mortale quod opto

Upon Mrs. A.L.

THou think'st I flatter when thy praise I tell,
But thou dost all Hyperboles excel:
For I am sure thou art no Mortal Creature,
But a Divine one thron'd in humane feature.
Thy Piety is such, that Heaven by merit,
If ever any did, thou shouldst inherit:
Thy modesty is such, that hadst thou bin
Tempted as *Eve*, thou wouldst have shunn'd her sin;
So lovely fair thou art, that sure Dame Nature
Meant thee the Pattern of the Female Creature:
Besides all this, thy flowing Wit is such,
That were it not in thee, 'thad been too much
For Woman-kind: should Envy look thee ore,
It would confess thus much, if not much more.
I love thee well, yet wish some bad in thee,
For sure I am thou art too good for me.

His Dream.

ON a ſtill ſilent Night, ſcarce could I number
One of the Clock, but that a golden ſlumber
Had lock'd my Senſes faſt, and carried me
Into a World of bleſt felicity,
I know not how: Firſt to a Garden, where
The Apricock, the Cherry, and the Pear,
The Strawberry, and Plumb, were fairer far
Than that Eye-pleaſing Fruit that caus'd the jar
Betwixt the Goddeſſes, and tempted more
Than fair *Atlanta*'s Ball though gilded o're,
I gaz'd a while on theſe, and preſently
A Silver ſtream ran ſoftly gliding by;
Upon whoſe banks, Lillies more white than Snow
New faln from Heaven, with Violets mix'd, did grow;
Whoſe ſcent ſo chaf'd the Neighbour-air, that you
Would ſurely ſwear *Arabick* Spices grew
Not far from thence, or that the place had been
With Musk prepar'd to entertain Loves Queen.
Whilſt I admir'd, the River paſt away,
And up a Grove did ſpring, green as in *May*,
When *April* had been moiſt: upon whoſe Buſhes
The pretty Robins, Nightingals, and Thruſhes
Warbled their Notes ſo ſweetly, that my Ears
Did judge at leaſt the Muſick of the Sphears.
But here my gentle Dream conveyed me
Into the place which I moſt long'd to ſee,
My Miſtreſs Bed; who, ſome few Bluſhes paſt,
And ſmiling frowns, contented was at laſt
To let me touch her Neck; I not content
With that, ſlipt to her Breaſt, thence lower went,
And then — I awak'd.

Upon

Upon A.M.

YIeld all, my Love; but be withal as coy,
As if thou knew'ſt not how to ſport and toy:
The Fort's reſign'd with eaſe, Men Cowards prove
And lazie grow. Let me beſiege my Love,
Let me deſpair at leaſt three times a day,
And take repulſes upon each eſſay:
If I but ask a kiſs, ſtrait bluſh as red
As if I tempted for thy Maidenhead:
Contract thy ſmiles, if that they go too far;
And let thy Frowns be ſuch as threaten War.
That Face which Nature ſure never intended
Should e'er be marr'd becauſe 't could ne'er be mended.
Take no corruption from thy Grandame *Eve*;
Rather want faith to ſave thee, than believe
Too ſoon: For, credit me, 'tis true,
Men moſt of all enjoy, when leaſt they do.

A Candle.

THere is a thing which in the Light
Is ſeldom us'd, but in the Night
It ſerves the Maiden Female Crew,
The Ladies, and the Good-Wives too:
They uſe to take it in their Hand,
And then it will uprightly ſtand;
And to a hole they it apply,
Where by its good will it would dye.

It ſpends, goes out, and ſtill within
It leaves its moiſture thick and thin.

The Metamorphoſis.

THE little Boy, to ſhew his might and power,
Turn'd *Io* to a Cow, *Narciſſus* to a Flower;
Transform'd *Apollo* to a homely Swain,
And *Jove* himſelf into a golden Rain.
Theſe Shapes were tolerable, but by th'Maſs
H'as Metamorphos'd me into an Aſs.

To B.C.

WHen firſt, fair Miſtreſs, I did ſee your Face,
I brought, but carried no Eyes from the place:
And ſince that time God *Cupid* hath me led,
In hope that once I ſhall enjoy your Bed.
But I deſpair; for now, alas, I find,
Too late for me, The blind does lead the blind.

Upon

Upon Sir John Laurence's *bringing Water over the Hills to my Lord* Middlesex's *House at* Witten.

AND is the Water come? sure 't cannot be,
It runs too much against Philosophie;
For heavy bodies to the Centre bend,
Light bodies only naturally ascend.
How comes this then to pass? The good Knights skill
Could nothing do without the Waters will;
Then 'twas the Waters love that made it flow,
For Love will creep where well it cannot go.

A Barber.

I Am a Barber, and I'd have you know,
A Shaver too, sometimes no mad one tho';
The reason why you see me now thus bare,
Is 'cause I always trade against the hair;
But yet I keep a state; Who comes to me,
Whos'e'er he is, he must uncover'd be,
When I'm at work, I'm bound to find discourse
To no great purpose, of great *Sweden*'s force,
Of *Witel*, and the Burse, and what 'twill cost
To get that back which was this Summer lost.
So fall to praising of his Lordships Hair,
Ne'er so deform'd, I swear 'tis *sans* compare:

I tell him that the Kings doth ſit no fuller,
And yet his is not half ſo good a colour:
Then reach a pleaſing Glaſs that's made to lye
Like to its Maſter, moſt notoriouſly:
And if he muſt his Miſtreſs ſee that day,
I with a Powder ſend him ſtrait away.

A Soldier.

I Am a Man of War and might,
And know thus much, that I can fight,
Whether I am i'th' wrong or right.
devoutly.

No Woman under Heaven I fear,
New Oaths I can exactly ſwear,
And forty Healths my Brains will bear
moſt ſtoutly.

I cannot ſpeak, but I can do
As much as any of our crew;
And if you doubt it, ſome of you
may prove me.

I dare be bold thus much to ſay,
If that my Bullets do but play,
You would be hurt ſo Night and Day,
Yet love me.

To my Lady E. C. *at her going out of* England.

I Muſt confeſs, when I did part from you,
I could not force an Artificial Dew
Upon my Cheeks, nor with a gilded phraſe
Expreſs how many hundred ſeveral ways
My Heart was tortur'd, nor with Arms acroſs
In diſcontented Garbs ſet forth my loſs:
Such loud expreſſions many times do come
From lighteſt hearts, great griefs are always dumb;
The ſhallow Rivers roar, the deep are ſtill
Numbers of painted words may ſhew much skill;
But little anguiſh and a cloudy face
Is oft put on, to ſerve both time and place:
The blazing Wood may to the Eye ſeem great,
But 'tis the Fire rak'd up that has the heat,
And keeps it long: True ſorrow's like to Wine,
That which is good does never need a ſign.
My Eyes were Channels far too ſmall to be
Conveyers of ſuch Floods of miſery:
And ſo pray think; or if you'd entertain
A thought more charitable, ſuppoſe ſome ſtrain
Of ſad repentance had, not long before,
Quite emptied for my ſins, that watry ſtore.
So ſhall you him oblige that ſtill will be
Your Servant to his beſt ability.

A Pedler *of ſmall Wares.*

A Pedler I am, that take great care
And mickle pains for to ſell Small Ware:
I had need ſo, when Women do buy,
That in ſmall Wares trade ſo unwillingly.

L. W.

A Looking-Glaſs, wilt pleaſe you Madam, buy,
A rare one 'tis indeed; for in it I
Can ſhew what all the World beſides can't do,
A Face like to your own, ſo fair, ſo true.

L. E.

For you a Girdle, Madam; but I doubt me
Nature hath order'd there's no Waſte about ye:
Pray therefore be but pleas'd to ſearch my Pack,
There's no Ware that I have that you ſhall lack.

L. E. L. M.

You Ladies, want you Pins? If that you do,
I have thoſe will enter, and that ſtifly too:
It's time you chooſe in troth, you will bemoan
Too late your tarrying, when my Pack's once gone.

L. B. L. A.

As for you Ladies, there are thoſe behind
Whoſe Ware perchance may better take your mind:
One cannot pleaſe ye all; the Pedler will draw back,
And wiſh againſt himſelf, that you may have the knack.

An Answer to some Verses made in his Praise.

THE Ancient Poets, and their Learned Rimes,
We still admire in these our later Times,
And celebrate their Fames. Thus though they die,
Their Names can never taste Mortality:
Blind *Homer*'s Muse, and *Virgil*'s stately Verse.
While any live, shall never need a Herse.
Since then to these such praise was justly due
For what they did, what shall be said to you?
These had their helps; they writ of Gods and Kings,
Of Temples, Battels, and such gallant things:
But you of Nothing; how could you have writ,
Had you but chose a Subject to your wit?
To praise *Achilles*, or the *Trojan* crew,
Shewed little Art, for praise was but their due.
To say she's fair that's fair, this is no pains:
He shews himself most Poet, that most feigns:
To find out Virtues strangely hid in me;
I, ther's the Art and Learned Poetry!
To make one striding of a Barbed Steed,
Prancing a stately round: I use indeed
To ride *Bat Jewels* Jade; this is the skill,
This shews the Poet wants not Wit at will.
I must admire aloof, and for my part
Be well contented, since you do't with Art.

Love's

Loves Burning-Glass.

WOndering long how I could harmless see
Men gazing on those beams that fired me;
At last I found, it was the Chrystal Love
Before my heart, that did the heat improve:
Which by contracting of those scatter'd rays
Into it self, did so produce my blaze.
Now lighted by my Love, I see the same
Beams dazle those, that me are wont t'inflame
And now I bless my Love, when I do think
By how much I had rather burn than wink.
But how much happier were it thus to burn,
If I had liberty to chuse my urn!
But since those Beams do promise only Fire,
This Flame shall purge me of the dross Desire.

The Miracle.

IF thou be'st Ice, I do admire
How thou couldst set my Heart on fire;
Or how thy fire could kindle me,
Thou being Ice, and not melt thee;
But even my flames, light at thy own,
Have hardned thee into a stone!
Wonder of Love, that canst fulfill,
Inverting Nature thus, thy will;
Making Ice one another burn,
Whilst it self doth harder turn.

Εἰ μὲν ἦν μαθεῖν
Ἃ δεῖ παθεῖν ;
Καὶ μὴ παθεῖν
Καλὸν ἦν τὸ μαθεῖν:
Εἰ δ' δεῖ παθεῖν
Ἃ δεῖ μαθεῖν ;
Τὶ δεῖ μαθεῖν
Χρῆ δ' παθεῖν.

Scire si liceret quæ debes subire,
Et non subire, pulchrum est scire:
Sed si subire debes quæ debes scire,
Quorsum vis scire, nam debes subire?

Englished thus,

If Man might know
The ill he must undergo,
And shun it so,
Then it were good to know:
But if he undergo it,
Though he know it,
What boots him know it,
He must undergo it?

SONG.

WHen, Deareſt, I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are preſent, and my Soul delighted:
For Beauties that from worth ariſe,

Are

Are like the grace of Deities,
Still preſent with us, though unſighted.

Thus whilſt I ſit, and ſigh the Day
With all his borrowed Lights away,
Till Nights black Wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee, thy Beauties then,
As ſudden Lights do ſleepy Men,
So they by their bright Rays awake me.

Thus abſence dies, and dying proves
No abſence can ſubſiſt with Loves
That do partake of fair perfection;
Since in the darkeſt Night they may
By Loves quick motion find a way
To ſee each other by reflection.

The waving Sea can with each Flood
Bath ſome high Promont that hath ſtood
Far from the Main up in the River:
Oh think not then but Love can do
As much, for that's an Ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever.

The Expoſtulation.

TEll me ye juſter Deities,
That pity Lovers miſeries,
Why ſhould my own unworthineſs
Light me to ſeek my happineſs?

It is as natural, as juſt,
Him for to love whom needs *I* muſt:
All men confeſs that love's a fire,
Then who denies it to aſpire?

Tell me if thou wert Fortunes thrall,
Wouldſt thou not raiſe thee from the fall?
Seek only to orelook thy ſtate
Whereto thou art condemn'd by Fate?
Then let me love my *Coridon*,
And by loves leave, him Love alone:
For *I* have read of Stories oft,
That love hath wings and ſoars aloft.

Then let me grow in my deſire,
Though *I* be martyred in that fire:
For grace it is enough for me
But only to love ſuch as he:
For never ſhall my thoughts be baſe,
Though luckleſs, yet without diſgrace:
Then let him that my love ſhall blame,
or clip Loves Wings, or quench Loves flame.

I. S.

Detraction execrated.

THou vermin ſlander, bred in abject minds
Of thoughts impure, by vile tongues animate;
Canker of converſation! couldſt thou find
Nought but our Love, whereon to ſhew thy hate?
Thou never wert, when we two were alone;
What canſt thou witneſs then? thy baſe dull aid
Was uſeleſs in our converſation,

Where each meant more than could by both be ſaid
Whence hadſt thou thy intelligence, from earth?
That part of us ne'r knew that we did love:
Or from the air: Our gentle ſighs had birth
From ſuch ſweet raptures as to joy did move:
Our thoughts, as pure as the chaſt Mornings breath,
When from the nights cold arms it creeps away,
Were clothed in words; and maidens bluſh that hath
More purity, more innocence than they,
Nor from the water couldſt thou have this tale,
No briny tear hath furrowed her ſmooth cheek;
And *I* was pleaſed, *I* pray what ſhould he aile
That had her love, for what elſe could he ſeek?
We ſhortned days to moments by loves Art,
Whilſt our two ſouls in amorous extaſie
Perceiv'd no paſſing time, as if a part
Our love had been of ſtill Eternity,
Much leſs could have it from the purer fire,
Our heat exhales no vapour from courſe ſenſe,
Such as are hopes, or fears, or fond deſires;
Our mutual love it ſelf did recompence,
Thou haſt no correſpondence in heaven,
And the Elemental World thou ſeeſt is free:
Whence hadſt thou then this talking Monſter? even
From hell, a harbor fit for it and thee
Curſt be th' Officious tongue that did addreſs
Thee to her ears, to ruine my content:
May it one minute taſte ſuch happineſs,
Deſerving loos'd unpitied it lament!
I muſt forbear her ſight, and ſo repay
In grief, thoſe hours joy ſhortned to a dram:
Each minute I will lengthen to a day,
And in one year out-live *Methuſalem.*

Song

SONG.

UNjuſt decrees, that doe at once exact
From ſuch a Love as worthy hearts ſhould own,
So wild a paſſion,
And yet ſo tame a preſence
As holding no proportion,
Changes into impoſſible obedience.

Let it ſuffice, that neither I do love
In ſuch a calm obſervance, as to weigh
Each word *I* ſay,
And each examin'd look t'approve
That towards, her doth move,
Without ſo much of fire
As might in time kindle into deſire.

Or give me leave to burſt into a flame,
And at the ſcope of my unbounded will
Love her my fill,
No ſuperſcriptions of Fame,
Of honour or good name,
No thought but to improve
The gentle and quick approaches of my love.

But thus to throng and overlade a ſoul
With love, and then to leave a room for fear,
That ſhall all that controul,
What is it but to rear
Our paſſions and our hopes on high,
That thence they may deſcrie
The nobleſt way how to deſpair and die.

A Prologue of the Authors to a Maſque at Witten.

EXpect not here a curious River fine,
Our Wits are ſhort of that: alas the time!
The neat refined language of the Court
We know not; if we did, our Country ſport
Muſt not be too ambitious; 'tis for Kings,
Not for their Subjects, to have ſuch rare things.
Beſides though, *I* confeſs, *Parnaſſus* hardly,
Yet *Helicon* this Summer-time is dry:
Our wits were at an ebb, or very low,
And to ſay troth, *I* think they cannot flow,
Yet *Helicon* this Summer-time is dry:
Our wits were at an ebb, or very low,
And, to ſay troth, *I* think they cannot flow,
But yet a gracious influence from you
May alter nature in our Brow-ſick crew,
Have patience then, we pray and ſit a while;
And, if a laugh be too much lend a ſmile.

LETTERS

To divers Eminent Perſonages: *Written on ſeveral Occaſions, By Sir* John Suckling.

FOrtune and Love have ever been ſo incompatible, that it is no wonder (*Madam*) if having had ſo much of the one for you, I have ever found ſo little of the other for my ſelf; comming to Town (and having rid as if I had brought intelligence of a new landed Enemy to the State) I find you gone the day before, and with you (*Madam*) all that is conſiderable upon the place; for though you have left behind you, faces whoſe beauties might well excuſe perjury in others, yet in me they cannot, ſince to the making that no ſin, Loves Caſuiſts have moſt rationally reſolv'd, that ſhe for whom we forſake, ought to be handſomer than the forſaken, which would be here impoſſible: So that now a gallery hung with *Titians* or *Vandikes* hand, and a Chamber filled with living Excellence, are the ſame things to me; and the uſe that I ſhall make of that Sex now, will be no other than that which the wiſer ſort of Catholicks do of Pictures; at the higheſt, they but ſerve to raiſe my devotion to you. Should a great Beauty now reſolve to take me in (as that is all they think belongs to it) with the Artillery of her eyes; it would be as vain, as for a Thief to ſet upon a new robd

passenger; you (Madam) have my heart already, nor can you use it unkindly but with some injustice, since (besides that it left a good service to wait on you) it was never known to stay so long, or so willingly before with any; After all the wages will not be high; for it hath been brought up under Platonicks, and knows no other way of being paid for service, than by being commanded more; which truth when you doubt, you have but to send to its Master and

Your humble Servant,

I. S.

A dissuasion from Love.

Jack,

THough your disease be in the number of those that are better cured with time than precept, yet since it is lawful for every man to practise upon them that are forsaken and giving over (which I take to be your state) *I* will adventure to prescribe to you; and of the innocence of the Physick you shall not need to doubt, since *I* can assure you *I* take it daily my self.

To begin Methodically, *I* should enjoyn you to Travel; for Absence doth in a kind remove the cause (removing the object) and answers the Physitians first recipez, vomiting and purging; but this would be too harsh, and indeed not agreeing to my way. I therefore advise you to see her as often as you can, for (besides that the rarity of visits endears them) this may bring you to surprise her, and to discover little defects, which though they cure not absolutely, yet they qualifie the fury of the Feaver;

As

As near as you can let it be unſeaſonably, when ſhe is in ſickneſs, and diſorder; for that will let you know ſhe is mortal, and a Woman, and the laſt would be enough to a wiſe man: If you could draw her to diſcourſe of things ſhe underſtands not, it would not be amiſs,

Contrive your ſelf often into the Company of the cryed up Beauties; for if you read but one book, it will be no wonder if you ſpeak or write that ſtile; variety will breed diſtraction, and that will be a kind of diverting the humour.

I would not have you deny your ſelf the little things (for theſe Agues are eaſier cured with ſurfeits than Abſtinence) rather (if you can) taſt all for that (as an old Author ſaith) will let you ſee

That the thing for which we woe,
Is not worth ſo much ado.

But ſince that here would be impoſſible, you muſt be content to take it where you can get it. And this for your comfort I muſt tell you (*Jack*) that Miſtreſs and Woman differ no otherwiſe than Frontiniack and ordinary Grapes: which tho' a Man loves never ſo well, yet if he ſurfeit of the laſt, he will care but little for the firſt.

I would have you leave that fooliſh humour (*Jack*) of ſaying you are not in love with her, and pretending you care not for her; for ſmothered fires are dangerous, and malicious humours are beſt and ſafeſt vented and breathed out, continue your affection to your rival ſtill, that will ſecure you from one way of loſing, which is in ſpite; and preſerve your friendſhip with her woman; for who knows but ſhe may help you to the remedy.

A jolly glaſs and right Company would much conduce to the cure; for though in the Scripture (by the way it is but *Apocrypha*) Woman is reſolved ſtronger than Wine, yet whether it will be ſo or not, when wit is joyned to it, may prove a freſh queſtion. Mar-

Marrying (as our friend the late Ambaſſadour hath wittily obſerved) would certainly cure it; but that is a kind of live Pigeons laid to the ſoals of the Feet, a laſt remedy, and to ſay truth, worſe than the diſeaſe.

But (*Jack*) I remember I promiſed you a letter, not a Treaty; I now expect you ſhould be juſt, and as I have ſhewed you how to get out of Love, ſo you (according to your bargain) ſhould teach me how to get into it. I know you have but one way, and will preſcribe me now to look upon Miſtreſs *Howard*; but for that I muſt tell you aforehand, that it is in love as in Antipathy; the Capers which will make my Lord of *Dorſet* goe from the Table, another Man will eat up. And (*Jack*) if you would make a Viſit to *Bedlam*, you ſhall find, that there are rarely two there mad for the ſame thing.

Your humble Servant.

THough (*Madam*) I have ever hitherto believed play to be a thing in it ſelf as meerly indifferent as Religion to a Stateſman, or love made in a Privie Chamber; yet hearing you have reſolved it otherwiſe for me, my faith ſhall alter without becoming more learned upon it, or once knowing why it ſhould do ſo; ſo great and juſt a Soveraignty is that your reaſon hath above all others, that mine muſt be a Rebel to it ſelf, ſhould it not obey thus eaſily; and indeed all the infallibility of Judgment we poor Proteſtants have, is at this time wholly in your hands.

The loſs of a Miſtreſs (which kills men onely in Romances, and is ſtill digeſted with the firſt meat we eat after it) had yet in me raiſed up ſo much paſſion, and ſo juſt a quarrel (as I thought) to fortune for it, that I could not but attempt her to do me right upon the firſt occaſion;

ſion: Yet(*Madam*) has it not made me ſo deſperate but that I can ſit down a loſer both of that time and money too, when there ſhall be the leaſt fear of loſing you.

And now, ſince I know your Ladyſhip is too wiſe to ſuppoſe to your ſelf impoſſibilities, and therefore cannot think of ſuch a thing, as of making me abſolutely good; it will not be without ſome impatience that I ſhall attend to know what ſin you will be pleaſed to aſſign me in the room of this: Something that has leſs danger about it, (I conceive it would be) and therefore if you pleaſe (*Madam*) let it not be Women: For to ſay truth, it is a dyet I cannot yet reliſh, otherwiſe than Men do that on which they ſurfeited laſt.

Your Humbleſt Servant,
J. S.

Madam,

BEfore this inſtant I did not believe *Warwickſhire* the other World, or that *Milcot* walks had been the bleſſed ſhades. At my arrival here I am ſaluted by all as riſen from the Dead, and have had joy given me as prepoſterouſly and as impertinently as they give it to Men who marry where they do not Love. If I ſhould now Die in Earneſt, my Friends have nothing to pay me, for they have diſcharged the Rites of Funeral ſorrow before hand. Nor do I take it ill, that report which made *Richard* the Second alive ſo often after he was Dead, ſhould kill me as often when I am alive; The advantage is on my ſide: The only quarrel I have, is, that they have made uſe of the whole Book of Martyrs upon me; and without all queſtion the firſt Chriſtians under the great perſecutions ſuffered not in 500 Years, ſo many ſeveral wayes as I have done in ſix Days in this lewd Town. This (*Madam*) may ſeem ſtrange unto you now, who know the Company I was in; and certainly

if

if at that time I had departed this Tranſitory World, it had been a way they had never thought on; and this Epitaph of the Spaniards (changing the names) would better have become my Grave-ſtone, than any other my Friends the Poets would have found out for me:

Epitaph.

Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a Wound received under
His left Pape,
The Orifice of which was ſo
Small, no Chirurgion could
Diſcover it.
Reader,
If thou wouldſt avoid ſo ſtrange
A Death,
Look not upon Lucinda's *Eyes.*

Now all this diſcourſe of dying (*Madam*) is but to let you know how dangerous a thing it is to be long from *London*, eſpecially in a place which is concluded out of the World. If you are not to be frighted hither, I hope you are to be perſwaded; and if good Sermons, or good Playes, new Braveries, or freſh Wit, Revels (*Madam*) Masks that are to be, have any Rhetorick about them, here they are I aſſure you in perfection; without asking leave of the Provinces beyond Seas, or the aſſent of ——————I write not this that you ſhould think *I* value theſe pleaſures above thoſe of *Milcot*: For *I* muſt here proteſt, *I* prefer the ſingle Tabor and Pipe in the great Hall, far above them: And were there no more belonging to a Journey than riding ſo many Miles (would my affairs conſpire with my deſires) your Ladyſhip ſhould find there, not at the bottom of a Letter,

Madam,

Your humble Servant.

Madam,

Madam,

I Thank Heaven we live in an Age, in which the Widows were Coulers, and in a Country where the Women that loſe their Husbands may be truſted with Poiſon, Knives, and all the burning Coals in *Europe*, notwithſtanding the Preſident of *Sophonisba* and *Portia*: Conſidering the Eſtate you are in now, *I* ſhould reaſonably imagine meaner Phyſitians than *Seneca* or *Cicero* might adminiſter Comfort. It is ſo far from me to imagine this accident ſhould ſurprize you, that in my opinion it ſhould not make you wonder; it being not ſtrange at all that a Man who hath lived ill all his time in a Houſe, ſhould break a Window, or ſteal away in the Night through an unſual Poſtern. You are now free, and what matter is it to a Priſoner whether the Fetters be taken off the ordinary way or not? If inſtead of putting off handſomely the Chain of Matrimony, he hath rudely broke it, 'tis at his own charge, nor ſhould it coſt you a tear; Nothing (*Madam*) has worſe mine than counterfeit Sorrow, and you muſt have the height of Womans Art to make yours appear other, eſpecially when the Spectators ſhall conſider all the Story.

The Sword that is placed betwixt a contracted Prince and an Ambaſſador, was as much a Husband, and the only difference was, that that Sword laid in the Bed, allowed one to ſupply its place; this Husband denied all, like a falſe Crow ſet up in a Garden, which keeps others from the Fruit it cannot taſte it ſelf. I would not have you ſo much as enquire whether it were with his garters or his Cloak-bag ſtrings, nor engage your ſelf to freſh ſights by hearing new relations.

The Spaniſh Princeſs *Leonina* (whom *Balzac* delivers the Ornament of the laſt Age) was wiſe; who hearing a Poſt was ſent to tell her, her Husband was Dead, and knowing

knowing the Secretary was in the way for that purpoſe, ſent to ſtay the Poſt till the arrival of the Secretary, that ſhe might not be obliged to ſhed tears twice. Of ill things the leſs we know the better. Curioſity would here be as vain, as if a Cuckold ſhould enquire whether it were upon the Couch or a Bed, and whether the Cavalier pull'd off his Spurs or not.

I muſt confeſs it is a juſt Subject for our Sorrow, to hear of any that does quit his ſtation, without his leave that placed him there; and yet as ill a Mine as this Act has, 'twas *a-la-Romanſei*, as you may ſee by a line of Mr. *Shakeſpears*, who bringing in *Titinius* after a loſt Battel, ſpeaking to his Sword, and bidding it find out his Heart, adds,

By your leave Gods, this a Romans part.

'Tis true, I think Cloak-bag ſtrings were not ſo much in Faſhion; but to thoſe that are not *S*word-men, the way is not ſo deſpicable; and for my own part, I aſſure you Chriſtianity highly governs me in the Minute in which I do not wiſh with all my Heart, that all the diſcontents in His Majeſties three Kingdoms would find out this very way of ſatisfying themſelves and the World.

J. S.

Sir,

SInce the ſetling of your Family would certainly much conduce to the ſetling of your mind (the care of the one being the trouble of the other) I cannot but reckon it in the number of my misfortunes, that my affairs deny me the content I ſhould take to ſerve you in it.

It would be too late now for me (I ſuppoſe) to advance or confirm you in thoſe good Reſolutions I left you in, being confident your own reaſon hath been ſo juſt to you, as long before this, to have repreſented a

neceſſity

neceſſity of redeeming time and fame, and of taking an handſome revenge upon your ſelf for the injuries you would have done your ſelf.

Change I confeſs (to them that think all at once) muſt needs be ſtrange, and to you hatefull, whom firſt your own Nature, and then cuſtome another Nature, have brought to delight in thoſe narrow and uncouth wayes we found you in. You muſt therefore conſider that you have entered into one of thoſe near conjunctions of which Death is the only honourable Divorce; and that you have now to pleaſe another as well as your ſelf; who though ſhe be a Woman, and by the patent ſhe hath from Nature, hath Liberty to do ſimply; yet can ſhe never be ſo ſtrongly bribed againſt her ſelf, as to betray at once all her hopes and ends, and for your ſake reſolve to live Miſerably. Examples of ſuch loving folly our times afford but few; and in thoſe there are, you ſhall find the ſtock of Love to have been greater, and their ſtrengths richer to maintain it, than is to be fear'd yours can be.

Woman (beſides the trouble) has ever been thought a Rent-charge, and though through the vain curioſity of Man it has often been incloſed, yet has it ſeldome been brought to improve or become profitable; It faring with Marryed Men for the moſt part, as with thoſe that at great charges wall in Grounds and Plant, who cheaper might have eaten Mellons elſewhere than in their own Gardens Cucumbers. The ruines that either time, Sickneſs, or the Melancholy you ſhall give her, ſhall bring, muſt all be made up at your coſt: For that thing a Husband is but Tenant for Life in what he holds, and is bound to leave the place Tenantable to the next that ſhall take it. To conclude, a young Woman is a Hawk upon her wings; and if ſhe be handſome, ſhe is the more ſubject to go out at check; Faulkners that can but ſeldome ſpring right Game, ſhould ſtill have ſomething about them

to

to take them down with. The Lure to which all ſtoop in this World, is either garniſht with Profit or Pleaſure, and when you cannot throw her the one, you muſt be content to ſhew out the other. This I ſpeak not out of a deſire to increaſe your fears which are already but too many, but out of hope that when you know the worſt, you will at once leap into the River, and ſwim through handſomely, and not (weather-beaten with the divers blaſts of Irreſolution) ſtand ſhivering upon the brink.

Doubts and fears are of all the ſharpeſt paſſions, and are ſtill turning diſtempers to diſeaſes; through theſe falſe Opticks 'tis, all that you ſee is like evening ſhadows, diſproportionable to the Truth, and ſtrangely longer than the true ſubſtance: Theſe (when a handſome way of living and expence ſuitable to your Fortune is repreſented to you) make you in their ſtead, ſee Want and Beggery: Thruſting upon your Judgment impoſſibilities for Likelyhoods, which they with eaſe may doe (ſince as *Solomon* ſaith) they betray the Succors that reaſon offers.

'Tis true, that all here below is but diverſified folly, and that the little things we laugh at Children for, we do but Act our ſelves in great; yet is there difference of Lunacy, and of the two, I had much rather be mad with him, that (when he had nothing) thought all the Ships that came into the Haven his; Than with you, who (when you have ſo much coming in,) think you have nothing. This fear of loſing all, in you, is the ill Iſſue of a worſe Parent, deſire of getting in you; So that if you would not be paſſion-rent, you muſt ceaſe to be covetous. Money in your hand is like the Conjurers Devil, which, while you think you have, that has you.

The rich Talent that God hath given, or rather lent you, you have hid up in a Napkin, and Man knows no difference betwixt that and Treaſures kept by ill Spirits, but that yours is the harder to come by. To the guarding

of

of thoſe golden Apples, of neceſſity muſt be kept, thoſe neverſleeping Dragons, Fear, Jealouſie, Diſtruſt, and the like; ſo that you are come to moralize *Æſop*, and his Fables of Beaſts are become Prophecies of you; for while you have catcht at the ſhadow, uncertain Riches, you have loſt the Subſtance, true Content.

The deſire I have you ſhould be yet your ſelf, and that your friends ſhould have occaſion to bleſs the providence of misfortune, has made me take the boldneſs to give you your own Character; and to ſhew you your ſelf out of your own Glaſs: And though all this tells you but where you are, yet it is ſome part of a cure to have ſearcht the wound. And for this time we muſt be content to do like Travellers, who firſt find out the place, and then the neareſt way.

My Noble Lord,

YOur humble Servant had the Honour to receive from your hand a Letter, and had the grace upou the ſight of it to bluſh. I but then found my own negligence, and but now could have the opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have ever ſince been upon a March, and the places we are come to, have afforded rather Blood than Ink: And of all things, Sheets have been the hardeſt to come by, ſpecially thoſe of Paper. If theſe few lines ſhall have the happineſs to kiſs your hand, they can aſſure, that he that ſent them, knows none to whom he owes more Obligation than to your Lordſhip, and to whom he would more willingly pay it: And that it muſt be no leſs than neceſſity it ſelf that can hinder him from often preſenting it. *Germany* hath no whit altered me, I am ſtill the humble Servant of my Lord [ ] that I was, and when I ceaſe to be ſo, I muſt ceaſe to be,

John Suckling.

Since

SInce you can breath no one desire that was not mine before it was yours,——— or full as soon, (for Hearts united never knew divided wishes) I must chide you (*Dear Princess*) not thank you, for your Present: And (if at least I knew how) be angry with you for sending him a blush, who needs must blush because you sent him one. If you are Conscious of much, what am I then? who guilty am of all you can pretend to, and something more——unworthiness. But why should you at all (Heart of my Heart) disturb the happiness you have so newly given me? or make Love feed on Doubts, that never yet could thrive on such a Diet? *If I have granted your request*———Oh! ——Why will you ever say that you have studied me, and give so great an instance to the contrary? that wretched *If*——speaks as if *I* would refuse what you desire, or could: Both which are equally impossible. My Dear Princess, there need no new Approaches where the Breach is made already: nor must you ever ask any where, but of your fair self for any thing that shall concern

Your humble Servant.

My Dearest Princess,

BUt that *I* know *I* love you more than ever any did any, and that yet *I* hate my self because *I* can Love you no more, *I* should now most unsatisfied dispatch away this Messenger.

The little that *I* can write to what *I* would, makes me think writing a dull commerce, and then——how can *I* chuse but wish my self with you——to say the rest. My Dear Dear, think what merit, beauty, what and how far *Aglaura* with all her charmes can oblige, and so far and something more *I* am

Your humble Servant.

A Letter,

A Letter to a Friend to diſſuade him from Marrying a Widow *which he formerly had been in Love with, and quitted.*

AT this time when no hot Planet fires the Blood, and when the *Lunaticks* of *Bedlam* themſelves are truſted abroad, that you ſhould run Mad, is (*Sir*) not ſo much a ſubject for your Friends *pity*, as their *wonder*. 'Tis true, *Love* is a *natural diſtemper*, a kind of *Small Pocks*: Every one either hath had it, or is to expect it, and the ſooner the better.

Thus far you are excuſed: But having been well cured of a *Fever*, to court a *Relapſe*, to make *Love* the *ſecond time* in the *ſame Place*, is (not to flatter you) neither better nor worſe then to fall into a *Quagmire* by *chance*, and ride into it afterwards on *purpoſe*. 'Tis not *Love* (*Tom*) that doth the Miſchief, but *Conſtancy*, for *Love* is of the nature of a *burning-Glaſs*, which kept ſtill in one place, *fireth*; changed

An Anſwer to the Letter.

CEaſe to wonder, (honeſt *Jack*) and give me leave to *pity thee*, who laboureſt to condemn that which thou confeſſeſt *natural*, and the *ſooner had*, the *better*.

Thus far there needs no *excuſe*, unleſs it be on *thy* behalf, who ſtileſt *ſecond thoughts* (which are by all allowed the *Beſt*) a *Relapſe*, and talkeſt of a *Quagmire*, where no Man ever ſtuck faſt, and accuſeſt *Conſtancy* of *Miſchief*, in what is *natural*, and *adviſedly undertaken*.

'Tis confeſs'd that *Love* changed often doth nothing; nay 'tis nothing; for *Love* and *Change* are incompatible: But where it is kept fixt to its firſt object, though it *burn* not, yet it *warms* and *cheriſheth*, ſo as it needs no *tranſplantation*, or *change* of *ſoyl* to make it fruitful; and certainly if *Love* be *natural*, to *Marry* is the beſt

changed often, it doth *nothing*: a kind of *glowing-Coal*, which with ſhifting from hand to hand a Man eaſily endures. But then to *Marry*! (*Tom*) Why thou hadſt better to live *honeſt*. *Love* thou knowſt is *blind*, what will he do when he hath *Fetters* on thinkſt thou?

Doſt thou know what *Marriage* is? 'Tis *curing* of *Love* the *deareſt way*, or waking a *loſing Gameſter* out of a *winning Dream*: and after a long expectation of a ſtrange *Banquet*, a preſentation of a *homely Meal*. Alas! (*Tom*) *Love ſeeds* when it runs up to *Matrimony*, and is good for nothing. Like ſome *Fruit Trees*, it muſt be tranſplanted if thou wouldſt have it active, and bring forth any thing.

Thou now perchance haſt vowed all that can be vowed to any *one Face*, and think'ſt thou haſt left nothing unſaid to it: do but make *Love* to *another*, and if thou art not ſuddenly furniſh'd with *new Language*, and *freſh Oaths*, I will conclude *Cupid* hath uſed thee worſe than ever he did any *Recipe* for living honeſt.

Yes, I know what *Marriage* is, and know you know it not, by terming it the *deareſt way* of *curing Love*: for certainly there goes more charge to the keeping of a *Stable* full of *Horſes*, than *one* only *Steed*; and much of Vanity is therein beſides, when, be the Errand what it will, this *one Steed* ſhall ſerve your turn as well as twenty more. Oh! if you could ſerve your *Steed* ſo!

Marriage turns pleaſing *Dreams* to raviſhing *Realities* which out-do what *Fancy* or *Expectation* can frame unto themſelves.

That *Love* doth *ſeed* when it runs into *Matrimony*, is undoubted *truth*; how elſe ſhould it *increaſe* and *multiply*, which is its greateſt *bleſſing*.

'Tis not the want of *Love*, nor *Cupids* fault, if every day afford not *new Language*, and *new Ways* of expreſſing affection: it rather may be cauſed through an *exceſs* of *joy*, which oftentimes ſtrikes *dumb*?

Theſe things conſidered, I will *Marry*, nay, and to prove

After all this, to Marry a *Widow*, a kind of *chew'd Meat*! What a fantaſtical Stomach haſt thou, that canſt not eat of a Diſh till another Man hath cut of it? Who would waſh after another, when he might have freſh Water enough for asking?

Life is ſometimes a long-journey: to be tied to ride upon one beaſt ſtill, and that half tyr'd to thy hand too! Think upon that (*Tom.*)

Well; If thou muſt needs *Marry*, (as who can tell to what height thou haſt ſinned) Let it be a *Maid*, and no *Widow*: (for as a Modern Author hath wittily reſolved in this caſe) 'tis better (if a Man muſt be in Priſon) to lie in a private Room than in the Hole.

prove the ſecond *Paradox* falſe; I'll Marry a *Widow*, who is rather the *chewer*, than *thing chewed*. How ſtrangely fantaſtical is he who will be an hour in plucking on a *ſtrait Boot*, when he may be forthwith furniſh'd with enough that will come on eaſily, and do him as much Credit, and better Service? *Wine* when *firſt Broach'd*, drinks not half ſo well as after a while *drawing*. Would you not think him a Mad-man, who whilſt he might fair and eaſily ride on the *beaten-road-way*, ſhould trouble himſelf with *breaking up* of *Gaps*? A well wayed Horſe will ſafely convey thee to the journeys end, when an *unback'd Filly* may by chance give thee a fall: 'Tis *Prince*-like to Marry a *Widow*, for 'tis to have a *Taſter*.

'Tis true, *Life* may prove a *long Journey*; and ſo believe me it muſt do, a *very long one* too, before the *Beaſt* you talk of prove *tyr'd*. Think upon that (*Jack.*)

Thus, *Jack*, thou ſeeſt my wel tane reſolution of *Marrying*, and that a *Widow*, not a *Maid*; to which I am much induced out of what *Pythagoras* ſaith (in his 2*d Sect. cuniculorum.*) that *it is better lying in the Hole, than ſitting in the Stocks.*

WHen I receive your Lines (my Dear Princeſs) and find there Expreſſions of a Paſſion; though reaſon and my own immerit tell me, it muſt not be for me; yet is the Cozenage ſo pleaſing to me, that I (bribed by my own deſires) believe them ſtill before the other. Then do I glory that my Virgin-Love has ſtaid for ſuch an object to fix upon; and think how good the Stars were to me that kept me from quenching thoſe Flames (Youth or wild Love furniſhed me withall) in common and ordinary Waters, and reſerved me a Sacrifice for your Eyes;—— While Thought thus ſmiles and ſolaces himſelf within me, cruel Remembrance breaks in upon our Retirements, and tells ſo ſad a Story, that (truſt me) I forget all that pleaſed Fancy ſaid before, and turns my thoughts to where I left you. Then I conſider that Storms neither know Courtſhip nor Pity; and that thoſe rude blaſts will often make you a Priſoner this Winter, if they do no worſe.

While I here enjoy freſh diverſion, you make the ſufferings more, by having leiſure to conſider them; nor have I now any way left me to make mine equal with them; but by often conſidering that they are not ſo: for the thought that I cannot be with you to bear my ſhare, is more intollerable to me, then if I had born more—— but I was only born to number hours, and not enjoy them——— yet can I never think my ſelf Unfortunate, while I can write my ſelf,

AGLAURA,

Her Humble Servant.

When

WHen I conſider (my Dear Princeſs) that I have no other pretence to your Favours, than that which all Men have to the Original of Beauty, Light; which we enjoy, not that it is the inheritance of our Eyes, but becauſe things moſt excellent cannot reſtrain themſelves, but are ours, as they are diffuſively good; Then do I find the juſtneſs of your quarrrel, and cannot but bluſh to think what I do owe; but much more to think what I do pay, ſince I have made the Principal ſo great, by ſending in ſo little Intereſt———
When you have receiv'd this humble Confeſſion, you will not, I hope, conceive me one that would (though upon your bidding) enjoy my ſelf, while there is ſuch a thing in the World, as———

AGLAURA

Her humble Servant.

SO much (*Dear*——) was I ever yours ſince I had firſt the honour to know you, and conſequently ſo little my ſelf ſince I had the Unhappineſs to part with you, that you your ſelf (*Dear*) without what I would ſay, cannot but have been ſo juſt as to have imagined the welcome of your own Letters; though indeed they have but removed me from one Rack, to ſet me on another; from fears and doubts I had about me of your welfare, to an unquietneſs within my ſelf, till I have deſerv'd this intelligence.

How pleaſingly troubleſome thought and remembrance have been to me ſince I left you, I am no more able now to expreſs, than another to have them ſo. You only could make every place you came in worth the thinking of, and I do think thoſe places worthy my thought only, becauſe you made them ſo. But I am to leave them, and I ſhall do't the willinger, becauſe the Gameſter ſtill is ſo much in me, as that I love not to be told too often of my loſſes: Yet every place will be alike, ſince every good object will do the ſame. Variety of Beauty and of Faces (quick underminers of Conſtancy to others) to me will be but Pillars to ſupport it; ſince when they pleaſe me moſt, I moſt ſhall think of you.

In ſpite of all Philoſophy, it will be hotteſt in my Climate, when my Sun is fartheſt off; and in ſpite of all reaſon, I proclaim that I am not my ſelf but when I am

Yours wholly.

THough deſire in thoſe that love be ſtill like too much Sail in a Storm, and Man cannot ſo eaſily ſtrike, or take all in when he pleaſes; Yet (*Deareſt Princeſs*) be it never ſo hard, when you ſhall think it dangerous, I ſhall not make it difficult, though —— Well; Love is Love, and Air is Air; and (though you are a Miracle your ſelf) yet do not I believe that you can work any; without it I am confident you can never make theſe two thus different in themſelves, one and the ſelf ſame thing; when you ſhall, it will be ſome ſmall furtherance towards it, that you have

Your humble Servant

Who ſo truly loves the fair *Aglaura*, that he will never know deſire, at leaſt not entertain it, that brings no Letters of Recommendation from her, or firſt a fair Paſſport.

My

My Dear Dear,

THink I have kiſs'd your Letter to nothing, and now know not what to anſwer. Or that now I am anſwering, I am kiſſing you to nothing, and know not how to go on! For you muſt pardon, I muſt hate all I ſend yon here, becauſe it expreſſes nothing in reſpect of what it leaves behind with me. And oh! Why ſhould I write then? Why ſhould I not come my ſelf? Thoſe Tyrants, buſineſs, honour, and neceſſity, what have they to do with you and I? Why ſhould we not do Loves Commands before theirs whoſe Sovereignty is but Uſurped upon us? Shall we not ſmell to Roſes, 'cauſe others do look on? or gather them, 'cauſe there are prickles, and ſomething that would hinder us? Dear——— I fain would——— and know no hinderance——— but what muſt come from you——— and——— why ſhould any come? ſince 'tis not I, but you muſt be ſenſible how much time we loſe, it being long ſince I was not my ſelf, but

Yours.

Dear Princeſs,

FInding the date of your Letter ſo young, and having an aſſurance from [ ] who at the ſame time heard from Mr. [ ] that all our Letters have been delivered at [*B*] *I* cannot but imagine ſome ill miſtake, and that you have not received any at all. Faith I have none in Welch, Man; and though Fear and Suſpicion look often ſo far that they ouerſee the right, yet when Love holds the Candle, they ſeldom do miſtake ſo much. My Deareſt Princeſs, *I* ſhall long, next hearing you are well, to hear

that they are ſafe: for though *I* can never be aſhamed to be found an Idolater to ſuch a Shrine as yours, yet ſince the World is full of Prophane Eyes, the beſt way, ſure, is to keep all myſteries from them, and to let privacy be (what indeed it is) the beſt part of Devotion. So thinks

My D. D. P.

Your Humble Servant.

SInce the inferior Orbs move but by the firſt, without all queſtion deſires and hopes in me are to be govern'd ſtill by you, as they by it. What mean theſe fears then? Dear Princeſs.

Though Planets wander, yet is the Sphere that carries them the ſame ſtill; and though wiſhes in me may be Extravagant, yet he in whom they make their motion is, you know,

My Dear Princeſs,
Yours, and wholly to be diſpoſed of by you.

And till we hear from you, though (according to the form of concluding a Letter) we ſhould now reſt, we cannot.

Fair Princeſs,

IF parting be a Sin (as ſure it is) what then to part from you? if to extenuate an ill be to increaſe it, what then now to excuſe it by a Letter? That which we would alledge to leſſen it, with you perchance has added to the guilt already, which is our ſuddain leaving you. Abruptneſs is an Eloquence in parting, when Spinning

ning out of time, is but the weaving of new ſorrow. And thus we thought, yet not being able to diſtinguiſh of our own Acts, the Fear we may have ſinn'd farther than we think of, has made us ſend to you, to know whether it be mortal or not.

For the two excellent Siſters.

THough I conceive you *Ladies*, ſo much at leiſure that you may read any thing, yet ſince the ſtories of the Town are meerly amorous, and ſound nothing but Love, I cannot without betraying my own Judgment make them News for *Wales*. Nor can it be leſs improper to tranſport them to you, than for the King to ſend my Lord of *C.* over Ambaſſador this winter into *Green-Land*.

It would want Faith in ſo cold a Countrey as *Angleſey*, to ſay that your Cozen Dutcheſs, for the quenching of ſome Fooliſh flames about her, has endured quietly the loſs of much of the Kings favour, of many of her Houſes, and of moſt of her Friends.

Whether the diſfigurement that Travel or ſickneſs has beſtowed upon *B. W.* Be thought ſo great by the Lady of the Iſle, as 'tis by others, and whether the alteration of his Face has bred a change in her mind---- it never troubles you---Ladies. What old Loves are decay'd, or what new ones are ſprung up in their room; whether this Lady be too diſcreet, or that Cavalier not ſecret enough, are things that concern the inhabitants of *Angleſey* not at all. A fair day is better welcom and more News, than all that can be ſaid in this kind. And for all that I know now, the Devils Chimney is on Fire, or his pot ſeething over, and all *North-Wales* not able to ſtay the Fury of it. Perchance while I write this, a great black Cloud is ſailing from Miſtriſs *Thomaſſes* bleak Mountain-

tains over to *Baron-Hill*, there to disgorge it self with what the Sea or worse places fed it with before.

It may be the honest Banks about you turn Bankrupt too, and break; and the Sea like an angry Creditor seizes upon all, and hath no pitty, because he hath been put off so long from time to time. For variety (and it is not impossible) some Boysterous wind flings up the hangings; and thinking to do as much to our Cloaths, finds a resistance, and so departs. but first breaks all the Windows about the House for it in revenge.

These things now we that live in *London* cannot help, and they are as great News to Mén that sit in Boxes at *Black-Fryars*, as the affairs of Love to Flannel-VVeavers.

For my own part, I think I have made a great complement, when I have wisht my self with you, and more than I dare make good in VVinter: And yet there is none would venture farther for such a happiness than

Your humble Servant.

The Wine-drinkers to the Water-drinkers, greeting.

VVHereas by your Ambassador two dayes since sent unto us, we understand that you have lately had a plot to surprise (or to speak more properly) to take the waters; and in it have not only a little miscaried, but also met with such difficulties, that unless you be speedily relieved, you are like to suffer in the adventure; we as well out of pitty to you, as out of care to our State and Common Wealth (knowing that Women have ever been held necessary, and that nothing relisheth so well after Wine) have so far taken it into our consideration, that we have neglected no means since we heard of

of it firſt, that might be for your contents, or the good of the cauſe; and therefore to that purpoſe we have had divers meetings at the *Bear* at the *Bridge*-Foot, and now at length have reſolv'd to diſpatch to you one of our Cabinet-Council, Colonel *Young*, with ſome ſlight Forces of Canary, and ſome few of Sherry, which no doubt will ſtand you in good ſtead, if they do not mutiny and grow too head-ſtrong for their commander; him Captain *Puffe* of *Barton* ſhall follow with all expedition, with two or three Regiments of Claret; Monſieur *de Granville*, commonly called Lievtenant *Strutt* ſhall lead up the Rear of Rheniſh and White Theſe ſuuccors thus timely ſent, we are confident will be ſufficient to hold the Enemy in Play; and till we hear from you again, we ſhall not think of a freſh ſupply of the Waters (though perchance they have driven you into ſome extreamities, and divers times forc't their paſſages through ſome of your beſt guarded places) yet have they, if our intelligence fail us not, hitherto had the worſt of it ſtill, and evermore at length plainly run away from you.

Given under our Hands at the Bear,
this Fourth of July.

SInce Joy (the thing we all ſo Court) is but our hopes ſtript of our fears, pardon me if I be ſtill preſſing at it, and like thoſe that are curious to know their Fortunes aforehand, deſired to be ſatisfied, though it diſpleaſes me afterward. To this Gentleman (who has as much in-ſight as the o'ther wanted Eye-ſight) *I* have committed the particulars, which would too much ſwell a Letter: if they ſhall not pleaſe you, 'tis but freſh Subject ſtill for Repentance; nor ever did that make me quarrel with any thing but my own Starres. To ſwear new oaths from this place, were but to weaken the credit

dit of thoſe I have ſworn in another: If Heaven be to forgive you now for not believeing of them then, (as ſure as it was a ſin) Heaven forgive me now for ſwearing of them then (for that was double ſin.) More than I am I cannot be, nor liſt,

Yours, I. S.

I am not ſo ill a Proteſtant as to believe in merit, yet if you pleaſe to give anſwer under your own Hand, ſuch as I ſhall for ever rely upon; *If I* have not deſerv'd it already, *It* is not impoſſible but I may.

To a Couſin (who ſtill loved young Girles, and when they came to be Marrigeable, quitted them, and fell in Love with freſh) at his Fathers reqneſt, who deſired he might be perſwaded out of the humour and Marry.

Honeſt Charles,

VVEre there not Fooles enow before in the Common-Wealth of Lovers, but that thou muſt bring up a new Sect? Why delighted with the firſt knots of Roſes, and when they come to blow (can ſatisfie the ſenſe, and do the end of their Creation) doſt not care for them? Is there nothing in this Fooliſh Tranſitory World that thou canſt find out to ſet thy heart upon, but that which has newly left off making of dirt pyes, and is but preparing it ſelf for loame, and a green ſickneſs? Seriouſly (*Charles*) and without ceremony, 'tis very Fooliſh, and to Love Widows is as tolerable an humour, and as Juſtifiable as this——for Beaſts that have been rid of their Leggs are as much for a Mans uſe, as Colts that are unwayed, and will not go at all:——Why the

the Devil ſuch young things? Before theſe underſtand what thou wouldſt have, others would have granted. Thou doſt not Marry them neither, nor any thing elſe, 'Sfoot it is the ſtory of the Jack-an-apes and the Patridges; thou ſtareſt after a Beauty till it is loſt to thee, and then let'ſt out another, and ſtareſt after that till it is gone too; Never conſider that it is here in the *Thames*, and that while it runs up in the middle, it runs down on the ſides; while thou contemplate'ſt the comming tide and flow of Beauty, that it ebbs with thee, and that thy Youth goes out the ſame time: After all this too, She thou now art caſt upon will have much ado to avoid being ugly. Pox on't, Men will ſay thou wert Benighted, and wert glad of any Inn. Well! (*Charles*) there is another way if you could find it out. Women are like Melons: Too green, or too ripe, are worth nothing; you muſt try till you find a right one. Taſt all but hark you—— *Charles*, you ſhall not need to eat of all, for one is ſufficient for a ſurfeit: *Your moſt humble Servant*,

I ſhould have perſwaded you to Marriage, but to deal ingenuouſly, I am a little out of arguments that way at this preſent: 'Tis honourable, there's no queſtion on't; but what more in good Faith I cannot readily tell.

Madam,

TO tell you that neither my misfortunes nor my ſins did draw from me ever ſo many ſighs as my departure from you has done, and that there are yet Tears in mine Eyes left undryed for it; or that melancholly has ſo deeply ſeized me, that Colds and Diſeaſes hereafter ſhall not need above half their force to deſtroy me, would be I know ſuperfluous and vain, ſince ſo great a goodneſs

goodneſs as yours, cannot but have out believed already what I can write.

He never knew you that will not think the loſs of your Company, greater than the Imperialiſts can all this time the loſs of all their Companys; and he ſhall never know you that can think it greater than I, who though I never had any Wiſdom nor Wit enough to admire you to your worth, yet had my Judgment ever ſo much right in it, as to admire you above all: And thus he ſays that dares ſwear he is

Your moſt devoted Servant.

Madam,

THe diſtruſt I have had of not being able to write to you any thing which might pay the charge of reading, has perſwaded me to forbear kiſſing your hands at this diſtance: So like Women that grow proud, becauſe they are chaſte; I thought I might be negligent, becauſe I was not troubleſom. And, were not ſafe in your goodneſs, I ſhould be (*Madam*) in your Judgment; which is too juſt to value little obſervances, or think them neceſſary to the Right honouring my Lady.

Your Ladyſhip I make no doubt, will take into conſideration, that ſuperſtition hath ever been fuller of Ceremony than the true Worſhip. When it ſhall concern any part of your real ſervice, and I not throw by all reſpects whatſoever to Manifeſt my devotion, take what revenge you pleaſe. Undo me *Madam*: Reſume my beſt place and Title; and let me no longer.

Your humble Servant.

Madam,

Madam,

BY the ſame reaſon the Ancients made no ſacrifice to death, ſhould your Ladyſhip ſend me no Letters; ſince there has been no return on my ſide. But the truth is, the place affords nothing: All our days are (as the Women here) alike; and the difference of *Fair*, does rarely ſhew it ſelf; Such great State doe Beauty and the Sun keep in theſe parts. I keep company with my own Horſes (*Madam*) to avoid that of Men; and by this you may gueſs how great an Enemy to my living contentedly my Lady is, whoſe converſation has brought me to ſo fine a diet, that whereſoever I go, I muſt ſtarve: all days are tedious, Companies troubleſome, and Books themſelves (Feaſts heretofore) no reliſh in them. Finding you to be the cauſe of all this, excuſe me (*Madam*) if I reſent: And continue peremptory in the reſolution I have taken to be

Madam during life,
Your humble Servant.

Madam,

BUt that I know your goodneſs is not mercinary, and that you receive thanks, either with as much trouble as Men ill News, or with as much Wonders as Virgins unexpected Love, this Letter ſhould be full of them. A ſtrange proud return you think I make you (*Madam*) when *I* tell you, it is not from every Body *I* would be thus obliged; and that if I thought you did me not theſe favours becauſe you love me, *I* ſhould not love you be-

cauſe

cauſe you do me theſe Favours This is not Language for one in affliction, I confeſs, and upon whom it may be at this preſent a Cloud is breaking; but finding nor within my ſelf I have deſerv'd that ſtorm; I will not make it greater by apprehending it.

After all, leaſt *Madam*, you ſhould think I take your Favours as Tribute; to my great grief, I here declare, that the ſervices I ſhall be able to render you, will be no longer Preſents, but payments of Debts; ſince I can do nothing for you hereafter, which I was not obliged to do before.

Madam,
Your moſt humble and Faithful Servant.

My Noble Friend,

THAT you have overcome the danger of the Land and of the Sea, is news moſt welcom to us, and with no leſs joy receiv'd amongſt us than if the King of *Sweeden* had the Second time overcome *Tilley*, and again paſt the *Meine* and the *Rhine*, Nor do we in this look more upon our ſelves and private intereſts, then on the Publick, ſince in your ſafety both were compriſed. And though you had not had about you the affairs and ſecrets of State, yet to have left your own Perſon upon the way, had been half to undo our poor Iſland, and the loſs muſt have been lamented with the Tears of a whole Kingdom.

But you are now beyond all our fears, and have nothing to take heed on your ſelf, but fair Ladies. A pretty point of ſecurity; and ſuch a one as all *Germany* cannot afford. We here converſe with Northern Beauties, that had never heat enough to kindle a ſparke in any

Mans

Mans breaſt, where Heaven had been firſt ſo merciful as to put in a reaſonable Soul.

There is nothing either fair or good in this part of the Wold; and I cannot name the thing can give me any content, but the thought that you enjoy enough other where: I having ever been ſince I had the firſt honour to know you,

Yours, more than his own.

My Lord,

TO perſwade one that has newly ſhip-wrackt upon a Coaſt to imbarque ſuddenly for the ſame place again, or your Lordſhip to ſeek that content you now enjoy in the innocence of a ſolitude, among the diſorders and troubles of a Court, where I think a thing the King himſelf (and Majeſty is no ill Orator) would find ſome difficulty to do. And yet when I conſider that great Soul of yours, like a Spider, working all inwards, and ſending forth nothing, but like the Cloiſter'd Schoolmens Divinity, threads fine and unprofitable: If I thought you would not ſuſpect my being ſerious all this while, for what I ſhould now ſay, I would tell you that I cannot but be as bold with you as your Ague is, and for a little time, whether you will or not entertain you ſcurvily.

When I conſider you look (to me) like —— I cannot but think it as odd a thing as if I ſhould ſee *Van Dike* with all his fine colours and Penſils about him, his Frame, and right Light, and every thing in order, and yet his hands tyed behind him: And your Lordſhip muſt excuſe me if upon it I be as bold.

The wiſeſt Men, and greateſt States, have made no ſcruple to make uſe of brave Men whom they had laid

by with ſome diſgrace: nor have thoſe brave Men ſo laid by, made ſcruple, or thought it a diſgrace to ſerve again, when they were called to it afterwards.

Theſe General motives of the State and Common good, *I* will not ſo much as once offer up to your Lordſhips conſideration, though (as 'tis fit) they have ſtill the upper end: Yet, like great *Oleoes*, they rather make a ſhew than provoke Appetite. There are two things which *I* ſhall not be aſhamed to propound to you, as ends; ſince the greater part of the wiſe Men of the World have not been aſhamed to make them theirs: And if any has been found to contemn them, it hath been ſtrongly to be ſuſpected that either they could not eaſily attain to them or elſe that the readieſt way to attain to them was to contemn them. Theſe two are *Honour* and *Wealth*: And though you ſtand poſſeſt of both of them, yet is the firſt in your hands like a Sword, which, if not through negligence, by miſchance hath taken ruſt, and needs a little clearing; and it would be much handſomer a preſent to poſterity, if you your ſelf in your Life time wipe it off.

For your *Eſtate* (which it may be had been more had it not been too much) though it is true that it is ſo far from being contemptible, that it is Nobly competent yet muſt it be content to undergo the ſame fate, greater States (Common-Wealths themſelves) have been and are Subject to: Which is, when it comes to be divided in it ſelf, not to be conſiderable, Both *Honour* and *Eſtate* are too fair and ſweet *Flowers* to be without *Prickles*, or to be gathered without ſome Scratches.

And now (my Lord) I know you have nothing to urge but a kind of incapability in your ſelf to the Service of this State; when indeed you have made the only bar you have, by imagining you have one.

I confeſs

I confeſs (though) had *vice* ſo large an Empire in the Court, as heretofore it has had, or were the times ſo dangerous that to the living well there, wiſe *conduct* were more neceſſary than *vertue* it ſelf; Your Lordſhip would have reaſon (with *Æſops* countrey-mouſe) to undervalue all change of condition; ſince a quiet mediocrity is ſtill to be preferr'd before a troubled Superfluity: But theſe things are now no more: And if at any time they have threatned that Horiſon, like great clouds, either they are fallen of themſelves to the ground, or elſe, upon the appearing of the Sun (ſuch a Prince as ours is) they have vaniſhed, and left behind them clear and fair Dayes. To deſcend to parts, envy is ſo leſſened, that it is almoſt loſt into vertuous emulation, every Man truſtiug the Kings Judgment ſo far, that he knows no better meaſure of his own merit, than his reward. The little word behind the Back, and undoing whiſper, which, like pulling of a ſheet-rope at Sea, ſlackens the Sail, and makes the gallanteſt Ship ſtand ſtill; that that heretofore made the faulty and the innocent alike guilty, is a thing, *I* believe, now ſo forgot, or at leaſt ſo unpractiſ'd, that thoſe that aré the worſt, have leiſure to grow good, before any will take notice they have been otherwiſe, or at leaſt divulge it.

'Tis true, *Faction* there is, but 'tis as true, that it is as Winds are, to clear, and keep places free from corruption; the oppoſitions being as harmleſs, as that of the meeting-tides under the Bridge; whoſe encounter makes it but more eaſie for him that is to paſs. To be a little pleaſant in my inſtances; The very Women have ſuffered Reformation, and wear through the whole Court their Faces as little diſguiſed now, as an honeſt Mans actions ſhould be, and if there be any have ſuffered themſelves to be gained by their Servants, their ignorance of what they granted may well excuſe them from the ſhame of what they did. So that it is more than poſſible to be

great and good: And we may ſafely conclude, if there be ſome that are not ſo exact, as much as they fall ſhort of it, juſt ſo much they have gone from the great Original, God; and from the beſt Copies of him on Earth, the King and the Queen.

To conclude, If thoſe accidents or diſaſters which make Men grow leſs in the World (as ſome ſuch, my Lord, have happened to you) were inevitable as Death, or, when they were once entered upon us, there were no cure for them; examples of others would ſatisfie me for yours; but ſince there have been, that have delivered themſelves from their ills, either by their good *Fortune*, or *Virtue*, 'twould trouble me that my Friends ſhould not be found in that number, as much as if one ſhould bring me a Catalogue of thoſe that truly honoured my Lord of ——and I ſhould not find among the firſt,

Your humble Servant.

To Mr. Henry German, *in the beginning of Parliament*, 1640.

Sir,

THat it is fit for the King to do ſomething extraordinary at this preſent, is not only the opinion of the wiſe, but the expectation. Men obſerve him more now than at other times: For Majeſty in an Eclipſe, like the Sun, draws Eyes that would not ſo much as have lookt towards it, if it had ſhined out, and appeared like it ſelf. To lie ſtill now, would, at the beſt, ſhew but a calmneſs of mind, not a Magnanimity; ſince in matter of Government, to think well (at any time, much leſs in a very active) is little better than to dream well. Nor muſt he ſtay to act till his people deſire, becauſe 'tis thought nothing reliſhes elſe: for therefore, hath nothing reliſht with them, becauſe the King hath for

for the moſt part ſtayed till they have deſired; done nothing but what they have or were Petitioning for. But, that the King ſhould do, will not be ſo much the queſtion, as what he ſhould do. And certainly, for a King to have right counſel given him, is at all times ſtrange, and at this preſent impoſſible. His party for the moſt part (I would that were modeſtly ſaid, and it were not all) have ſo much to do for their own preſervatiou, that they cannot (without breaking a Law in Nature) intend anothers. Thoſe that have courage have not perchance innocence, and ſo dare not ſhew themſelves in the Kings buſineſs; and if they have innocenee, they want parts to make themſelves conſiderable; ſo conſequently the things they undertake. Then, in Court, they give much Counſell, as they believe the King inclin'd, determine his good by his deſires: Which is a kind of ſetting the Sun by the Dial; Intereſt which cannot err, by paſſions which may.

In going about to ſhew the King a Cure, now a Man ſhould firſt plainly ſhew him the diſeaſe. But to Kings, as to ſome kind of Patients, it is not alwayes proper to tell how ill they be: And it is too like a Countrey clown, or to ſhew the way, unleſs he know from whence, and diſcourſe of things before.

Kings may be miſtaken, and Councellors corrupted; but true intereſt alone (ſaith *Monſieur de Rohan*) cannot err. It were not amiſs then to find out the Intereſt: For ſetting down Right Principles before concluſions, is weighing the ſcales before we deal out the commodity.

Certainly the great intereſt of the King is, *Union with his People*, and whoſoever hath told him otherwiſe (as the Scripture ſaith of the Devil) *was a ſedncer from the firſt.* If there ever had been any one Prince in the whole World that made a Felicity in this Life, and left fair Fame after Death, without the Love of his Subjects, there were ſome colour to deſpiſe it.

There was not among all our Princes a greater Courtier of the People than *Richard* the Third, not ſo much out of fear, as out of Wiſdom. And, ſhall the worſt of our Kings have ſtriven for that? and ſhall not the beſt? (it being an Angelical thing to gain Love.)

There are two things in which the People expect to be ſatisfied; *Religion* and *Juſtice:* Nor can this be done by any little Acts, but by Royal and Kingly reſolutions.

If any ſhall think that by dividing the factions (a good rule at other times) he ſhall maſter the reſt now, he will be ſtrangely deceived: For in the beginning of things that would do much, but not when whole Kingdoms are reſolv'd. Of thoſe now that lead theſe parties, if you could take off major number, the leſſer would govern, and do the ſame things ſtill: Nay if you could take off all, they would ſet up one, and follow him.

And of how great conſequence it is for the King to reſume this Right, and be the author himſelf, let any body judge: Since as *Cumneus* ſaid, thoſe that have the art to pleaſe the People, have commonly the power to raiſe them.

To do things ſo that there ſhall remain no jealouſie, is very neceſſary, and is no more than really reforming that is, pleaſing them. For to do things that ſhall grieve hereafter, and yet pretend Love (amongſt lovers themſelves, where there is eaſieſt Faith) will not be accepted. It will not be enough for the King to do what they deſire, but he muſt do ſomething more: I mean (by doing more) doing ſomething of his own, as throwing away things they call not for, or giving things they expected not. And when they ſee the King doing the ſame things with them, it will take away all thought and apprehenſion that he thinks the things they have done already ill.

Now if the King ends the differences, and takes away ſuſpect for the future, the caſe will fall out to be no worſe than

than when two duelliſts enter the Field, where the worſted party (the other having no ill opinion of him) hath his Sword given him again (without further hurt after he is in the others power.) But otherwiſe it is not ſafe to imagine what may follow: For the People are naturally not valiant, and not much Cavalier. Now it is the Nature of Cowards to hurt where they can receive none. They will not be content (while they fear and have the upper hand (to fetter only Royalty, but perchance (as timorous Spirits uſe) will not think themſelves ſafe while that is at all. And poſſibly, this is the preſent ſtate of things.

In this great work (at leaſt to make it appear perfect and laſting to the Kingdom) it is neceſſary the Queen really joyn; for if ſhe ſtand aloof, there will ſtill be ſuſpicions: It being a received opinion in the World, that ſhe hath a great intereſt in the Kings favour and power. And to invite her, ſhe is to conſider with her ſelf, whether ſuch great vertues and eminent excellencies (though they be highly admired and valued by thoſe that know her) ought to reſt ſatisfied with ſo narrow a payment as the eſtimation of a few. And whether it be not more proper for a great Queen to arrive at univerſal Honour, and Love, than private eſteem and value.

Then, how becoming a work, for the ſweetneſs and ſoftneſs of her Sex, is compoſing of differences, and uniting Hearts? and how proper for a Queen, reconciling King and People?

There is but one thing remains, which whiſper'd abroad, buſies the Kings mind much (if not diſturbs it) in the midſt of theſe great Reſolutions, and that is, the preſervation of ſome Servants, whom he thinks ſomewhat hardly torn from him of late: Which is of ſo tender a Nature, I ſhall rather propound ſomething about it, than reſolve it.

The first *Quere* will be, whether as things now stand (Kingdoms in the ballance) the King is not to follow nature, where the conservation of the more general still commands and governs the less. As Iron by particular sympathy sticks to the Loadstone, but yet if it be joyned with a great Body of Iron, it quits those particular affections to the Loadstone, and moves with the other, to the greater, the common Countrey.

The second will be, whether, if he could preserve those Ministers, they can be of any use to him hereafter? since no Man served with a greater prejudice, than he that employs suspected instruments, or not beloved, though able and deserving in themselves.

The third is, whether, to preserve them, there be any other way than for the King to be first right with his People; since the rule in Philosophy must ever hold good, *nil dat quod non habet*. Before the King have power to save, he must have power.

Lastly, whether the way to preserve this power be not to give it away? For the People of *England* have ever been like wantons, which pull and tug as long as the Princes have pull'd with them, as you may see in *Hen.* 3. King *John. Ed.* 2. and indeed, all the troublesome and unfortunate reigns; but when they have let it go, they come and put it into their hands again, that they may play on: As you may see in Queen *Elizabeth.*

I will conclude with a Prayer not that I think it needs at this present: Prayers are to keep us from what may be, as well as to preserve us from what is (*That the King be neither too insensible of what is without him, nor too resolved from what is within him.* To be Sick of a dangerous Sickness, and find no pain, cannot but be with loss of understanding ('Tis an Aphorisme of *Hippocrates*) and on the other side, *Opiniastrie* is a sullen Porter, and (as it was wittily said of Constancy) shuts out often-times, better things than it lets in.

Letters

LETTERS *to ſeveral Perſons of Honour, by Sir* John Suckling.

MY LORD,

BUT that you do and ſay things in *Scotland* now (my Lord) unfit for a good Subject to hear, *I* ſhould have hoped your Lordſhip by a true Relation of the paſſages there, would have diſabuſed your humble Servant here. Diſtance and Mens fears have ſo enlarged the truth, and ſo diſproportioned every thing about the Town, that we have made the little Troop of Diſcontents a gallant Army; and already meaſure no *Scotſman* but by his Evening ſhadow.

We hear ſay you have taken *Livery* and *Seiſin* of *Northumberland*, and there are that have given in *Cumberland* for quietneſs ſake, and are content to think it part of *Scotland* becauſe it is ſo barren. *London* Scriveners begin to wiſh they had St. *Michael-Mounts* Mens ſecurity for the Borderers they have ſtanding-bound in their Shops; and the *Witheringtons* and *Howards* Eſtates are already freely diſpoſed to the needier Rebels. Much of this part of the World is in Agues, but not all my Lord: There are that have read the Chronicles, and they find the Engliſh oftner march'd into *Edinburgh*, than the *Scots* into *London*.

Your old Friend Alderman ( ) (a Learned Bard, and a great Inn-ſeer into times) ſaith, it is a Byle broken out in the Breech of the Kingdom, and that when it is ripe, it will heal of it ſelf: Others uſe a handſomer

Similitude

Similitude, and compare *Scotland* to a Hive of ſwarming Bees, which they ſay the King watches to reduce them for the better. There is a ſawcy kind of Intelligence about the Town, of Ten thouſand Pounds that ſhould be ſent by my Lord *M.* for redemption of affairs there: But this the Wiſer ſort ſuſpects; for beſides that, his Majeſty buys his own again; they ſay none but the King would give ſo much for it.

Some are ſcandalized at the word of *Union*, and proteſt they find no reſemblance betwixt this New Covenant and our *Saviours*. Others wonder why they would make uſe of Religion, rather than their Poverty, for the cauſe of their Mutining, ſince the one is ever ſuſpected, and the other none would have diſputed.

In ſhort, while one part of the Town is in Whiſper, and ſerious, the other part Smiles. I therefore deſire your Lordſhip to ſend me word in what ſtate things ſtand there, that *I* may know of which ſide to be: But I beſeech you think it not any inbred love to Miſchief, that *I* now ſend to enquire how Rebellion proſpers; but impute it to a certain fooliſh and greedy curioſity in Man's nature of News, and remember that he that hath this Diſeaſe about him is,

Your Humble Servant.

Good Mr. Alderman.

IT is moſt true (I confeſs) that we do ſay things here unfit for you to hear there, and for this very reaſon I will forbear particulars: But this I do (Mr. Alderman) not ſo much out of fear for my ſelf, as care for you; for though you write in the *Preſent Tenſe*, and uſe the *Particle (now)* which is a kind of an excluſive word, yet it

is

is well known a *Scotchman* at all times might speak what an *Englishman* durst not hear. It seems (Sir) strange to me, that in the beginning of your Letter you give us the name of Rebels, when none are more his Majesties most humble Subjects than we, as in the front of our Petitions and Messages most plainly appears: True it is, that in case the King will not do what we would have him, we have provided Arms; and have persuaded those here, and sent to others abroad to assist us: But that we have at any time denied our selves to be his most Faithful Subjects (by your favour Mr. *Alderman*) I think will hardly appear. For the taking of *Livery* and *Seisin* of *Northumberland* (if there be any such thing) neither you nor my Lord ( ) ought to be troubled at it, for that is a business belongs to the Law, and upon a tryal had here in *Edinburgh* before any of the Covenant, no question but there will be a speedy end of it. The thing I most wonder at, is, that our old Friend should be so much mistaken, as to call *Scotland* the breech of the Kingdom, since you know that is a part of all the rest most subject, and is still put to endure the Lash; so that in all likelihood it should rather be your Country than ours.

For your Simile of the Bees, and reducing us to the better, you may assure his Majesty from me, that it will not quit cost: For both his Predecessors and himself have found sufficiently, that Hived or Unhived, we yield not much Honey.

Now, Sir, for our New Covenants having relation to the other, you must know, That though it is not absolutely alike in all, yet in some things it doth not disagree; and in this especially it suits, That there is but little care taken for settling High-Commission Courts in either.

The last scruple that troubles you is, why in this case we have made use of Religion (which every one is apt to doubt) rather than Poverty (which no Man would

have

have disputed;) and to say truth in this, I was something unsatisfy'd my self, until I had spoken with one of the Learneder of the Covenant, who told me, That he had observed very few to thrive by publishing their Poverty, but a great many by pretending Religion. And now I doubt not, but I have in part satisfied your Curiosity; there remains only that I give you my Opinion, concerning which Party you ought to be of; and according to the Friendship that is betwixt us, I will deal plainly with you, that if you had no more to lose than some of us have, this would be no ill side, (for you see how God hath blest the *Hollanders.*) But as you are, *London* is no ill place; for should you bring your Money hither, the Temptation would be too strong for the Men: And like a hungry Man brought to a strange Table, we should fall to, without much enquiring whose the Meat was.

An Answer to a Gentleman that sent to enquire after the Scotish business.

SIR,

THat you may receive an Account of the Scottish business, and why there hath been such irresolution and alteration about the Levies lately; it is fit you know that this Northern storm (like a new Disease) hath so far pos'd the Doctors of State, that as yet they have not given it a Name; though perchance they all firmly believe it to be Rebellion: And therefore, Sir, it is no wonder, if these do here as the Learned in Physick, who when they know not certainly the grief, prescribe Medicines sometimes too strong, sometimes too weak.

The

The truth is, we here conſider the Scotiſh Affair much after the rate that Mortals do the Moon; the Simpler think it no bigger than a Buſhel, and ſome (too Wiſe) imagine it a vaſt World, with ſtrange things undiſcovered in it; certainly two ill ways of caſting it up, ſince the firſt would make us too ſecure, the other too fearful. I confeſs I know not how to meet it in the middle, or ſet it right, nor do I think you have: ſince I ſhould believe the queſtion to be rather *A King or no King*, there, than *A Biſhop or no Biſhop*. In great Mutinies or Inſurrections of this nature, Pretenſions ſpecioufly conſcionable were never wanting, and indeed are neceſſary; for Rebellion it ſelf is ſo ugly, that did it not put on the Vizard of Religion, it would fright rather than draw People to it; and being drawn, it could not hold them without it.

Imaginary Cords that ſeem to faſten Man to Heaven, have tied things here below ſurer together than any other Obligation. If it be Liberty of Conſcience they ask, 'tis a fooliſh requeſt, ſince they have it already, and muſt have it in deſpight of Power: For as *Theodoric* the Goth ſaid to the Jews, *Nemo cogitur credere invitus.* If the exerciſe of that Liberty, 'tis dangerous, For not three Men are of the ſame Opinion in all, and then each Family muſt have a War within it ſelf. Look upon their long Preparations, (and conſider withal Prophecy is ſeal'd, and therefore they could not foretel this Book ſhould be ſent unto them) and you will conclude they rather employed Conſcience, than Conſcience employed them. Enquire after their Leaders. and you will hardly find them Apoſtles, or Men of ſuch Sanctity, that they ſhould order Religion. *Leſly* himſelf (if his Story were ſearch'd) would certainly be found one, who becauſe he could not Live well there, took up a trade of killing Men abroad, and now is return'd for Chriſt's ſake to kill Men at home. If you will have my Opinion, I think

think their quarrel to the King is, that which they may have to the Sun; He doth not warm and visit them, as much as others. God and Nature have placed them in the Shade, and they are angry with the King of *England* for it. To conclude, this is the case: The great and wise Husbandman hath planted the Beasts in Outfields, and they would break Hedges to come into the Garden. This is the belief of

Your humble Servant.

SIR,

WE are at length arrived at that River, about the uneven running of which, my Friend Mr. *William Shakespear* makes *Henry Hotspur* quarrel so highly with his Fellow-Rebels; and for his sake I have been something curious to consider the scantlet of ground that angry Monsieur would have had in, but cannot find it could deserve his Choler, nor any of the other side ours, did not the King think it did. The account I shall now give you of the War will be but imperfect, since I conceive it to be in the state that part of the Four and twenty hours is in, which we can neither call Night nor Day: I should judge it dawning towards earnest, did not the Lords Covenanters Letters to our Lords here something divide me. So, Sir, you may now imagine us walking up and down the banks of *Tweed* like the Tower-Lyons in their Cages, leaving the People to think what we would do if we were let loose. The Enemy is not yet much visible, (it may be it is the fault of the Climate, which brings Men as slowly forwards as Plants:) But it gives us Fears that the Men of Peace will draw all this to a dumb shew, and so destroy a handsome opportunity which was now offered, of producing glorious matter for future Chronicle.

These

Theſe are but Conjectures, Sir: The laſt part of my Letter I reſerve for a great and known Truth, which is, That I am (Sir)

Your moſt humble Servant, &c.

My Lord,

AT this inſtant it is grown a Calm greater than the Storm, and if you will believe the Soldier, worſe; Good Arms and Horſes are already cheap, and there is nothing riſen in value but a *Scotchman*. Whether it be (my Lord) the word *Native*, or the King's good nature, we know not; but we find, they really have that mercy on Earth, which we do but hope for from Heaven; nor can they Sin ſo faſt, as they are forgiven.

Some (and not unreaſonably) perchance will imagine that this may invite good Subjects to be ill; and that as the Sun melts Ice, but hardens Clay, Majeſty, when it ſoften Rebellion, may make Allegiance ſtubborn. If (my Lord) they ſhall more ſtraitly now beſiege the King's Ear, and more boldly ingroſs ſuits; Poſterity muſt tell this Miracle, that there went an Army from the South, of which there was not one Man loſt, nor any Man taken Priſoner but the King.

All we have to raiſe the preſent joys above the future fears, is, that we know Majeſty hath not ſwallowed down ſo ſevere Pills, as it was thought Neceſſity would preſcribe for the purging and ſetting it ſelf right.

Your Humble Servant.

SIR,

SIR,

THE little ſtops or progreſſes which either love of the Publick, private Fears, Niceties of Honour or Jealouſie, have cauſed in the Treaty now on foot, arrive at me ſo ſlowly, that unleſs I had one of Mr. *Davenants Barbary*-Pigeons, (and he now employs them all, he ſays, himſelf for the Queens uſe) I durſt not venture to ſend them, Sir, to you; leſt coming to your hands ſo late, you ſhould call for the Map to ſee whether my Quarters were in *England* or in *Barbary*. The truth is, I am no firſt Favourite to any Lord of Secrets at this time; but when they come from Council, attend the ſhort turn with thoſe that are; and as in diſcharge of Pieces, ſee a whiſper go off ſome good ſpace of time before I hear it; ſo ſatisfie my thirſt of Novelty from the ſtream, nor from the Fountain.

Our very thoughts are hardly news; and while I now intend to write you other Mens (for my own are not worthy of knowledge) it is not without ſome fear that they have already ſent them to *Whitehall* themſelves.

There are, Sir, here that have an opinion, Neceſſity, not good Nature, produc'd this Treaty; and that the ſame Neceſſity which made them thus Wiſe for Peace, will make them as Deſperate for War, if it ſucceed not ſuddenly.

Some conceive little diſtruſts among themſelves will facilitate the work, and that the danger now grown nearer, will divide the Body, by perſuading each Man to look to his own particular ſafety: So we ſee Men in Ships, while there is hope, aſſiſt each other; but when the Wrack grows viſible, leave the common care, and conſult only their own eſcape.

There

There are ſome imagine, this Treaty of either ſide is not ſo much to beget a good Peace as a good Cauſe; and that the Subject could do no leſs than humbly petition, not to appear a Rebel; nor the King no leſs than graciouſly to hear thoſe Petitions, not to appear a Tyrant; and that when one Party ſhall be found unreaſonable, the other will be thought excuſable.

I. S.

SIR.

I Send to you now to know how we do here; for in my Lady *Kents* well being, much of ours conſiſts: If *I* am the laſt, you muſt impute it to the tenderneſs of my fears, which durſt not enquire into ſo great a misfortune, or to the coming of bad news, which ever comes lateſt thither, whither it knows it ſhall be moſt unwelcom. For *I* confeſs, the report of ſo great a ſickneſs as my Lady *Kents*, would give me more trouble than half the Sex, although amongſt the reſt a Miſtreſs or two took their Fortunes. And though ſuch excellence cannot change but for the better, yet you muſt excuſe us that enjoy the benefit of her converſation here, if we are content Heaven ſhould only give her the bleſſing of the Old Teſtament, and for a while defer thoſe of the New. The only comfort *I* have had in the midſt of variety of reports hath been, that *I* have ſeen nothing of extraordinary in the Element of late; and I conceive it but reaſonable, that ſo general an ill as my Lady *Kents* death would be, ſhould be Proclaimed by no leſs than what foretels the evil of great Princes, or the beginning of great Plagues, when ſo unlucky a Minute ſhall arrive

I would conclude, the virtuous and better sort of People have lost some of their Power and Credit above; and that the sins are more Particularly punished of him that is.

Her much obliged,
And Sir
your most humble Servant.

J. S.

Ladys,

THE opinion of things, is the measure of their value, as was wisely said of a Neece of King *Gorbudakes*, Know then, that if another than the Coronet had received this Scrip, he would not perchance have valued it so highly. The *Sybil* Leaves had not so much consultation about them, nor were they so chargeable as these are like to be. We have first sent them to Secretary *Cook*, imagining nothing but a State-key could unlock those Misteries. Now we are in quest of an *Arabick* Figure-Caster, for as much of it as we conceive is *Chaldee* or *Syriack*: The Coronet believes there are Noble things in it; but what *Beaumont* said of worth wrapt up in revelled Skin, he saith of this, who would go into and fetch it out? indeed the Opinions about it have been different, some thought it a little against the State; others a Ballad with the Pictures the wrong way; and the most discreet have guest it to be a Collection of Charms and Spells, and have adventured to cut it into Bracelets, to be distributed and worn by Poor People

as

as remedies againſt Cramps, and Tooth-achs, only we will preſerve the Faces. And for Miſtres *Delanae's* we do not deſpair but *Vandike* may be able to Copy it; Threeſcore Pounds we have offered, and I think Fourſcore will attempt him. For Miſtres *T.* there are in that, *certaine ye me ſcary queys*, which none but thoſe that have ſtudied it, can diſcover, and Sir *Anthony* ſhall hold his Hand till *Mr. H.* comes to Town. This is all the favour can be done in this buſineſs by

Your humble Servant

J. S.

SIR,

LEaſt you think I had not as perfectly forgot you, as you Glory to have done me: Let theſe lines aſſure you, that if at any time I think of you, it is with as much ſcorn, as you vainly hitherto may have ſuppoſed it has been with affection. A certain General compaſſion is in me, and Pitty of poor follys, of which number I take this to be one. A Triumph where there has been no Conqueſt, has perſwaded me to let you know ſus much.

And now if that you have had ſo much Faith, as that you could believe a thing ſo impoſſible as that of my loving of you, would you but reduce your ſelf to believe a thing ſo reaſonable, as that there never was any ſuch matter, your would make me ſtep into a belief, that you never yet had the good thoughts of

J. S.

THERE was 'O ſeldom happy word of was! , a time when I was not *Mountferrat*, and ſure there was a time too, when all was handſome in my heart; for you were there ,dear Princeſs, and filled the place alone. Were there——Oh wretched word again, and and ſhould you leave that Lodging, more wretched than *Mountferrat* needs muſt be

Your humble Servant

J, S.

To T. C.

THough writting be as tedious to me, as no doubt reading will be to thee, yet conſidering that I ſhall drive that trade thou ſpeak'ſt of to the *Indies*, and for my Beds and Rattles have a return of Gold and Pearl; I am content for thy ſake, and in private thus to do penance in a ſheet.

Know then, Dear *Carew*, that at Eleven laſt night, flowing as much with Love as thou haſt ebbed, thy Letter found me out. I read, conſidered, and admired, and did conclude at laſt, that *Horſeley* Air did excel the Waters of the *Bath*; juſt ſo much as Love is a more Noble diſeaſe than the Pox.

No wonder if the Counteſſes think time loſt, till they be there: Who would not be where ſuch cures flow! The care thou haſt of me, that I ſhould Traffick right, draws me by way of Gratitude to perſwade thee to bot

tle

tle up ſome of that, and ſend it hither to Town; thy returns will be quicker than thoſe to the *Indies*, nor need'ſt thou fear a vent ſince the diſeaſe is Epidemical.

One thing more, who knows wouldſt thou be curious in the ſearch but thou maiſt find an Air of contrary Vertue about thy Houſe, which may, as this deſtroys, ſo that Create Affection; if there couldſt.

The Lady of High-gate *then ſhould embrace*
The diſeaſe of the Stomach, and the word of diſgrace.
Gredeline *and* Graſs-green
Shall ſomtimes be ſeen
Its arms to in-twine
About the Woodbine.

In honeſt Proſe thus: We would carry our ſelves firſt and then our Friends manage all the little Loves at Court, make more Tower-work, and be the Duke of *B.* of our Age, which without it, we ſhall never be. Think on't therefore, and be aſſured, That if thou joyn'ſt me in the Patent with thee, in the height of all my greatneſs I will be thine, all but what belongs to *Deſdemonna*, which is juſt as I mean, to venture at thy Horſe-race Saturday come Seven-night.

J. S.

IT is none of the leaſt diſcourteſies money hath done us Mortals, the making things eaſie in themſelves, and Natural, difficult: Young and handſome People would have come together without half this trouble, if that had never been: This would tell you, Madam, that the offer having nothing about it of New, begot in our young

young Lover very little of any thing else but Melancholly, (which notwithstanding I could easily perceive) grew rather from a fear of his Fathers mind, than a care of satisfying his own, that perswaded me to throw in all: and add the last reserve which fortunately turned the Scale, the Cavalier setting a great rate, and truly, upon the kindness of it, than upon the thing; and in that shewed the Courtesie of his Judgment, as well as his ability; the Uncle is no less satisfied than the Nephew, and both are Confident to draw —— to the same thoughts, to whom, as it was fit, I have left the Office.

And now, Madam, you may safely conclude the cause to be removed out of *Pluto*'s Court into *Cupids*; from the God of Moneys, to the God of Love: who if he break not of Old Customers, will quickly dispatch them, since he seldom delays those that have past their Trials in the other place.

J. S.

An

AN ACCOUNT OF RELIGION BY REASON.

A Discourse upon Occasion

Presented to the Earl of DORSET.

By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Printed from his own Copy.

Lucret. p. 227. *Tentat enim dubiam mentem rationis egestas.*

London, Printed in the Year, 1694.

AN

ACCOUNT

OF

RELIGION

BY

REASON.

THE EPISTLE.

I *Send you here* (my Lord) *that Diſcourſe enlarged, which frighted the Lady into a cold ſweat, and which had like to have made me an* Atheiſt *at Court, and your Lordſhip no very good Chriſtian. I am not ignorant that the fear of* Socinianiſm *at this time, renders every Man that offers to give an account of Religion by Reaſon, ſuſpected to have none at all; yet I have made no ſcruple to run that hazard, not knowing why a Man ſhould not uſe the beſt Weapon his Creator hath given him for his defence. That* Faith *was by the Apoſtles both highly exalted, and ſeverely enjoyned, is known to every Man, and this upon excellent grounds; for it was both the eaſieſt and beſt way of converting;*

converting: the other being tedious, and almost useless: for but few among thousands are capable of it, and those few not capable at all times of their Life, Judgment being required. Yet the best Servant our Saviour ever had upon Earth, was so far from neglecting or contemning Reason, that his Epistles were admired, even by those that embraced not the Truths he delivered. And indeed, had the Fathers of the Church only bid Men Believe, and not told them why, they had slept now un-Sainted in their Graves, and as much benighted with Oblivion, as the ordinary Parish-Priests of their own Age.

That Man is deceivable, is true, but what part within him is not likelier than his Reason? For as Manilius said,

Nam neque decipitur ratio nec decipit unquam.

And how unlikely is it that that which gives us the Prerogative above other Creatures, and wholly entitles us to future happiness, should be laid aside, and not used to the acquiring of it?

But

But by this time (my Lord) *you find how apt thoſe which have nothing to do themſelves, are to give others trouble. I ſhall only therefore let you know that your Commands to my Lord of* Middleſex *are performed; and that when you have freſh ones, you cannot place them where they will be more willingly received, than by*

Your humble Servant,

JOHN SUCKLING.

Bath, Sept. 2.

A Diſcourſe by Sir John Suckling, *Knight.*

AMong the truths (*my Lord*) which we receive none more reaſonably commands our beliefe, than thoſe which by *all Men*, at *all* times have been aſſented to. In this number and higheſt I place this great one, that there is a *Deity*; which the whole World hath been ſo eager to embrace, that rather than it would have none at all, it hath too often been contented with a very mean one.

That there ſhould be a great Diſpoſer and Orderer of all things, a wiſe Rewarder and Puniſher of good and evil, hath appeared ſo equitable to Men, that by inſtinct they have ſo concluded it neceſſary; Nature (which doth nothing in vain) having ſo far imprinted it in us all, that ſhould the envy of Predeceſſors deny the ſecret to Succeeders, they yet would find it out. Of all thoſe little Ladders with which we ſcale Heaven, and climb up to our Maker, that ſeems to me not the worſt, of which Man is the firſt ſtep. For, but by examining how I, that could contribute nothing to mine own being, ſhould be here, I come to ask the ſame queſtion for my Father, and ſo am led in a direct line to a laſt Producer, that muſt be more than Man. For *if Man made Man, why Died not I when my Father Died?* ſince according to that *Maxim* of the Philoſophers, *the cauſe taken away, the effect does not remain.* Or if the firſt Man gave himſelf being, why hath he it not ſtill? Since it were unreaſonable to imagine any thing could have power to give it ſelf Life, that had no power to continue it. That there is then a God, will not be ſo much the diſpute, as what this God

is,

is, or how to be worshipped, is that which hath troubled poor Mortals from the first, nor are they yet in quiet. So great has been the diversity, that some have almost thought God was no less delighted with variety in his Service, than he was pleased with it in his works. It would not be amiss to take a survey of the World from its cradle; and with *Varro*, divide it into three Ages; The *Unknown*, the *Fabulous*, and the *Historical*.

The first was a black *Night*, and discovered *nothing*; the second was a weak and glimmering *Light*, representing things imperfectly and more faintly; the last (*more Clear*) left handsome Monuments to posterity. The *unknown* I place in the Age before the Flood, for that Deluge swept away all things as well as Men, and left not so much as Footsteps to trace them by. The *Fabulous* began after the Flood; in this time Godheads were cheap, and Men not knowing where to choose better, made Deities one of another. Where this ended, the *Historical* took beginning: For Men began to ingrave in Pillars, and to commit to Letters, as it were by joynt consent: For the three great *Epoches* or Terms of Accompt were all established within the space of 30 Years: The *Grecians* reckoning from their *Olympiades*; the *Romans* from the building of their City; and the *Babylonians* from their King *Salmonasser*. To bring into the Scale with the Christian Religion any thing out of the first Age, we cannot; because we know nothing of it.

And the Second was so *Fabulous*, that those which took it up, afterwards smil'd at it as ridiculous and false (which though was easier for them to do than to shew a true.) In the *Historical*, it improved, and grew more refin'd: But here the *Fathers* entred Field, and so clearly gained the Victory, that I should say nothing in it, did I not know it still to be the opinion of good wits, that the particular Religion of Christians has added little to the general Religion of the World. Let us take it then in

its

is *Perfecter Estate*, and look upon it as in that Age which was made so glorious by the bringing forth of so many admirable Spirits, and this was about the 80 *Olympiad*, in the Year of the World 3480, for in the space of an 100 Years, flourished almost all that *Greece* could boast of, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Architas*, *Isocrates*, *Pythagoras*, *Epicurus*, *Heraclitus*, *Xenophon*, *Zeno*, *Anaxagoras*, *Democritus*, *Demosthenes*, *Parmenides*, *Xenocrates*, *Theophrastes*, *Empedocles*, *Tymeus*, with divers others, Orators and Poets. Or rather for they had their Religion one from another, and not much different let us take a view of it in that Century in which Nature (as it were to oppose the Grecian insolence) brought forth that happy Birth of *Roman* Wits: *Varro*, *Cicero*, *Cæsar*, *Livie*, *Salust*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Vitruvius*, *Ovid*, *Pliny*, *Cato*, *Marcus Brutus*, and this was from *Quintus Servilius* his Consulship to that of *Augustus*, 270 Years after the other. And to say the truth, a great part of our Religion, either directly or indirectly hath been professed by Heathens; which I conceive not so much an exprobation to it, as a confirmation; it being no derogating from Truth, to be warranted by common consent.

First then, the Creation of the World is delivered almost to the same in the *Phœnician* stories with that in *Moses*; from this the *Grecians* had their *Chaos*, and *Ovid* the beginning of his *Metamorphosis*. That *all things were made by God*, was held by *Plato*, and others; that *Darkness was before Light*, by *Thales*; that the *Stars were made by God*, by *Aratus*; that *Life was infused into things by the Breath of God*, *Virgil*; that *Man was made of Dust*, *Hesiod*, and *Homer*; that *the first Life of Man was in simplicity and Nakedness*, *the Ægyptians* taught: And from thence the Poets had their *Golden Age*. That *in the first times Mans Lives lasted a Thousand Years*, *Berosus*, and others; that *something Divine was seen amongst Men*, *till that the greatness of our Sins gave them cause to remove Catullus*; and this

he

he that writes the ſtory of *Columbus*, reports from the *Indians of a great Deluge*, almoſt all. But to the main, they hold *one God*, and though *Multiplicity* hath been laid to their charge, yet certainly the clearer Spirits underſtood theſe petty Gods as things, not as Deities; ſecond cauſes, and ſeveral Virtues of the great power, by *Neptune*, water; *Juno*, Air; by *Diſpater*, Earth; by *Vulcan*, Fire; and ſometimes one God ſignified many things, as *Jupiter* the whole World, the whole Heaven; and ſometimes many Gods, one thing, as *Ceres*, *Juno magna*, the Earth. They concluded thoſe to be vices which we do; nor was there much difference in their Virtues; only Chriſtians have made ready belief the higheſt, which they would hardly allow to be any. They held rewards for the good, and puniſhments for the ill; had their *Elizium*, and their *Hell*; and that they thought the pains *Eternal* there, is evident, in that they believed from thence was no return. They proportioned ſufferings hereafter, to offences here; as in *Tantalus*, *Siſyphus*, and others, among which that of Conſcience (the worm that never Dies) was one, as in the Vultur's gnawing of *Prometheus* Heart, and *Virgils* ugliest of Furies thundring in *Pirithous* Ear, was not obſcurely ſhown; and yet nearer us, they held the number of the Elect to be but ſmall, and that there ſhould be a laſt Day in which the World ſhould periſh by Fire. Laſtly they had their Prieſts, Temples, Altars.

We have ſeen now the *Pararell*, let us enquire whether thoſe things they ſeem to have in common with us, we have not in a more excellent manner, and whether the reſt in which we differ from all the World, we take not up with reaſon. To begin then with their *Jupiter* (for all before were but little ſtealths from *Moſes* works) how much more like a Deity are the actions our ſtories declare our God to have done, than what the Ethnick Authors deliver of theirs? How excellent ele-

vated

vated are our deſcriptions of him? Theirs looking as if they knew that power onely by their fears, as their Statues erected to him declare: For when he was *Capitolonius*, he appeared with Thunder; when *Latiaris*, be ſmear'd with Blood: when *Feretrius*, yet more terrible. We may gueſs what their conceptions were, by the worſhip they gave him: How full of cruelty were their ſacrifices? it being received almoſt through the whole World, *that Gods were pleaſed with the Blood of Men*: And this cuſtom neither the *Grecian* Wiſdom, nor *Roman* Civility aboliſhed, as appears by ſacrifices to *Bacchus*.

Then the ceremonies of *Liber Pater*, and *Ceres*, how obſcene? and thoſe Dayes which were ſet apart for the Honour of the Gods, celebrated with ſuch ſhews as *Cato* himſelf was aſhamed to be preſent at. On the contrary, our ſervices are ſuch, as not only *Cato*, but God himſelf may be there: We worſhip him that is the pureſt Spirit, in purity of Spirit; and did we not believe what the Scriptures deliver from himſelf, yet would our reaſon perſwade us that ſuch an Eſſence could not be pleaſed with the Blood of Beaſts, or delighted with the ſteem of Fat: and in this particular, Chriſtians have gone beyond all others except the Mahometans; beſides whom there has been no Nation that had not Sacrifice, and was not guilty of this pious Cruelty.

That we have the ſame Virtues with them is very true; but who can deny that thoſe virtues have received additions from Chriſtianity, conducing to Mens better living together? revenge of injuries, *Moſes* both took himſelf, and allowed by the Law to others; *Cicero* and *Ariſtotle* placed it in virtues quurter: We extol patient bearing of injuries; and what quiet the one, what trouble the other would give the World, let the indifferent judge. Their Juſtice only took care that Men ſhould not do wrong: Ours, that they ſhould not think it, the very

coveting ſeverely forbidden: And this holds too in chaſtity, deſire of a Woman unlawfully being as much a breach of the Commandment, as their enjoying, which ſhew'd not only the Chriſtians care, but Wiſdome to prevent ill, who provided to deſtroy it where it was weakeſt, in the Cradle, and declared, he was no leſs than a God which gave them theſe Laws; for had he been but Man, he never would have provided or taken care for what he could not look into, the Hearts of Men, and what he could not puniſh, their thoughts. What Charity can be produced anſwerable to that of Chriſtians? Look upon the Primitive times, and you ſhall find that (as if the whole World had been a private Family) they ſent from Province to Province, and from places farr diſtant, to Relieve them they never ſaw nor knew.

Now for the happineſs which they propoſed: if they take it as the Heathens underſtood it, it was an *Elizium*, a place of Bleſſed Shades, at beſt but a handſom retirement from the troubles of this World: If according to the duller Jews, Feaſtings and Banquettings; (for it is evident that the *Sadduces*, who were obſervers of the Moſaical Law, had but faint thoughts of any thing to come) there being in *Moſes* Books no Promiſes but of Temporal Bleſſings, and (if any) an obſcure mention of Eternity. The Mahometans are no leſs ſenſual, making the renewing of Youth, high Feaſts, a Woman with great Eyes, and dreſt up with a little more Fancie, the laſt and beſt good.

Then the Hell; how gentle with the Heathens? but the rowling of a Stone, filling of a Sieve with Water, ſitting before Banquets, and not daring to touch them, exerciſing Trade and Buſineſs's they had on Earth; with the Mahometans but a Purgatory acted in the Grave, ſome pains inflicted by a bad Angel, and thoſe qualified and mitigated too, by an aſſiſting good one. Now for the Jewes as they had no hopes, ſo they had no fears;

ſo

ſo that if we conſider it rightly, neither their puniſhments were great enough to deter them from doing ill, nor their rewards high enough to invite Men to ſtrictneſs of Life; for ſince every Man is able to make as good a Heaven of his own, it were unreaſonable to perſwade him to quit that certain happineſs for an uncertainty: Whereas Chriſtians with as much more noble conſideration both in their Heaven and Hell, took care not only for the Body, but the Soul, and for both, above Mans apprehenſion.

The ſtrangeſt, though moſt Epidemical diſeaſe of all Religions, has been an imagination Men have had, that the impoſing painful and difficult things upon themſelves, was the beſt way to appeaſe the Deity, groſly thinking the chief Service and delight of the Creator to conſiſt in the tortures and ſufferings of the Creature. How laden with chargeable and unneceſſary Ceremonies the Jews were, their Feaſts, Circumciſions, Sacrifices, great Sabbaths, and little Sabbaths, Faſts, Burials, and indeed, almoſt all their Worſhip, ſufficiently declare: And that the Mahometans are much more infected, appears by the cutting of the *Præpuces*, wearing Iron Rings in the Skin of their Fore parts, launcing themſelves with Knives, putting out their Eyes upon the ſight of their Prophets Tomb, and the like. Of theſe laſt we can ſhew no patterns amongſt us: For though there be ſuch a thing as whipping of the Body, yet it is but in ſome parts of Chriſtendom, and there perchance too, more ſmil'd at than practis'd. Our Religion teacheth us to bear afflictions patiently when they fall upon us, but not to force them upon our Selves: For we believe the God we ſerve, Wiſe enough to chuſe his own Service, and therefore preſume not to add to his commands. With the Jewes, it is true, we have ſomething in common, but rather the names than things: Our Faſts being more the Medicines of the Body, than the puniſhments of it,

Spiritual, as our Sabbaths; both good Mens delight, not their trouble.

But leſt this diſcourſe ſhould ſwell into a greatneſs, ſuch as would make it look rather like a defence which I had labour'd to get, than an accompt which I alwayes carry about me; I will now briefly examine, whether we believe not with Reaſon, thoſe things we have different from the reſt of the World. Firſt then, for the perſwaſion of the Truth of them in General: Let us conſider what they were that conveigh'd them to us: Men (of all the World) the moſt unlikely to plot the cozenage of others, being themſelves but ſimple People, without ends, without deſigns, ſeeking neither Honour, Riches, nor Pleaſure, but ſuffering (under the contrary) Ignominy, Poverty, and Miſery; enduring Death it ſelf, nay courting it: All which are things diſtaſtefull to Nature, and ſuch as none but Men ſtrangely aſſured, would have undergone. Had they feign'd a ſtory, certainly they would not in it have regiſtred their own faults, nor delivered him whom they propounded as a God, Ignominiouſly Crucified: Add to this the progreſs their Doctrine made abroad; miraculous above all other, either before or ſince, other Religions were brought in with the Sword, power forcing a cuſtom, which by degrees uſurp'd the place of Truth: This even power it ſelf oppoſing. For the Romans (contrary to their cuſtome which entertain'd all Religions kindly) perſecuted this: Which by its own ſtrength ſo poſſeſſed the Hearts of Men, that no Age, Sex, or Condition, refuſed to lay down Life for it. A thing ſo rare in other Religions, that among the Heathens, *Socrates* was the ſole Martyr: And the Jewes (unleſs of ſome few under *Manaſſes* and *Antiochus*) have not to boaſt of any. If we caſt our Eyes upon the healing of the Blind, curing the Lame, redeeming from the Grave, and but with a touch or word, we muſt conclude them done by more

than

than humane power, and if by any other, by no ill; Theſe buſie not themſelues ſo much about the good of Man: And this Religion not only forbids by precept the Worſhip of Wicked Spirits, but in fact deſtroys it whereſoever it comes. Now as it is clear by Authors impartial (as being no Chriſtians) that ſtrange things were done, ſo it is plain they were done without impoſture. Deluſions ſhun the Light; Theſe were all acted openly, the very enemies both of the Maſter and diſciples daily looking on. But let us deſcend to thoſe more principal particulars, which ſo much trouble the Curious wits: Theſe I take to be the *Incarnation*, *Paſſion*, *Reſurrection*, and *Trinity*.

For the firſt, That Man ſhould be made without Man, why ſhould we wonder more at it in that time of the World, than in the Beginning? much eaſier, certainly, it was here, becauſe nearer the Natural way; Woman being a more prepared matter than earth. Thoſe great truths, and myſteries of Salvation, would never have been received without miracles; and where could they more opportunity be ſhown, than at his enterance into the World, where they might give credit to his following Actions and Doctrine? So far it is from being againſt my reaſon to think him thus born, that it would be againſt it to believe him otherwiſe; it being not fit that the Son of God ſhould be produced like the race of Men. That human nature may be aſſumed by a Deity, the Enemy of Chriſtians, *Julian*, confirms; and inſtances (himſelf) in *Æſculapius*, whom he will have deſcend from Heaven in mortal Shape, to teach us here below the Art of Phyſick. Laſtly, That God has liv'd with Men, has been the general Fancy of all Nations: every particular having this tradition, that the Deity at ſome time or other converſed amongſt Men. Nor is it contrary to Reaſon to believe him reſiding in glory above, and yet incarnate here: So in Man himſelf, the Soul is in Heaven when it re-

mains in the flesh, for it reacheth with its Eye the Sun; why may not God then being in Heaven, be at the same time with us in the flesh? since the Soul, without the Body would be able to do much more than with it, and God much more than the Soul being the Soul of the Soul. But it may be urged as more abstruse, how all in Heaven, and all in Earth? Observe man speaking (as you have done seeing) Is not the same speech, at the instant it is uttered, all in every place? Receives not each particular care, alike, the whole? And shall not be much more be Ubiquitary than the Voice of Man? For the *Passion* (to let alone the necessity of Satisfying divine Justice this way, which, whosoever reads more particularly our Divines, shall find rationally enforced) we find, the Heathen had something near to this (though, as in the rest, imperfect) for they sacrificed single Men for the sins of the whole City or Country. *Porphyrius* having laid this Foundation, *That the supream happiness of the Soul is to see God*, and that it cannot see him unpurified, concludes, That there must be a way for the *cleansing of Mankind*; and proceeding to find it out, he tells that Arts and sciences serve but to set our wits right in the knowledge of things, and cleanse us not enough to come to God: the like Judgment he gives of purging by *Theurgie*, and by the Mysteries of the Sun; because those things extend but to some few, whereas this cleansing ought to be universal for the benefit of all Mankind: In the end resolves that this cannot be done bu by one of the three *In-beings*, which is the word they use to express the Trinity by. Let us see what the divinest of the Heathens (and his Master *Plato*) delivers, to admiration, and as it were *Prophetically*, to this purpose. *That a truly just Man be shewn* (saith he) *it is necessary that he be spoiled of his Ornaments, so that he must be accounted by others a Wicked Man, be scoffed at, put in Prison, beaten, nay be crucified:* and certainly for him that was to appear the highest example

of

of patience, it was neceſſary to undergo the higheſt tryal of it, which was an *undeſerved death*.

Concerning the *Reſurrection*, I conceive the difficulty to lie not ſo much upon our Lord, as us, it being with eaſie Reaſon imagined, that he which can make a body, can lay it down, and take it up again. There is ſomthing more that urges and preſſes us: for in our eſtate we promiſe our ſelves hereafter, there will be no need of Food, Copulation, or Excrement, to what purpoſe ſhould we have a Mouth, Belly or leſs comly parts? It being ſtrange to imagine God to have Created Man, for a moment of time, a Body conſiſting of particulars, which ſhould be uſeleſs to all Eternity. Beſides, why ſhould we deſire to carry that along with us which we are aſhamed of here, and which we find ſo great a trouble, that very wiſe Men (were it not forbidden) would throw it off before it were worn out? To this I ſhould anſwer, that as the body is partner in well or ill doing, ſo it is but juſt it ſhould ſhare in the rewards or puniſhments hereafter: And though by reaſon of ſin we bluſh at it here, yet when that ſhall eaſe to be, why we ſhould be more aſhamed than our firſt Parents were, or ſome in the laſt diſcover'd parts of the World are now, I cannot underſtand. Who knows but theſe unſightly parts ſhall remain for good uſe, and that putting us in mind of our imperfect eſtate here, they ſhall ſerve to increaſe our content and happineſs there? What kind of thing a glorified body ſhall be, how chang'd, how refin'd, who knows? Nor is it the meaneſt invitement to me to now, think that my Eſtate there, is above my capacity here. There remains that which does not only quarrel with the likelyhood of a Reſurrection, but with the poſſibility; alleadging, that Man corrupted into duſt, is ſcattered almoſt into infinite, or devoured by irrational Creature, goes into aliment, and grows part of it, then that Creature perchance is made like food to another: And truly did we

doubt of Gods power, or not think him omnipotent, this were a *Labyrinth* we ſhould be loſt in: But it were hard, when we ſee every petty Chymick in his little ſhop bring into one body things of the ſame kind, though ſcatter'd and diſorder'd, that we ſhould not allow the great Maker of all things to do the ſame in his own Univerſe.

There remains onely the Myſtery of the *Trinity*: to the difficulty of which, the poverty and narrowneſs of words have made no ſmall addition.

St. *Auſtin* plainly ſayes the word *Perſon* was taken up by the Church for want of a better; *Nature*, *Subſtance*, *Eſſence*, *Hypoſtaſis*, *Suppoſitum*, & *Perſona*, have cauſed ſharp diſputes amongſt the Doctors: at length they are contented to let the three firſt and three laſt ſignifie the ſame thing. By all of them is underſtood ſomthing Compleat, Perfect, and Singular: In this only they differ, that *Nature*, *Subſtance*, *Eſſence* are communicable *ad quid* & *quo* (as they call it) The other are not at all: But enough of this; Thoſe that were the immediate Conveighers of it to us, wrapt it not up in any of theſe terms. We then hold God to be one, and but one, it being groſs to imagine two omnipotents, for then neither would be ſo; yet ſince this good is perfectly good, and perfect goodneſs cannot be without perfect love, nor perfect love without Communication, nor to an unequal or created, for then it muſt be inordinate; we conclude a Second *Coeternal* though *Begotten*: Nor are theſe contrary (though they ſeem to be ſo) Even in created ſubſtances, that one thing may come from another, and yet that from whence it comes, not be before that which comes from it; as in the Sun and *Light*. But in theſe high myſteries, ſimilitudes may be the beſt Arguments. In Metaphyſicks they tell us, that to the conſtituting of every being, there is a *Poſſe ſui eſſe*, from whence there is a *Sapientia ſui eſſe*, and from theſe two proceedeth an

Amor

Amor ſui eſſe: and though theſe three be diſtinct, yet they make up one perfect being. Again, and more familiarly; there is a hidden Original of Waters in the Earth, from this a ſpring flows up, and of theſe proceeds a ſtream: This is but one eſſence, which knows neither a before, nor an after, but in order, and (that too) accordiug to our conſidering of it; the Head, of a Spring is not a Head, but in reſpect of the Spring; for if ſomthing flow'd not from it, it were no Original, nor the Spring a Spring if it did not flow from ſomthing, nor the Stream a Stream but in reſpect of both: Now all theſe three are but one Water, and though one is not the other, yet they can hardly be conſidered one without the other. Now, though I know this ſo far from a demonſtration, that it is but an imperfect inſtance (perfect being impoſſible of infinite by finite things) yet there is a reſemblance great enought to let us ſee the poſſibility. And here the eye of Reaſon needed no more the ſpectacles of Faith, than for theſe things of which we may ſympathy the cauſe, as in the Load-ſtone, or antipathy, of which every Man almoſt gives inſtance from his own nature: Nor is it here ſo great a wonder that we ſhould be ignorant; for this is diſtant and removed from ſence; theſe near and ſubject to it and it were ſtrange for me to conclude that God did not work *ad extra*, thus one and diſtinct within himſelf, becauſe I cannot conceive how begotten how proceeding; than if a clown ſhould ſay the hand of a Watch did not move, becauſe he could not give an account of the Wheeles within. So far it is from being unreaſonable, becauſe I do not underſtand it. that it would be unreaſonable I ſhould: For why ſhould a created ſubſtance comprehend an uncreated, A circumſcribe and limited, an uncircumſcrib'd and unlimited? And this I obſerve in thoſe great Lovers and Lords of Reaſon, quoted by the Fathers, *Zoroaſtes*, *Triſmegiſtus*, *Plato*, *Numenius*, *Plotinus*, *Proclus*, *Amelius*, and *Avicen*, that when they ſpoke of this

this myſtery of the Trinity, of which all writ ſomthing, and ſome almoſt as plainly as Chriſtians themſelves, that they diſcuſſed it not as they did other things, but delivered them as Oracles which they had received themſelves, without diſpute.

Thus much of Chriſtian Profeſſion compared with others: I ſhould ſhew now which (compared within it ſelf) ought to be preferred: but this is the work of every Pen, perhaps to the prejudice of Religion it ſelf. This excuſe (though) it has, that like the chief Empire, having nothing to conquer, no other Religion to oppoſe or diſpute againſt, it hath been forced to admit of Civil Wars, and ſuffer under its own excellency.

FINIS.

AGLAURA.

PRESENTED

At the Private Houſe

IN

Black - Fryars,

BY

His Majeſties Servants.

VVritten by

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1694.

PROLOGUE.

I've thought upon't, and cannot tell which way
Ought I can say now should advance the Play:
For Plays are either good, or bad; the good
(If they do beg) beg to be understood;
And in good faith, that has as bold a sound,
As if a Beggar should ask twenty pound.
——Men have it not about them.
Then (Gentlemen) if rightly understood,
The bad do need less Prologue than the good,
For if it chance the Plot be lame, or blind,
Ill cloath'd, deform'd throughout, it needs must find
Compassion,——It is a beggar without Art——
But it falls out in Penny-worths of Wit,
As in all bargains else; Men ever get
All they can in; will have London *measure,*
A handful over in their very pleasure.
And now ye have't; he could not well deny'e,
And I dare swear he's scarce a saver by ye.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
COURT.

THose common paſſions, hopes, and fears that (ſtill
The Poets firſt, and then the Prologues fill,
In this our Age he that writ this, by me,
Proteſts againſt as modeſt foolerie.
He thinks it an odd thing to be in pain,
For nothing elſe, but to be well again.
Who writes to fear is ſo; had he not writ,
You ne'er had been the Judges of his Wit;
And when he had, did he but then intend
To pleaſe himſelf, he ſure might have his end
Without th'expence of hope, and that he had
That made this Play, although the Play be bad.
Then Gentlemen be thrifty, ſave your dooms
For the next Man, or the next Play that comes;
For Smiles are nothing, where Men do not care,
And Frowns as little, where they need not fear.

TO

TO THE

KING.

THis (Sir) to them, but unto Majeſty,
All h' has ſaid before, he does deny.
Set not to Majeſty: that were to bring
His fears to be, but for the Queen and King,
Not for your ſelves; and that he dares not ſay;
You are his Sovereigns another way;
Your Souls are Princes, and you have as good
A Title that way, as ye have by blood,
To Govern, and your Power here is more great
And abſolute, than in the Royal Seat.
There Men diſpute, and but by Law obey,
Here is no Law at all, but what ye ſay.

Scena

Scena Perſia.

King,	*In love with* Aglaura.
Therſames,	*Prince, in love with* Aglaura.
Orbella,	*Queen, at firſt Miſtreſs to* Ziriff; *in love with* Ariaſpes.
Ariaſpes,	*Brother to the King.*
Ziriff,	*Otherways* Sorannez *diſguiſed, Captain of the Guard, in love with* Orbella, *Brother to* Aglaura.
Iolas,	*A Lord of the Council, ſeeming Friend to the Prince, but a Traytor; in Love with* Semanthe.
Aglaura,	*In Love with the Prince, but nam'd Miſtreſs to the King.*
Orſames,	*A young Lord Antiplatonick; Friend to the Prince.*
Philan,	*The ſame.*
Semanthe,	*In Love with* Ziriff; *Platonick.*
Orithie,	*In Love with* Therſames.
Paſithas,	*A faithful Servant.*
Iolinas,	Aglaura's *Waiting-Woman.*
Courtiers,	
Huntſmen.	
Prieſt.	
Guard.	

AGLAURA.

AGLAURA.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter Iolas, *and* Iolina.

Iolas. MArried? and in *Diana*'s Grove!
Iolin. So was th'appointment, or my
Senſe deceiv'd me.
Iolas. Married!
Now by thoſe Powers that tye thoſe pretty knots,
'Tis very fine, good faith 'tis wondrous fine.
Iolin. What is, Brother?
Iolas. Why? to marry Siſter——
T'enjoy 'twixt lawful and unlawful thus
A happineſs, ſteal as 'twere ones own.
Diana's Grove, ſayeſt thou? —— *Scratcheth his head.*
Iolin. That's the place; the hunt once up, and all
Engaged in the ſport, they mean to leave
The company, and ſteal unto thoſe Thickets,
Where there's a Prieſt attends them.
Iolas. And will they lye together think's thou?
Iolin. Is there diſtinction of Sex think you?
Or Fleſh and Bloud?
Iolas. True; but the King, Siſter!
Iolin. But Love, Brother!
Iolas. Thou ſay'ſt well; 'tis fine, 'tis wondrous fine.
Diana's Grove——

Iolin. Yes, *Diana*'s Grove.
But, Brother, if you ſhould ſpeak of this now.——
Iolas. Why thou know'ſt a drowning Man holds not a thing ſo faſt. [*Enter* Semanthe, *ſhe ſees Semanthe!* ſhe ſhuns me too. Iolas, *and goes in again.*
Iolin. The wound feſtred ſure!
The hurt the Boy gave her, when firſt
She look'd abroad into the World, is not yet cur'd.
Iolas. What hurt?
Iolin. Why! know you not
She was in Love long ſince with Young *Zorennes*, (*Aglaura*'s Brother) and the now Queens betroth'd?
Iolas. Some ſuch ſlight Tale I've heard.
Iolin. Slight! She yet does weep, when ſhe but hears him nam'd,
And tells the prettieſt, and the ſaddeſt Stories
Of all thoſe Civil Wars, and thoſe Amours,
That, truſt me, both my Lady and my ſelf
Turn weeping Statues ſtill.
Iolas. Piſh, 'tis not that.
'Tis *Ziriff*, and his freſh glories here
Have rob'd me of her.
Since he thus appear'd in Court,
My Love has languiſh'd worſe than Plants in drought.
But time's a good Phyſitian. Come, let's in:
The King and Queen by this time are come forth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Serving-men to Ziriff.

1. *Serv.* Yonder's a Crowd without, as if ſome ſtrange Sight were to be ſeen to day here.
2. *Serv.* Two or three with Carbonadoes afore inſtead of Faces miſtook the Door for a Breach, and at the opening of it, are ſtriving ſtill which ſhould enter firſt.
3 *Serv.* Is my Lord buſie? *Knocks*

Enter Ziriff *as in his Study.*

1. *Serv.* My Lord there are ſome Soldiers without——
Zir. Well! I will diſpatch them preſently.

2. *Serv.*

2. *Serv.* Th'Ambaſſadors from the Caduſians too——

Zir. Shew them the Gallery.

3. *Serv.* One from the King——

Zir. Again; I come, I come. *Exeunt Serving-men.*

Ziriff *ſolus.*

Greatneſs, thou vainer ſhadow of the Princes beams,
Begot by mere reflection, nouriſh'd in extreams;
Firſt taught to creep, and live upon the glance,
Poorly to fare, till thine own proper ſtrength
Bring thee to ſurfeit of thy ſelf at laſt.
How dull a Pageant would this States-play ſeem
To me now, were not my Love and my Revenge
Mix'd with it? ——
Three tedious Winters have I waited here,
Like patient Chymiſts blowing ſtill the Coals,
And ſtill expecting when the bleſſed hour
Would come ſhould make me Maſter of
The Court *Elixir*, Power, for that turns all:
'Tis in projection now; Down, ſorrow, down,
And ſwell my Heart no more, and thou wrong'd Ghoſt
Of my dead Father, to thy Bed again,
And ſleep ſecurely;
It cannot now be long, for ſure *Fate* muſt,
As't has been Cruel, ſo a while be Juſt. *Exit.*

Enter King and Lords, the Lords intreating for Priſoners.

King. I ſay they ſhall not live; our Mercy
Would turn Sin, ſhould we but uſe it e'er;
Pity and Love the boſſes only be
Of Government meerly for ſhow and Ornament;
Fear is the bit that Man's proud Will reſtrains,
And makes its Vice its Virtue—— See it done.

Enter to them Queen, Aglaura, *Ladies, the King addreſſes himſelf to* Aglaura.

So early, and ſo curious in your Dreſs, (Fair Miſtreſs)
Theſe pretty Ambuſhes and Traps for Hearts,
Set with ſuch care to day, look like deſign!

Speak, Lady, is't a Maſſacre reſolv'd?
Is conquering one by one grown tedious ſport?
Or is the number of the taken ſuch,
That for your ſafety you muſt kill out right?
Agl. Did none do greater miſchief (Sir) than I,
Heav'n would not much be troubled with ſad ſtory,
Nor would the quarrel Man has to the Stars
Be kept alive ſo ſtrongly.
King. When he does leav't
Woman muſt take it up, and juſtly too,
For robbing of the Sex and giving all to you.
Agl. Their weakneſſes you mean, and I confeſs Sir.
King. The greateſt ſubjects of their power and glory.
Such gentle Rape thou act'ſt upon my Soul,
And with ſuch pleaſing Violence doſt force it ſtill,
That when it ſhould reſiſt, it tamely yields,
Making a kind of haſte to be undone,
As if the way to Victory were loſs,
And conqueſt came by Overthrow.

Enter an Expreſs delivering a Packet upon his knee. The King reads.

(Ladies heads.

Qu. Pretty! *The Queen looking upon a flower in one of the*
Is it the Child of Nature, or of ſome fair Hand?
La. 'Tis as the beauty Madam of ſome Faces,
Arts iſſue only.
King. Therſames,
This concerns you moſt; brought you her Picture?
Exp. Something made up for her in haſte I have. [*Preſents*
King. If ſhe does owe no part of this fair dower *the Pi-*
Unto the Painter, ſhe is rich enough. *cture.*
Agl. A kind of merry ſadneſs in this face
Becomes it much.
King. There is indeed, *Aglaura.*
A pretty ſullenneſs dreſs'd up in ſmiles,

That

That ſayes this Beauty can both kill and, ſave.
How like you her *Therſames*?

Ther. As well as any Man can do a Houſe
By ſeeing of the portal, here's but a Face,
And Faces (Sir) are things I have not ſtudied;
I have my Duty, and may boldly ſwear,
What you like beſt will ever pleaſe me moſt.

King. Spoke like *Therſames*, and my Son.
Come! the Day holds fair,
Let all the Hunts-men meet us in the vale,
We will uncouple there. *Exeunt.*

Ariaſpes: *ſolus ſtays behind.*

Ariaſp. How odd a thing a croud is unto me!
Sure Nature intended I ſhould be alone;
Had not that old doting Man-Mid-wife *Time*
Slept, when he ſhould have brought me forth, I had
Been ſo too——— *Studies and Scratches his Head.*
To be Born near, and only near a Crown——

Enter Iolas

Iol. How now my Lord?
What? walking o'th 'tops of Pyramids?
Whiſpering your ſelf away
Like a deny'd Lover? come! to Horſe, to Horſe,
And I will ſhew you ſtreight a ſight ſhall pleaſe you
More than kind looks from her you dote upon
After a falling out.

Ariaſp. Prethee what is't?

Iol. I'll tell you as I go.———*Exeunt.*

Enter Hunts-men Hollowing and Whooping.

Hunt. Which way? which way?

Enter Therſames, Aglaura *muffled.*

Ther. This is the grove, 'tis ſomewhere here within-*Ex.*

Enter Dogging of them, Ariaſpes, Iolas.

Iol. Gently! Gently!

Enter Orſames, Philan, *a Huntſman, two Courtiers.*

Hunts. No hurt, my Lord, I hope.

Ors. None, none,
Thou wouldſt have warranted it to another,
If I had broke my Neck:
What? doſt think my Horſe and I ſhew tricks?
That which way ſoever he throwes me
Like a tumblers Boy I muſt fall ſafe?
Was there a Bed of Roſes there? would I were Eunuch if I had not as lief h'a fallen in the ſtate, as where I did; the ground was as hard, as if it had been pav'd with Platonick Ladies Hearts, and this unconſcionable fellow askes whether I have no hurt; where's my Horſe.

1 *Court.* Making Love to the next Mare I think.

2 *Court.* Not the next I aſſure you,
He's gallop't away, as if all the Spurs i'th'field
Were in his ſides.

Ors. Why there's it: the jade's in the faſhion too.
Now h'as done me an injury, he will not come near me.
Well, when I hunt next, may it be upon a ſtarv'd Cow,
Without a Saddle too.
And may I fall into a Saw-pit, and not be taken up, but with ſuſpition of having been private with my own Beaſt there. Now I better conſider on't too Gentlemen, 'tis but the ſame thing we do at Court; here's every Man ſtriving who ſhall be formoſt, and hotly purſuing of what he ſeldome overtakes, or if he does, it's no great matter.

Phi. He that's beſt Hors'd (that is, beſt friended gets in ſooneſt; and then all he has to do is to laugh at thoſe that are behind. Shall we help you my Lord?

Ors. Prithee do——— ſtay!
To be in view, is to be in favour,
Is it not?

Phi. Right.
And he that has a ſtrong faction againſt him, hunts, upon a cold ſcent, and may in time come to a loſs.

Ors. Here's one rides two miles about, while another leaps

leaps a Ditch and is in before him.

Phi. Where note the indirect way's the neareſt.

Orſ. Good again——

Phi. And here's another puts on, and falls into a Quagmire (that is) follows the Court till he has ſpent all (for your Court quagmire is want of Money) there a Man is ſure to ſtick, and then not one helps him out, if they do not laugh at him.

1. *Court.* What think you of him, that hunts after my Rate, and never ſees the Deer?

2. *Court.* Why he is like ſome young Fellow, that follows The Court, and never ſees the King.

Orſ To Spur a Horſe till he is tir'd, is

Phi. To importune a Friend till he be weary of you.

Orſ. For then upon the firſt occaſion y'are thrown off, As I was now. (*mes.*

Phi. This is nothing to the catching of your Horſe *Orſa*

Orſ. Thou ſay'ſt true, I think he is no tranſmigrated Philoſopher, and therefore not likely to be taken with Morals. Gentlemen---your help, the next I hope will Be yours, and then 'twill be my turn—— *Exeunt.*

Enter again Marryed, Therſames, Aglaura, *Prieſt.*

Therſ. Fear not my Dear; if when Loves Diet,
Was bare looks and theſe ſtoln too,
He yet did thrive! what then
Will he do now, when every Night will be
A feaſt, and every Day freſh revelry?

Agl. Will he not ſurfeit, when he once ſhall come
To groſſer fare (my Lord) and ſo grow ſick?
And Love once ſick, how quickly will it Dye?

Ther. Ours cannot; 'tis as immortal as the things
That elemented it, which were our Souls:
Nor can they e'er impair in Health, for what
Theſe holy rites do warrant us to do,
More than our Bodies would for quenching thirſt
Come let's to Horſe, we ſhall be miſt,

For we are envies mark, and Court Eyes carry far.
Your Prayers and ſilence Sir——*to the Prieſt.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Ariaſpes, Iolas.

Ari. If it ſucceed? I wear thee here my *Iolas*——
Iol. If it ſucceed? will Night ſucceed the Day?
Or hours one to another? is not his luſt
The Idol of his Soul? and was not ſhe
The Idol of his Luſt? as ſafely he might
Have ſtoln the Diadem from off his Head,
And he would leſs have miſt it.
You now, my Lord, muſt raiſe his jealouſie,
Teach it to look through the falſe Optick fear,
And make it ſee all double: Tell him the Prince
Would have thus preſum'd, but that he does
Intend worſe yet; and that his Crown and Life
Will be the next attempt.
Ari. Right; and I will urge
How dangerous 'tis unto the preſent State,
To have the Creatures, and the followers
Of the next Prince (whom all now ſtrive to pleaſe)
Too near about him.
Iol. What if the Male-contents that uſe
To come unto him were diſcovered?
Ari. By no means; for 'twere in vain to give
Him diſcontent (which too muſt needs be done)
If they within him gav't not nouriſhment.
Iol. Well, I'll away firſt, for the print's too big
If we be ſeen together—— *Exit.*
Ari. I have ſo fraught this Bark with hope, that it
Dares venture now in any ſtorm, or Weather;
And if he Sink or Splits, all's one to me.
"Ambition ſeems all things, and yet is none,
"But in diſguiſe ſtalks to opinion
" And Fools it into Faith, for every thing;
'Tis not with the aſcending to a Throne,
As 'tis with Stairs, and Steps, that are the ſame;

For

For to a Crown, each Humour's a degree;
And as Men change, and differ, ſo muſt we.
The name of Virtue doth the People pleaſe,
Not for their Love to Virtue, but their Eaſe,
And Parrot Rumour I that tale have taught.
By making Love I hold the Womans grace,
'Tis the Court double Key, and entrance gets
To all the little Plots. The fiery Spirits
My Love to Arms hath drawn into my faction;
All, but the minion of the Time, is mine,
And he ſhall be, or ſhall not be at all.
He that beholds a Wing in pieces torn,
And knows not that to Heav'n in once did bear
The high-flown and ſelf-leſs'ning bird, will think
And call them idle Subjects of the Wind:
When he that has the skill to Imp and bind
Theſe in right places, will thus truth diſcover;
That borrowed Inſtrument do oft convey
The Soul to het propoſed Intents, and where
Our Stars deny, Art may ſupply—— *Exit.*

Enter Semanthe, Orithie, Orſames, Philan.

Sem. Think you it is not then
The little jealouſies (my Lord) and fears,
Joy mixt with doubt, and doubt reviv'd with hope,
That Crowns all Love with pleaſure? theſe are loſt
When once we come to full fruition;
Like waking in the Morning, when all Night
Our fancy has been fed with ſome new ſtrange delight.

Ors. I grant you, Madam, that the fears and joys,
Hopes, and deſires, mixt with deſpairs, and doubts,
Do make the ſport in Love; that they are
The very Dogs by which we hunt the Hare:
But as the Dogs would ſtop, and ſtraight give o're
Were it not for the little thing before;
So would our paſſions; both alike muſt be
Fleſh't in the chaſe.

Ori.

Ori. Will you then place the happineſs, but there,
Where the dull plow-man, and the plow-mans Horſe
Can find it out? Shall Souls refin'd not know
How to preſerve alive a noble Flame,
But let it Die, burn out to appetite?

Sem. Love's a Chamelion, and would live on Air,
Phyſick for Agues, ſtarving is his food.

Ors. Why? there's it now! a greater Epicure
Lives not on Earth? my Lord and I have been
In's Privy Kitchin, ſeen his bills of Fare.

Sem. And how, and how my Lord?

Ors. A Mighty Prince,
And full of curioſity—— Hearts newly ſlain
Serv'd up intire, and ſtuck with little Arrows
In ſtead of Cloaves———

Phi. Some times a chick plumpt up
With Broth, with Cream, and Claret mingled
For Sauce, and round about the Diſh
Pomegranate kernels, ſtrew'd on leaves of Lillies.

Ors. Then will he have black Eyes, for thoſe of late
He feeds on much, and for variety
The gray——

Phi. You forget his cover'd diſhes
Of Jene-ſtrays, and Marmalade of Lips
Perfum'd by Breath ſweet as the Beans firſt bloſſoms.

Sem. Rare!
And what's the drink to all this meat, my Lord?

Ors. Nothing but Pearl diſſolved, tears ſtill freſh fetch'd
From Lovers Eyes, which if they come to be
Warm in the carriage, are ſtreight cool'd with Sighs.

Sem. And all this rich proportion perchance
We would allow him.

Ors. True! but therefore this is but his common Diet;
Only ſerves
When his chief Cooks, *Liking* and *Oportunity*,
Are out o'theway; for when he feaſts indeed,

'Tis

'Tis there, where the wiſe People of the World
Did place the virtues, i'th' middle——Madam.
Ori. My Lord there is ſo little hope we ſhould convert you,
And if we ſhould, ſo little got by it,
That we'll not loſe ſo much upon't as Sleep.
Your Lordſhips Servants——
Ors. Nay Ladies we'll wait upon you to your Chambers.
Phi. Prethee lets ſpare the complement, we ſhall do no good.
Ors. By this hand I'll try.
They keep me faſting and I muſt be praying. *Exeunt.*

Aglaura *undreſſing of her Self*, Iolina.

Agl. Undreſs me——
Is it not late, *Iolina*?
It was the longeſt Day, this——

Enter Therſames.

Ther. Softly, as Death it ſelf comes on,
When it does ſteal away the Sick Mans Breath,
And ſtanders by perceive it not,
Have I trod the way unto theſe lodgings.
How wiſely do thoſe Powers
That give us happineſs, order it?
Sending us ſtill fears to bound our Joyes,
Which elſe would overflow and loſe themſelves.
See where ſhe ſits,
Like Day retir'd into another World.
Dear mine! where all the beauty Man admires
In ſcattered pieces, does united lie;
Where ſenſe does feaſt, and yet where ſweet deſire
Lives in its longing, like a Miſers Eye,
That never knew, nor ſaw ſatiety;
Tell me, by what approaches muſt I come
To take in what remains of my Felicity?
Agl. Needs there any new ones, where the breach
Is made already? you are entred here——
Long ſince (Sir) here, and I have given up all.
Ther. All but the Fort, and in ſuch Wars as theſe,

Till

Till that be yielded up, there is no peace,
Nor triumph to be made. Come! undo, undo,
And from theſe envious Clouds ſlide quick
Into Loves proper Sphere, thy Bed.
The weary Traveller, whom the buſie Sun
Hath vex't all Day, and ſcorch'd almoſt to tinder,
Ne'er long'd for Night, as I have long'd for this.
What rude Hand is that? *One knocks haſtily:*
Go *Iolina*, ſee, but let none enter—*Iolina goes to the Door.*
Iol. 'Tis *Ziriff*, Sir.
Ther. —Oh —
Something of weight hath fallen out it ſeems,
Which in his zeal he could not keep till morning.
But one ſhort minute, Dear, into that chamber——
Enter Ziriffe.
How now?
Thou ſtart'ſt, as if thy Sins had met thee,
Or thy Fathers Ghoſt; what News Man?
Zir. Such as will ſend blood of haſty meſſages
Unto the Heart, and make it call
All that is Man about you into council.
Where's the Princeſs, Sir?
Ther. Why? what of her?
Zir. The King muſt have her——
Ther. How?
Zir. The King muſt have her (Sir)
Ther. Though fear of worſe makes ill ſtill reliſh better,
And this look handſome in our Friendſhip, *Ziriff*,
Yet ſo ſevere a preparation
There needed not, Come come! what is't;
Ziriffe *leads him to the Door, and ſhews him a Guard.*
A Guard! *Therſames* thou art loſt; betray'd
By faithleſs and ungratefull Man,
Out of a happineſs:— [*He ſteps between the Door and*
The very thought of that *him, and drawes.*
Will lend my Anger ſo much noble Juſtice,

That

That wert thou Master of as much fresh life,
As th'ast been of Villany, it should not serve,
Nor stock thee out, to Glory, or Repent,
The least of it.

Zir. Put up: put up! such unbecoming anger
I have not seen you wear before.
What? draw upon your Friend? *Discovers himself.*
Do you believe me right now?——

Ther. I scarce believe mine Eyes—— *Zerannes?*

Zir. The same, but how preserv'd, or why
Thus long'd disguis'd to you, a freer Hour must speak.
That y'are betraid is certaine, but by whom,
Unless the Priest himself, I cannot guess,
More than the Marriage though he knows not of.
If you now send her on these early summons
Before the sparks are grown into a flame,
You do redeem th' offence, or make it less;
And (on my Life) yet his intents are fair,
And he will but besiege, not force affection.
So you gain time; if you refuse, there's but
One way; you know his power and passion.

Ther. Into how strange a labyrinth am I
Now false! what shall I do *Zirannes?*

Zir. Do (Sir) as Seamen, that have lost their light
And way; strike Sail, and ly quiet a while.
Your forces in the Province are not yet
In readiness, nor is our friend *Zephines*
Arriv'd at Delphos; nothing is ripe, besides——

Ther. Good Heavens, did I but dream that she was mine?
Upon imagination did I climb up to
This height? let me then Wake and Dye,
Some courteous hand snatch me from what's to come,
And e're my wrongs have being given them end.

Zir. How poor, and how unlike the Prince is this?
This trifle Woman does unman us all;
Robs us so much, it makes us things of pity.

Is

Is this a time to loſe our anger in?
And vainly breath it out? when all we have
Will hardly fill the Sail of Reſolution,
And make us bear up high enough for Action.
Ther. I have done (Sir) pray chide no more;
The ſlave whom tedious cuſtom has enur'd
And taught to think of Miſery as of Food,
Counting it but a neceſſary of Life,
And ſo digeſting it, ſhall not ſo much as once
Be nam'd to patience, when I am ſpoken of:
Mark me; for I will now undo my ſelf
As willingly, as virgins give up all firſt nights
To them they Love—— *Offers to go out.*
Zir. Stay Sir, 'twere fit *Aglaura* yet were kept
In ignorance. I will diſmiſs the Guard,
And be my ſelf again. *Exit.*
Ther. In how much worſe eſtate am *I* in now,
Than if ne'r had known her; privation
Is a Miſery as much above bare wretchedneſs,
As that is ſhort of happineſs:
So when the Sun does not appear,
'Tis darker 'cauſe it once was here.
Enter Ziriff *ſpeaks to* Orſames *and others half entred.*
Zir. Nay, Gentlemen,
There needs no force, where there is no reſiſtance:
I'll ſatisfy the King my ſelf.
Ther.—— Oh 'tis well y'are come,
There was within me freſh Rebellion,
And reaſon was almoſt unkin'd again.
But you ſhall have her Sir— *Goes out to fetch* Aglaura.
Zir. What doubtful combats in this noble youth
Paſſion and Reaſon have!——
Enter Therſames *leading* Aglaura.
Ther. Here Sir—— *Gives her, goes out.*
Agl. What means the Prince, my Lord?

Zir.

Zir. Madam, his wiſer fear has taught him to diſguiſe
His Love, and make it look a little rude at parting.
Affairs that do concern all that you hope from
Happineſs, this Night force him away:
And leſt you ſhould have tempted him to ſtay,
(Which he did doubt you would, and would prevail)
He left you thus. He does deſire by me
You would this Night lodge in the little Tower,
Which is in my Command; the reaſons why
Himſelf will ſhortly tell you
Agl. 'Tis ſtrange, but I am all Obedience—— *Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Therſames, Iolas, *a Lord of the Council.*

Iol. I Told him ſo, Sir, urg'd 'twas no common knot,
That to the tying of it to powerful Princes,
Virtue and Love, were joyn'd, and that
A greater than theſe two was now
Engaged in it, Religion; but 'twould not do:
The Cork of Paſſion buoy'd up all Reaſon ſo
That what was ſaid ſwam but o'th' top of the Ear,
Ne'er reach'd the Heart.
Ther. Is there no way for Kings to ſhew their power,
But in their Subjects wrong? no Subject neither
But his own Son?
Iol. Right, Sir:
No quarry for his Luſt to gorge on but on what
You fairly had flown at and taken?
Well! —— were't not the King, or were't indeed
Not you, that have ſuch hopes, and ſuch a Crown
To venture, and yet——
'Tis but a Woman. *Ther.*

Ther. How! That but again, and thou art more injurious
Than he, and woul't provoke me sooner.
Iol. Why Sir!
There are no Altars yet addrest'd unto her,
Nor Sacrifice; if I have made her less
Than what she is, it was my Love to you:
For in my thoughts, and here within, I hold her
The Noblest Piece Nature e'er lent our Eyes,
And of the which all Women else are but
Weak counterfeits, made up by her Journey-men.
But was this fit to tell you?
I know you value but too high all that,
And in a loss we should not make things more;
'Tis miseries happiness, that we can make it less
By art, through a forgetfulness upon our ills;
Yet who can do it here?
When every Voice, must needs, and every Face,
By shewing what she was not, shew what she was.
Ther. I'll instantly unto him—— [*Draws.*
Iol. Stay, Sir;
Though't be the utmost of my Fortunes hope
To have an equal share of ill with you;
Yet I could wish we sold this trifle Life,
At a far dearer rate, than we are like to do,
Since 'tis a King's the Merchant.
Ther. Ha!
King! I 'tis indeed!
And there's no Art can cancel that high Bond.
Iol. —— He cools again —— [*to himself.*
True, Sir, and yet methinks to know a reason——
For passive Nature ne'er had glorious end;
And he that States preventions ever learn'd,
Knows, 'tis one motion to strike and to defend.

Enter Serving-man.

Serv. Some of the Lords without, and from the King,
They say, wait you.

Ther

Ther. What subtil State trick now?
But one turn here, and I am back my Lord —— *Exit.*
Iol. This will not do; his resolution's like
A skilful Horse-Man, and Reason is the Stirrop;
Which though a sudden shock may make
It loose, yet does it meet it handsomely again.
Stay, 'tmust be some sudden fear of wrong
To her, that may draw on a sudden act
From him, and ruine from the King; for such
A spirit will not, like common ones, be
Rais'd by every spell, 'tis in Loves circle
Only 'twill appear. [*Enter* Therſames.
Ther. I cannot bear the burthen of my wrongs
One Minute longer.
Iol. Why! what's the matter, Sir?
Ther. They do pretend the safety of the State,
Now, nothing but my marriage with *Caduſia*
Can secure th'adjoyning Country to it;
Confinement during Life for me if I refuse,
Diana's Nunnery for her— And at that Nunn'ry *Iolas*,
Allegiance in me like the string of a Watch
Wound up too high, and forc'd above the nick,
Ran back, and in a moment was unravell'd all.
Iol. Now by the Love I bear to Justice, (crime
That Nunn'ry was too severe; when Virtuous Love's a
What Man can hope to scape a punishment?
Or who's indeed so wretched to desire it?
Ther. Right!
Iol. What answer made you, Sir?
Ther. None; They gave me till to morrow,
And e'er that be, or they or I
Must know our destiny:
Come Friend let's in, there is no sleeping now;
For time is short, and we have much to do. *Exeunt.*

Enter Orſames, Philan, *Courtiers.*

Orſ. Judge you, Gentlemen, if I be not as unfortunate

As a Gameſter thinks himſelf upon the loſs
Of the laſt ſtake; this is the firſt ſhe
I ever ſwore too heartily, and (by thoſe Eyes)
I think I had continued unperjur'd a whole Month,
(And that's fair you'l ſay.)

1. *Court.* Very fair——

Orſ. Had ſhe not run mad betwixt——

2. *Court.* How! Mad!
Who? *Semanthe?*

Orſ. Yea, yea, Mad; ask *Philan* elſe.
People that want clear intervals talk not
So wildly: I'll tell you Gallants; 'tis now, ſince firſt I
Found my ſelf a little hot, and quivering 'bout the heart,
Some ten days ſince, (a tedious Ague) Sirs;
(But what of that?)
The gracious Glance, and little whiſper paſt,
Approaches made from th'Hand unto the Lip,
I came to viſit her, and (as you know we uſe)
Breathing a Sigh or two by way of Prologue,
Told her, that in Loves Phyſick 'twas a rule,
Where the Diſeaſe had birth to ſeek a Cure;
I had no ſooner nam'd Love to her, but ſhe
Began to talk of Flames, and Flames,
Neither devouring, nor devour'd, of Air,
And of Camelions——

1. *Court.* Oh the *Platonicks* (ſhips merry,

2. *Court.* Thoſe of the new Religion in Love! your Lord-
Troth how do you like the humour on't?

Orſ. As thou wouldſt like Red Hair, or Leanneſs,
In thy Miſtreſs, ſcurvily; 'tdoes worſe with handſomneſs,
Than ſtrong deſire would do with impotence;
A meer trick to inhance the price of Kiſſes——

Phi. Surely theſe ſilly Women, when they feed
Our expectation ſo high, do but like
Ignorant Conjurers, that raiſe a Spirit
Which handſomly they cannot lay again.

Orſ

Orſ. True, 'tis like ſome that nourish up
Young Lions till they grow ſo great, they are afraid o
Themſelves; they dare not grant at laſt,
For fear they ſhould not ſatisfie.

Phi. Who's for the Town? I muſt take up again.

Orſ. This villanous Love's as changeable as the Philoſophers Stone, and thy Miſtreſs as hard to compaſs too!

Phi. The Platonick is ever ſo; they are as tedious
Before they come to the point, as an old Man
Fall'n into the Stories of his Youth.

2. *Cour.* Or a Widow into the praiſes of her firſt Husband.

Orſ. Well, if ſhe hold out but one Month longer,
If I do not quite forget I e'er beleaguer'd there,
And remove the Siege to another place, may all
The Curſes beguil'd Virgins loſe upon their perjur'd Lovers
Fall upon me.

Phi. And thou wilt deſerve them all.

Orſ. For what?

Phi. For being in the company of thoſe
That took away the Prince's Miſtreſs from him.

Orſ. Peace, that will be redeem'd——
I put on this wildneſs to diſguiſe my ſelf;
There are brave things in hand, hearken thy Ear—[*whiſper.*

1. *Cour.* Some ſevere plot upon a Maiden-head.

Orſ. Theſe two young Lords make Love,
As Embroiderers work againſt a Maſk, night and day;
They think Importunity a nearer way than Merit,
And take Women as School-boys catch Squirrels,
Hunt 'em up and down till they are weary,
And fall down before 'em.

Orſ. Who loves the Prince fails not——

Phi. And I am one; my injuries are great as thine,
And do perſuade as ſtrongly.

Orſ. I had command to bring thee;
Fail not, and in thine own diſguiſe.

Phi. Why in diſguiſe?

Orſ. It is the Princes policy and love:
For if we ſhould miſcarry,
Some one taken might betray the reſt,
Unknown to one another,
Each Man is ſafe in his own valour.

2. *Cour.* And what Mercers Wife are you to cheapen now
In ſtead of his Silks?

Orſ. Troth; 'tis not ſo well; 'tis but a Cozen of thine—
Come *Philan* let's along—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen alone.

Orb. What is it thus within whiſpering remorſe,
And calls Love Tyrant? all powers, but his,
Their rigour, and our fear have made Divine!
But every Creature holds of him by ſenſe,
The ſweeteſt Tenure; yea! but my Husbands Brother:
And what of that? do harmleſs Birds or Beaſts
Ask leave of curious Heraldry at all?
Does not the womb of one fair Spring
Bring unto the Earth many ſweet Rivers,
That wantonly do one another chace,
And in one Bed, kiſs, mingle, and embrace?
Man (Natures Heir) is not by her will ty'd
To ſhun all Creatures are allied unto him;
For then he ſhould ſhun all, ſince Death and Life
Doubly allies all them that live by Breath:
The Air that does impart to all Lifes brood,
Refreſhing, is ſo near to it ſelf, and to us all,
That all in all is individual:
But, how am I ſure one and the ſame deſire
Warms *Ariaſpes*? for Art can keep alive
A Bed-rid Love. [*Enter* Ariaſpes.

Ari. Alone, Madam, and overcaſt with thought?
Uncloud—Uncloud— for if we may believe
The ſmiles of Fortune, Love ſhall no longer pine
In Priſon thus, nor undeliver'd travel
With throes of fear, and of deſire about it.
The Prince (like to a valiant Beaſt in Nets) Striving

Striving to force a freedom suddenly,
Has made himself at length the surer prey:
The King stands only now betwixt, and is
Just like a single tree, that hinders all the Prospect:
'Tis but the cutting down of him, and we——

Orb. Why would't thou thus embarke into strange seas,
And trouble Fate, for why we have already?
Thou art to me what thou now seek'st, a Kingdom;
And were thy love as great as thy ambition,
I should be so to thee.

Ari. Think you, you are Madam?
As well and justly may you doubt the truths
Tortur'd or dying Men do leave behind them:
But then my Fortune turns my misery,
When my addition shall but make you less,
Shall I endure that head that wore a Crown,
For my sake should wear none? first let me lose
Th' Exchecquer of my wealth, you love; nay, may
All that rich Treasury you have about you,
Be rifled by the man I hated, and *I* look on;
Though youth be full of Sin, and Heav'n be just,
So sad a doom I hope they keep not for me.
Remember what a quick Apostacy he made,
When all his Vows were up to heav'n and you.
How e're the Bridle torches were burnt out,
His flames grew weak, and sicklier; think on that,
Think how unsafe you are, if she should now
Not sell her honour at a Lower rate
Than your place in his Bed.

Orb. And would not you prove false too then?

Ari By this--and this--loves break-fast: (*Kisses her.*)
By his feast too yet to come, by all the
Beauty in this face, divinity too great
To be Prophan'd——

Orb. O doe not swear by that;
Cankers may eat that flow'r upon the Stalk,

(For sickness and mischance are great devourers)
And when there is not in these Checks and lips
Left Red enough to Blush at perjury,
When you shall make it, what shall I do then?
Ari. Our Souls by that time, Madam,
Will by long custom so acquainted be,
They will not need that duller truch-man Flesh,
But freely, and without those poorer helps,
Converse and mingle; mean time we'll teach,
Our loves to speak, not thus to live by signes,
And action is his native language Madam,
Enter Ziriff unseen.
This box but open'd to the Sense will do't.
Orb. I undertake I know not what,
Ari. thine own safety, Dearest,
Let it be this night, if thou dost *Whisper and kiss.*
Love thy self for me.
Orb. That's very sudden.
Ari. Not if we be so, and we must now be wise,
For when their Sun sets, ours begins to rise. *Exeunt.*

Ziriff *solus.*

Zir. Then all my fears are true and she is false,
False as a falling Star, or Glow-worms fire:
This Devil Beauty is compounded strangely;
It is a Subtil point, and hard to know,
Whether't has in't more active tempting,
Or more passive-tempted; so soon it forces,
And so soon it yields——
Good Gods: she seiz'd my heart, as if from you
Sh'ad had Commission to have us'd me so,
And all mankind besides——and see, if the just Ocean
Makes more haste to pay
To needy rivers, what it borrows first,
Than she to give where she ne'r took;
Methinks I feel anger, Revengers Habenger,
Chalking up all within, and thrusting out

Or doors the tame and ſofter paſſions;
It muſt be ſo:
To love is noble frailty, but poor ſin
When we fall once to Love unloved again. *Exit*

Enter King Ariaſpes, Jolas.

Ari. 'Twere fit your Juſtice did conſider, Sir,
What way it took; if you ſhould apprehend
The Prince for Treaſon (which he never did) ſo)
And which unacted is unborn; (at leaſt will be believ'd
Lookers on the loud-talking croud,
Will think it all but Water colours
Laid on for a time,
And which wip'd off, each common eye would ſee,
Strange ends through ſtranger waies. (then?

King. Think'ſt thou I will compound with Treaſon
And make one fear anothers Advocate?

Iol. Vertue forbid Sir, but if you would permit,
Them to approach the room (yet who would adviſe
Treaſon ſhould come ſo near?) there would be then
No place left for excuſe.

King. How ſtrong are they?

Iol. Weak, conſidering
The enterpriſe they are but few in number,
And thoſe few too having nothing but
Their reſolutions conſiderable about them;
A Troop indeed deſigned to ſuffer what
They come to execute.

King. Who are they thus weary of their lives?

Jol. Their names I cannot give you,
For thoſe he ſent for, he did ſtill receive
At a Backdoor, and ſo diſmiſt them too,
But I do think *Ziriff* is one.

King, Take heed! I ſhall ſuſpect thy hate to others,
Not thy love to me, begot this ſervice;
This treaſon thou thy ſelf, doſt ſay
Has but an ours age, and I can give accompt

Of him, beyond that time——Brother, in the little Tower
Where now *Aglaura*'s priſoner,
You ſhall find him; bring him along;
He yet doth ſtand untainted in my thoughts,
And to preſerve him ſo.
He ſhall not ſtir out of my eyes command
Till this great cloud be over.

Fol. Sir, it was the Prince who firſt——

King. I know all that urge it no more?
I love the Man;
And it with pain we do ſuſpect,
Where we do not diſlike,
Thou art ſure he will have ſome,
And that they will come to night?

Fol. As ſure as night will come it ſelf.

King. Get all your Guards in readineſs, we will our ſelves
Diſperſe them afterwards; and both be ſure.
To wear your thoughts within: Ile act the reſt *Exeunt.*

Enter Philan, Orſames, *Courtiers.*

2 *Court.* Well——If there be not ſome great ſtorm to-
Ner'r truſt me; Whiſper (Court thunder) is in (wards
Every corner, and there has been to day
About the town a murmuring
And buzzing, ſuch as Men uſe to make
When they do fear to vent their fears;

1 *Court.* True, and all the States-men hang down their
Like full ear'd corn; two of them (heads
Where I ſu p't, askt what time of night it was,
And when it was told them, ſtarted, as if
They had been to run a race, mirth

2 *Court.* The King too (if you mark him) doth faign
And jollity but through them both,
Flaſhes of diſcontent and anger make eſcapes:

Orſ. Gentlemen! 'tis pitty heav'n
Deſign'd you not to make the Almanacks,
You gueſs ſo ſhrewdly by the ill aſpects,

Of

Or near conjunctions of the great ones.
At what's to come still; that without all doubt
TheCountrey had been govern'd wholly by you,
And Plow'd and Reapt accordingly; for me,
I understand this Mystery as little
As the new Love; and as I take it too,
'Tis much about the time that every thing
But Owls, and Lovers take their rest;
Good-night, *Philan*——away——*Exit.*

1 *Court.* 'Tis early yet; let's go on the Queens side
And Fool a little; I Love to warm my self
Before I go to Bed, it does beget
Handsome and sprightly thoughts, and makes
Our Dreams half solid Pleasures.

2 *Court.* Agreed: *Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter Prince, Conspirators.

Ther. Couldst thou not find out *Ziriff*?

1. *Court.* Not speak with him my Lord,
Yet I sent in by several Men.

Ors. I wonder *Iolas* meets us not here too.

Ther. 'Tis strange, but lets on now how e're,
When Fortunes, Honour, Life and all's in doubt,
Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

Excursions. *The Guard upon them.*

Ther. Betray'd! betray'd!

Ors. Shift for your self Sir, and let us alone,
We will secure you way, and make our own. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Lords.

King. Follow Lords and see quick Execution done,

Leave

Leave not a Man alive.
Who treads on Fire, and does not put it out,
Diſperſes fear in many ſparks of doubt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Conſpirators, and the Guard upon them: Three of the Conſpirators fall, and three of the Kings ſide: Orſames and Philan *kill the reſt. They throw of their diſguiſes.*

Orſ. Stand Friends, an equal party—— (Fight)
Ph. Brave *Orſames*, 'tis pleaſure to Dye near thee.
Orſ. Talk not of Dying *Philan*, we will Live,
And ſerve the noble Prince again: We are alone,
Off then with thy diſguiſe, and throw it in the Buſhes;
Quick, quick; before the torrent comes upon us:
We ſhall be ſtreight good Subjects, and I deſpair not
Of reward for this Nights Service: So——
We two now kill'd our Friends! 'tis hard,
But muſt be ſo.

Enter Ariaſpes, Iolas, *two Courtiers, part of the Guard.*

Ari. Follow! Follow!
Orſ. Yes; ſo you may now, y'are not likely to overtake.
Iol. Orſames, and *Philan*, how came you hither?
Orſ. The neareſt way it ſeems, you follow'd (thank you)
As if it had been through quick ſets:
Iol. 'Sdeath have they all eſcaped?
Orſ. Not all, two of them we made ſure;
But they coſt dear, look here elſe.
Ari. Is the Prince there.
Phi. They are both Princes I think,
They fought like Princes I am ſure. Iolas *pulls off the Vizars.*
Iol. Stephines and *Odiris*——we trifle.
Which way took the reſt?
Orſ. Two of them are certainly hereabouts.
Ari. Upon my Life they Swam the River;
Some ſtreight to Horſe, and follow o're the Bridge;
You and I my Lord, will ſearch this place a little better.

Orſ.

Orf. Your Highneſs will I hope remember, who were
The Men were in——
Ari. Oh! fear not, your Miſtreſs ſhall know y'are valiant.
Orf. Philan! if thou loveſt me, let's kill them upon the (place.
Phi. Fie: Thou art now wild indeed?
Thou taughteſt me to be wife firſt
And I will now keep thee ſo. Follow, follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aglaura *with a Lute.*
The Priuce comes and knocks within.

Ther. Madam!
Agl. What wretch is this that thus uſurps
Upon the priviledge of Ghoſts, and walks
At Mid-night?
Ther. Aglaura.
Agl. Betray me not,
My willing ſence too ſoon, yet if that voice
Be falſe——
Ther. Open fair Saint and let me in.
Agl. It is the Prince——
As willing as thoſe
That cannot ſleep do light; welcome (Sir,) *Open.*
Wellcome above—— *Spies his Sword Drawn.*
Bleſs me, what means this unſheath'd miniſter of Death?
If, Sir, on me quick Juſtice be to paſs,
Why this? abſence alas, or ſuch ſtrange looks
As you now bring with you, would kill as ſoon.
Ther. Softly! for I, like a hard hunted Deer,
Have only heard here; and though the cry
Reach not our Ears, yet I am followed cloſe.
O my Heart! ſince I ſaw thee,
Time has been ſtrangely Active, and begot
A monſtrous iſſue of unheard of Story.
Sit; thou ſhalt have it all: nay, ſigh not.
Such blaſts will hinder all the paſſages;
Doſt thou remember, how we parted laſt?
Agl. Can I forget it Sir?

Ther. That word of parting was ill plac'd I ſwear,
It may be ominous; but do'ſt thou know
Into whoſe hands I gave it thee?
Agl. Yes into *Ziriffs* (Sir.)
Ther. That *Ziriff* was thy Brother, brave *Zorannez*,
Preſerv'd by Miracle in that ſad Day
Thy Father fell, and ſince thus in diſguiſe,
Waiting his juſt revenge.
Agl. You do amaze me, Sir.
Ther. And muſt do more, when I tell all the ſtory.
The King, the jealous King, knew of the Marriage;
And when thou thought'ſt thy ſelf by my direction,
Thou wert his Priſoner;
Unleſs he would renounce all right,
And ceaſe to Love thee, (O ſtrange, and fond requeſt!)
Immur'd thou muſt have ever been in ſome ſad place,
And lockt for ever from *Therſames* ſight.
For ever — and that unable to indure,
This night I did attempt his Life.
Agl. Was it well done Sir?
Ther. O no! extreamly ill!
For to attempt and not to act was poor:
Here the Dead-doing Law, (like ill-paid Soldiers)
Leaves the ſide 'twas on, to joyn with power;
Royal-villany will now look ſo like to juſtice,
That the times to come, and curious poſterity,
Will find no difference: weepeſt thou *Aglaura*?
Come to Bed my Love!
And we will there mock Tyranny, and Fate,
Thoſe ſofter Hours of Pleaſure, and delight,
That like ſo many ſingle Pearls ſhould have
Adorned our thread of Life, we will at once,
By Loves myſterious power, and this Nights help,
Contract to one, and make but one rich draught
Of all.
Agl. What mean you Sir?

Ther.

Ther. To make my self incapableof the Misery,
By taking strong preservatives of happiness.
I would this Night enjoy thee.

Agl. Do: Sir, do what you will with me,
For I am too much yours, to deny the right
However claimed—but—

Ther. But what *Aglaura*?

Agl. Gather not Roses in a wet and frowning Hour,
They'll lose their sweets then, trust me they will Sir.
What pleasure can Love take to play his game out,
When Death must keep the Stakes —— *A noise without.*
Hark Sir——Grave-bringers, and last minutes are at hand.
Hide, hide your self, for Loves sake hide your self.

Ther. As soon as the Sun may hide himself, as I.
The Prince of *Persia* hide himself?

Agl. O talk not Sir; the Sun doth hide himself?
When Night and blackness comes— (then;

Ther. Never sweet ignorance, he shines in the other world
And so shall I, if I set here in glory.
Enter *Opens the Door. Enter* Ziriff.
Ye hasty seekers of Life.
Sorannez——

Agl. My Brother!
If all the joy within me come not out,
To give a welcome to so dear an object,
Excuse it Sir; sorrow locks up all Doors.

Zir. If there be such a Toy about you, Sister,
Keep't for your self, or lend it to the Prince;
There is a dearth of that Commodity,
And you have made it Sir. Now?
What is the next mad thing you mean to do?
Will you stay here? when all the Court's beset,
Like to a wood at a great hunt and busie mischief hastes
To be in view, and have you in her power——

Ther. To me all this——
For great griefs deaf as well it is Dumb,

And

And drives no trade at all with Council: (Sir)
Why do you not Tutor one that has the Plague,
And see if he will fear an after Ague fit?
Such is all mischief now to me; there is none left
Is worth a thought, Death is the worst, I know,
And that compar'd to shame, does look more lovely now
Than a chast Mistress, set by a common Woman ——
And I must court it Sir; (our selves:
Zir. No wonder if that Heaven forsake us, when we leave
What is there done should feed such high despair?
Were you but safe ——
Agl. Dear (Sir) be rul'd,
If Love, be Love, and magick too,
(As sure it is where it is true;)
We then shall meet in absence, and in spight
Of all divorce, freely enjoy together,
What niggard Fate thus peevishly denies.
Ther. Yea: But if pleasures be themselves but dreams,
What then are the Dreams of these to Men?
That Monster, Expectation, will devour
All that is within our hope or power,
And e're we once can come to shew, how rich
We are, we shall be poor,
Shall we not *Soranez*?
Zir. I understand not this,
In times of envious penury (such as these are)
To keep but Love alive is fair, we should not think
Of feasting him: Come (Sir)
Here in these lodgings is a little Door,
That leads unto another; that again,
Unto a vault, that has his passage under
The little River, opening into the same Wood;
From thence 'tis but some few minutes easie business
Unto a Servants House of mine (who for his Faith
And honesty, hereafter must
Look big in Story) there you are safe however;

And

And when this ſtorm has met a little calm,
What wild deſire dares whiſper to it ſelf,
You may injoy, and at the worſt may ſteal.
Ther. What ſhall become of thee *Aglaura* then?
Shall I leave thee their rages ſacrifice?
And like dull Seamen threatned with a ſtorm,
Throw all away I have, to ſave my ſelf?
Agl. Can I be ſafe when you are not? my Lord?
Knows Love in us divided happineſs?
Am I the ſafer for your being here?
Can you give that you have not for your ſelf?
My innocence is my beſt guard, and that your ſtay,
Betraying it unto ſuſpition, takes away.
if you did Love me —— (*Kiſſes her.*
Ther. Grows that in queſtion? then 'tis time to part:
When we ſhall meet again, Heaven only knows,
And when we ſhall, I know we ſhall be old:
Love does not always calculate the common way,
Minutes are Hours there, and the Hours are Dayes,
Each Day's a Year, and every Year an Age;
What will this come to think you?
Zir. Would this were all the ill,
For theſe are pretty little harmleſs nothings;
Times Horſe runs full as faſt, hard born and curb'd,
As in his full career, looſe-rein'd and ſpurr'd.
Come, come, let's away.
Ther. Happineſs, ſuch Men loſe in Miſery
Would wrong in naming, 'tis ſo much above them,
All that I want of it, all you deſerve,
Heaven ſend you in my abſence.
Agl. And Miſery, ſuch as witty Malice would
Lay out in curſes, on the thing it hates,
Heaven ſend me in the ſtead, if when you are gone
I welcome it but for your ſake alone. [*Exeunt.*

Leads him out and enters up out of the Vault.

Zir. Stir not from hence, Sir, till you hear from me.
So good Night dear Prince. *Ther.*

Ther. Good Night dear Friend.

Zir. When we meet next all this will but advance—
Joy never feasts so high,
As when the first course is of misery.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus IV. Scena I.

Enter three or four Courtiers.

1. *Court.* BY this light ——a brave Prince,
He made no more of the Guard, than they
Would of a Taylor on a Mask-night, that has refus'd
Trusting before.

2. *Court.* He's as Active as he is Valiant too;
Did'st mark him how he stood like all the points
O'th' Compass? and as good Pictures,
Had his Eyes towards every Man.

3. *Court.* And his Sword too.
All the other side walk up and down the Court now,
As if they had lost their way, and stare
Like Grey-Hounds, when the Hare has taken the furze.

1 *Court.* Right.
And have more troubles about 'em
Than a Serving-man that has forgot his Message
When he's come upon the place ——

2. *Court.* Yonder's the King within chafing, and swearing
Like an old Falconer upon the first flight
Of a young Hawk, when some Clown
Has taken away the Quarry from her;
And all the Lords stand round about him,
As if he were to be baited, with much more fear,
And at much more distance, (time.
Than a Country Gentlewoman sees the Lions the first
Look! He's broke loose.

Enter

Enter King and Lords.

King. Find him, or by *Osiris* self, you are all Traitors;
And equally shall pay to Justice: a single man,
And guilty too, break through you all!

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Confidence!
(Thou paint of Women, and the States-man wisdom,
Valour for Cowards, and of the guilties Innocence,)
Assist me now.
Sir, send these Stars off:
I have some business will deserve your privacy.

King. Leave us.

Iol. How the Villain swells upon us?—— [*Exeunt.*

Zir. Not to punish thought
Or keep it long upon the wrack of doubt,
Know, Sir,
That by corruption of the Waiting-woman,
The common Key of Secrets, I have found
The truth at last, and have discover'd all:
The Prince your Son was by *Aglaura*'s means,
Convey'd last Night unto the Cypress Grove,
Through a close Vault that opens in the Lodgings;
He does intend to joyn with *Carimania*,
But e'er he goes, resolves to finish all
The rites of Love, and this Night means
To steal what is behind.

King. How good is Heav'n unto me!
That when it gave me Traitors for my Subjects,
Would lend me such a Servant!

Zir. How just, Sir, rather,
That would bestow this Fortune on the Poor;
And where your bounty had made debt so infinite
That it grew desperate there hope to pay it——

King. Enough of that, thou dost but gently chide
Me for a fault, that I will mend; for I
Have been too poor, and low in my rewards

Unto thy Virtue: but to our business;
The question is, whether we shall rely
Upon our Guards again?

Zir. By no means, Sir.
Hope on his future Fortunes, or their Love
Unto his person, has so sicklied o'er
Their resolutions, that we must not trust them,
Besides, it were but needless here;
He passes through the Vault alone, and I
My self durst undertake that business,
If that were all, but there is something else,
This accident doth prompt my Zeal to serve you in.
I know you love *Aglaura* (Sir) with passion,
And would enjoy her; I know besides
She loves him so that whosoe'er shall bring
The tidings of his Death, must carry back
The news of hers, so that your Justice, Sir,
Must rob your hope: but there is yet a way——

King. Here! take my Heart; for I have hitherto
Too vainly spent the treasure of my Love,
I'll have it coyn'd streight into Friendship all,
And make a present to thee.

Zir. If any part of this rich happiness
(Fortune prepares now for you) shall owe it self
Unto my weak endeavours, I have enough.
Aglaura without doubt this Night expects
The Prince, and why
You should not then supply his place by stealth,
And in disguise——

King. I apprehend thee *Ziriff*;
But there's difficulty——

Zir. Who trades in Love must be an adventurer, Sir,
But here is scarce enough to make the pleasure dearer:
I know the Cave; your Brother and my self
With *Iolas*, (for those w'are sure do hate him,)
With some few chosen more, betimes will wait

The

The Prince's passing through the Vault; if he
Comes first, he's dead; and if it be your self,
We will conduct you to the Chamber Door,
And stand 'twixt you and danger afterwards.

King. I have conceiv'd of joy, and am grown great,
Till I have safe deliverance, Time's a Cripple
And goes on Crutches.— As for thee my *Ziriff*,
I do here entertain a Friendship with thee,
Shall drown the memory of all Patterns past;
We will oblige by turns; and that so thick,
And fast, that curious studiers of it,
Shall not once dare to cast it up, or say
By way of guess, whether thou or I
Remain the Debtors, when we come to die.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Semanthe, Orithie, Philan, Orsames, *Lords and Ladies.*

Ori. Is the Queen ready to come out?

Phi. Not yet sure, the Kings Brother is but newly entred.

Sem. Come my Lord, the Song then.

Ori. The Song.

Orf. A Vengeance take this Love, it spoils a Voice
Worse than the losing of a Maiden-head.
I have got such a cold with rising
And walking in my Shirt a Nights, that
A Bittorns whooping in a reed is better Musick.

Ori. This Modesty becomes you as ill, my Lord,
As wooing would us Women; pray, put's not to't.

Orf. Nay Ladies, you shall find me,
As free, as the Musicians of the Woods
Themselves; what I have, you shall not need to call for.
Nor shall it cost you any thing.

SONG.

WHy so pale and wan fond Lover?
Prithee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute young Sinner?
Prithee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of her self she will not Love,
Nothing can make her,
The Devil take her.

Ori. I should have guest, it had been the issue of Your Brain, if I had not been told so.

Orf. A little foolish counsel, Madam, I gave a Friend Of mine four or five years ago, when he was Falling into a Consumption ——

Enter Queen.

Orb. Which of you all have seen the fair Prisoner Since she was confin'd?

Sem. I have Madam.

Orb. And how behaves she now her self?

Sem. As one that had intrench'd so deep in Innocence, She fear'd no Enemies, bears all quietly, And smiles at Fortune, whilst she frowns on her.

Orb.

Orb. So gallant! I wonder where the beauty lies
That thus inflames the Royal Bloud? (them
Ori. Faces, Madam, are like Books, those that do ſtudy
Know beſt, and to ſay truth, 'tis ſtill
Much as it pleaſes the Courteous Reader.
Orb. Theſe Lovers ſure are like Aſtronomers,
That when the vulgar Eye diſcovers but
A Sky above, ſtudded with ſome few Stars,
Find out beſides ſtrange Fiſhes, Birds, and Beaſts.
Sem. As Men in ſickneſs ſcorch'd into a raving
Do ſee the Devil, in all ſhapes and forms,
When ſtanders by, wondring, ask where, and when?
So they in Love, for all's but Fever there,
And Madneſs too.
Orb. That's too ſevere *Semanthe*;
But we will have your reaſons in the Park;
Are the Doors open through the Gardens?
Lo. The King has newly led the way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ariaſpes. Ziriff, *with a Warrant Sealed.*

Ari. Thou art a Tyrant, *Ziriff*: I ſhall die with joy.
Zir. I muſt confeſs my Lord; had but the Princes ills
Prov'd ſleight, and not thus dangerous,
He ſhould have ow'd to me, at leaſt I would
Have laid a claim unto his ſafety; and
Like Phyſicians, that do challenge right
In Natures cures, look'd for reward and thanks;
But ſince 'twas otherwiſe, I thought it beſt
To ſave my ſelf, and then to ſave the State.
Ari. 'Twas wiſely done.
Zir. Safely I'm ſure, my Lord! you know 'tis not
Our cuſtom, where the Kings diſlike once ſwells to hate,
There to ingage our ſelves; Court-friendſhip
Is a Cable, that in ſtorms is ever cut,
And I made bold with it; here is the Warrant Seal'd,
And for the execution of it, if you think
We are not ſtrong enough, we may have

Iolas, for him the King did name.

Ari. And him I would have named.

Zir. But is he not too much the Prince's (Sir?)

Ari. He is as lights in Scenes at Masques,
What glorious shew soe'er he makes without,
I that set him there, know why, and how,
But here he is—— *Enter* Iolas.
Come *Iolas*; and since the Heav'ns decreed,
The Man whom thou shouldst Envy, should be such,
That all Men else must do't, be not asham'd
Thou once wert guilty of it;
But bless them, that they give thee now a means
To make a friendship with him, and vouchsafe
To find thee out a way to love, where well
Thou couldst not hate.

Iol. What means my Lord?

Ari. Here, here he stands that has preserv'd us all!
That sacrific'd unto a publick good,
(The dearest private good we Mortals have)
Friendship: gave into our Arms the Prince,
When nothing but the Sword (perchance a ruine)
Was left to do it.

Iol. How could I chide my Love, and my Ambition now,
That thrust me upon such a quarrel? here I do Vow—

Zir. Hold, do not vow my Lord, let it deserve it first;
And yet (if Heav'n bless honest Mens intentions)
'Tis not Impossible. (Iolas,
My Lord, you will be pleas'd to inform him in partic-
I must be gone——
The King I fear already has been left
Too long alone.

Ari. Stay—— the hour and place.

Zir. Eleven, under the Tarras Walk;
I will not fail you there. [*Goes out, returns back again.*
I had forgot——
'Tmay be, the small remainder of those lost Men

Tha

That were of the Conſpiracy, will come along with him:
'Twere beſt to have ſome choſen of the Guard
Within our call—— [*Exit* Ziriff.

Ari. Honeſt, and careful *Ziriff*: [Iolas *ſtands muſing.*
How now, Planet ſtrook?

Iol. This *Ziriff* will grow great with all the World.

Ari. Shallow Man! ſhort-ſighteder than travellers in miſts,
Or Women that outlive themſelves: doſt thou not ſee.
That whilſt he does prepare a Tomb with one hand
For his Friend, he digs a Grave with th'other for himſelf?

Iol. How ſo?

Ari. Doſt think he ſhall not feel the weight of this,
As well as poor *Therſames*?

Iol. Shall we then kill him too at the ſame inſtant?

Ari. And ſay, the Prince made an unlucky thruſt.

Iol. Right.

Ari. Dull, dull, he muſt not die ſo uſeleſly.
As when we wipe off filth from any place,
We throw away the thing that made it clean,
So this once done, he's gone.
Thou know'ſt the People love the Prince, to their rage
Something the State muſt offer up; who fitter
Than thy Rival, and my Enemy?

Iol. Rare! our witneſs will be taken.

Ari. Piſh! Let me alone.
The Giants that made Mountains Ladders,
And thought to take great *Jove* by force, were fools:
Not Hill on Hill, but Plot on Plot, does make
Us ſit above, and laugh at all below us.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aglaura, *and a Singing Boy.*

Boy. Madam, 'twill make you melancholly,
I'll ſing the *Prince's* Song, that 'is ſad enough.

Agl. What you will Sir.

SONG.

SONG.

NO, no, fair Heretick, it needs must be
But an ill Love in me,
And worse for thee:
For were it in my Power,
To Love thee now this hour,
More than I did the last;
'Twould then so fall,
I might not Love at all;
Love that can flow, and can admit increase,
Admits as well an Ebb and may grow less.

2.

True Love is still the same; the torrid Zones,
And those more frigid ones,
It must not know:
For Love grown cold or hot,
Is Lust, or Friendship, not
The thing we have;
For that's a flame would die,
Held down, or up too high:
Then think I love more than I can express,
And would love more, could I but love thee less.

Agl. Leave me! for to a Soul, so out of Tune
As mine is now, nothing is Harmony:
When once the main-spring, *Hope*, is faln into
Disorder; no wonder, if the lesser Wheels,
Desire, and *Joy*, stand still; my thoughts, like *Bees*
When they have lost their King, wander
Confusedly up and down, and settle no where,

Enter

Enter Orithie.

Orithie! Fly! fly! the Room,
As thou wouldſt ſhun the Habitations
Which Spirits haunt, or where thy nearer Friends
Walk after death; here is not only Love,
But Loves plague too—— misfortune; and ſo high,
That it is ſure infectious! (than you,

Ori. Madam, ſo much more miſerable am I this away
That ſhould I pity you, I ſhould forget my ſelf:
My ſufferings are ſuch, that with leſs patience
You may indure your own, than give mine Audience.
There is that difference, that you may make
Yours none at all, but by conſidering mine!

Agl. O ſpeak them quickly then! the Marriage day
To Paſſionate Loves never was more welcome,
Than any kind of eaſe would be to me now.

Ori. Could they be ſpoke, they were not then ſo great.
I love, and dare not ſay I love; dare not hope,
What I deſire; yet ſtill too much deſire——
And like a ſtarving Man brought to a Feaſt,
And made ſay Grace, to what he ne'er ſhall taſte;
Be thankful after all, and kiſs the hand
That made the wound thus deep.

Agl. 'Tis hard indeed, but with what unjuſt Scales,
Thou took'ſt the weight of our misfortunes,
Be thine own Judge now.
Thou mourn'ſt for loſs of that thou never hadſt,
Or if thou hadſt a loſs, it never was
Of a *Therſames.*
Wouldſt thou not think a Merchant mad, *Orithie*?
If thou ſhouldſt ſee him weep, and tear his Hair,
Becauſe he brought not both the Indies home?
And wouldſt not think his ſorrows very juſt,
If having fraught his Ship with ſome rich Treaſure,
He ſunk i'th' very Port? This is our caſe.

Our,

Ori. And do you think there is such odds in it?
Would Heaven we women could as easily change
Our fortunes as ('tis said) we can our minds.
I cannot, Madam, think them miserable
That have the Princes Love.

Agl. He is the man then——
Blush not *Orithie*, 'tis a sin to blush
For loving him, though none at all to love him.
I can admit of rivalship without
A jealousie——nay shall be glad of it:
We two will sit and think, and think, and sigh,
And sigh, and talk of love---and of *Therſames*.
Thou shalt be praising of his wit, while I
Admire he governs it so well:
Like this thing said thus, th'other thing thus done,
And in good language him for these adore,
While I want words to do't, yet do it more:
Thus will we do, till death it self shall us
Divide, and then whose fate 'tshall be to die
First of the two, by legacy shall all
Her love bequeath, and give her stock to her
That shall survive; for no one stock can serve
To love *Therſames* so as he'll deserve.

Enter King Ziriff.

King. WWhat have we here impossibility?
A constant night, and yet within the room
That, that can make the day before the Sun?
Silent *Aglaura* too?

Agl. I know not what you say:
Is't to your pitty, or your scorn, I owe
The favour of this visit (Sir?) for such
My fortune is, it doth deserve them both.

King. And such my beauty is that it makes good
All fortunes, sorrow looks lovely here;
And there's no man, that would not entertain
His griefs as Friends, were he but sure they'd shew

No

No worse upon him—but I forget my self,
I came to chide.

Agl. If I have sinned so high, that yet my punishment
Equalls not my crime,
Do Sir; I should be loth to die in debt
To Justice, how ill soer I paid
The scores of Love—

King. And those indeed thou hast but paid indifferently
To me, I did deserve at least fair death,
Not to be murdered thus in private:
That was too cruel Mistress.
And I do know thou dost repent, and wilt
Yet make me satisfaction.

Agl. What satisfaction Sir?
I am no monster, never had two hearts;
One is by holy vows anothers now
And could I give it you, you would not take it,
For tis alike impossible for me,
To love again as you love Perjury,
O Sir! Consider what a flame love is,
If by rude means you think to force a light,
That of it self it would not freely give,
You blow it out, and leave your self it'h'dark.
The Prince once gone, you may as well perswade
The light to stay behind, when the Sun posts
To th'other World, as me; alas! We two
Have mingled Souls more than two meeting brookes;
And whosoever is design'd to be
The murtherer of my Lord, (as sure there is,
Has anger'd Heav'n so far that 'tas decreed
Him to encrease his punishment that way)
Would he but search the heart, when he has done,
He here would find *Aglaura* murther'd too.

King. Thou hast o'recome me, mov'd so handsomly
For pitty, that *I* will dis-inherit
The Elder Brother, and from this hour be

Thy

Thy Convet, not thy Lover——
Ziriff, dispatch away——
And he that brings news of the Prince's welfare,
Look that he had the same reward we had decreed
To him brought tidings of his death,
'Tmust be a busie and bold hand that would
Unlink a Chain the Gods themselves have made.
Peace to thy thoughts *Aglaura*—— *Exit.*

Ziriff steps back and speaks.

Zir. What e're he says believe him not *Aglaura*;
For lust and rage ride high within him now,
He knows *Thersames* made th'escape from hence,
And does conceal it for his ends:
For by the favour of mistake and night,
He hopes t'enjoy thee in the Prince's room;
I shall be mist—else I would tell the more;
But thou may'st guess; for our condition
Admits no middle ways, either we must
Send them to Graves, or live our selves in dust— *Exit.*

Aglaura *stands still and studies.*

Agl. Ha! 'tis a strange act though't puts me upon;
Yet my Brother meant the self same thing,
And my *Thersames* would have don't for me:
To take his life, that seeks to take away
The life of Life, (honour from me;) and from
The world, the life of honour, *Thersames*;
Must needs be something sure of kin to Justice.
If I do fail, the attempt how'er was brave,
And I shall have at worst a handsom grave—— *Exit.*

Enter Jolas, Semanthe.

Semanthe *steps back*, Jolas *stayes her.*

Jol. What are we grown, *Semanthe*, night and day?
Must one still vanish when the other comes?
Of all that ever Love did yet bring forth
(And 'thas been fruitful too) this is
The strangest issue——

Sem.

Sem. What my Lord?
Iol. Hate *Semanthe.*
Sem. You do miſtake, if I do ſhun you, 'tis,
As baſhful Debtors ſhun their Creditors;
I cannot pay you in the ſelf-ſame coyn,
And am aſham'd to offer any other.
Iol. It is ill done, *Semanthe,* to plead Bankrupt,
When with ſuch eaſe you may be out of debt.
In loves dominions, native commodity
Is currant payment, change is all the trade,
And heart for heart the richeſt Merchandize, (prove
Sem. 'Twould here be mean my Lord, ſince mine would
In your hands but a counterfeit, and yours in mine
Worth nothing, Sympathy, not greatneſs,
Makes thoſe Jewels riſe in value.
Iol. Sympathy! O teach but yours to love then,
And two ſo rich no mortal ever knew
Sem. That heart would love but ill that muſt be taught,
Such fires as theſe ſtill kindle of themſelves
Iol. In ſuch a cold, and Frozen place as is
Thy breaſt, how ſhould they kindle of themſelves
Semanthe?
Sem. Ask how the Flint can carry Fire within?
'Tis the leaſt miracle that love can do.
Iol. Thou art thy ſelf the greateſt miracle,
For thou art fair to all perfection,
And yet doſt want the greateſt part of beauty,
Kindneſs; thy cruelty (next to thy ſelf)
Above all things on earth take up my wonder.
Sem. Call not that cruelty, which is our fate,
Believe me *Iolas* the honeſt Swain
That from the brow of ſome ſteep cliff far off,
Beholds a ſhip labouring in vain againſt
The boyſterous and unruly Elements, ne're had
Leſs power, or more deſire to help than I;
At every ſigh, I die, and every look

Does

Does move; and any paſſion you will have
But Love I have in ſtore: I will be angry,
Quarrel with deſtiny and with my ſelf
That it is no better; be Melancholly;
And (though mine own diſaſters well did plead
To be in chief,) yours only ſhall have place;
I'le pitty, and (if that's too low) I'le grieve,
As for my ſins, I cannot give you eaſe;
All this I do, and this I hope will prove
'Tis greater Torment not to love than love. ——— *Exit.*

Iol. So periſhing ſailours pray to ſtorms,
And ſo they hear again. So Men
With death about them, look on Phyſicians that
Have given them o're, and ſo they turn away.
Two fixed ſtars that keep a conſtant diſtance,
And by Laws made within themſelves muſt know
No motion excentrick, may meet as ſoon as we:
The anger that the fooliſh Sea doth ſhew,
When it does brave it out, and roar againſt
A ſtubborn rock that ſtill denies it paſſage,
Is not ſo vain and fruitleſs as my Prayers.
Ye mighty powers of Love and Fate, where is
Your Juſtice here? It is thy part (fond boy)
When thou doſt find one wounded heart to make
The other ſo; but if thy Tyranny
Be ſuch, that thou wilt leave one breaſt to hate,
If we muſt live, and this ſurvive,
How much more cruel's Fate? ——— *Exit.*

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter Ziriff, Ariaſpes, Iolas.

A Glorious night!

Ari. Pray Heaven it prove ſo,
Are we not there yet?

Zir.

Zir. 'Tis about this hollow. *Enter the Cave.*
Ari. How now! what region are we got into?
Th'inheritance of night?
Are we not mistaken a turning *Ziriff*,
And step into some Melancholly Devils Territory?
Sure tis a part of the first *Chaos*,
That would endure no change.
Zir. No matter Sir, 'tis as proper for our purpose,
As the Lobby for the Waiting Womans.
Stay you here, I'le move a little backward,
And so we shall be sure to put him past
Retreat: you know the word if't be the Prince. *Goes to*
Enter King. *the mouth of the Cave.*
Here Sir follow me, all's quiet yet. ——
King. He is not come then?
Zir. No.
King. Where's *Ariasper*?
Zir. Waiting within.
He leads him on, steps behind him, gives the false word, they
Ari. I do not like this waiting, [*kill the King.*
Nor this follows leaving us.
Zir. This place does put odd thoughts into thee,
Then Thou art in thy own nature too, as jealous
As either Love or Honour: Came wear Sword in rea-
And think how near we are a Crown. [diness,
Zir. Revenge!
So let's drag him to the light, and search
His pockets, there may be papers there will
Discover the rest of the Conspirators.
Iolas, your hand. —— *Draws him out.*
Iol. VVhom have we here? the King!
Zir. Yes, and *Zoriames* too. Ho: hoe! —*Enter* Paschas
Unarm them. *and others.*
D'ee stare?
This for my Fathers injuries and mine: *Points to the King's*
Half Love, half Duties Sacrifice. *dead Body.*

This

This—for the noble Prince, an offering to the Friendship.
Iol. Basely! and tamely *Dies.* [*runs at* Iolas.
Ari. What hast thou done?
Zir. Nothing——Kill'd a Traytour.
So ——away with them, and leave us.
Pasithas be only you in call.
Ari. What dost thou pause?
Hast thou remorse already Murtherer?
Zir. No Fool, 'tis but a difference I put
Betwixt the crimes. *Orbella* is our quarrel;
And I do hold it fit, that Love should have
A nobler way of Justice than Revenge
Or Treason; Follow me out of the Wood, [*They go out*
And thou shalt be Master again: [*and enter again.*
And then best Arm and Title take it.
There—— *Gives him his Sword.*
Ari. Extreamly good! Nature took pains I swear,
The villain and the brave are mingled handsomely.
Zir. 'Twas Fate that took it, when as is decreed
We two should meet again, nor shall they mingle now
We are brought together strait to part.—— *Fight.*
Ari. Some Devill sure has borrowed this shape. *Pause.*
My Sword never stay'd thus long to find an entrance.
Zir. To guilty Men, all that appears is Devills.
Come Trifler, come. —— *Fight again,* Ariaspes *falls.*
Ari. Whither, whither, thou fleeting Coward life?
Bubble of Time, Natures shame, stay; a little, stay!
Till I have lookt my self into revenge
And star'd this Traytor to a carkass first.
It will not be: —— [*Falls.*
The Crown, the Crown, too
Now is lost, for ever lost——Oh!——
Ambition's but an *Ignis fatuus*, I see,
Misleading fond Mortality,
That hurries us about, and sets us down
Just——where——we——first——begun—— [*Dies.*

Zir

Zir. What a great spreading mighty thing this was,
And what a nothing now? how soon poor Man
Vanishes into his Noon-tide shadow?
But hopes o're sed have seldom better done——[*Hollows.*
Takes up this lump of vanity, and honour, *Enter* Pasithas,
And carry it the back way to my Lodging,
There may be use of States-men, when th'are Dead,
So——for the Cittadell now, for in such times
As these, when the unruly Multitude
Is up in swarms. and no Man knows which way
They'll take, 'tis good to have retreat. *Exeunt.*

Enter Thersames.

Ther. The Dog-stars got up high, it should be late:
And sure by this time every waking Ear,
And watchfull Eye is charm'd; and yet me thought
A noyse of weapons struck my Ear just now.
'Twas but my fancy sure, and were it more,
I would not tread one step, that did not lead
To my *Aglaura*, stood all his Guard betwixt,
With Lightning in their hands;
Danger thou Dwarf drest up in Giants Cloaths,
That shew'st farr off still greater than thou art,
Go, terrifie the simple and the guilty, such
As with false Opticks still do look upon thee;
But fright not Lovers, we dare look on thee
In thy worst shape, and meet thee in them too.
Stay—These Trees I made my mark, 'Tis hereabouts,
——Love guide me but right this Night,
And Lovers shall restore thee back again
These Eyes the Poets took so boldly from thee. *Exit.*

Aglaura *with a Torch in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other.*

Agl. How ill this does become this Hand, how much the
This suits with this, one of the two should go. (worse
The she within me sayes, it must be this——
Honour says this——and Honour is *Thersames* friend.

What

What is that she then? it is not a thing
That sets a price, upon me, but on
Life in my name, leading me into a doubt,
Which when 'tas done, it cannot light me out.
For fear does drive to Fate, or Fate if we
Do flie, o'retakes, and holds us, till or Death,
Or infamy, or both doth seize us.— [*Puts out the light.*
Ha!——— would 'twere in again.
Anticks and strange mishapes,
Such as the Porter to my Soul, mine Eye,
Was n'er acquainted with, Fancy lets in,
Like a distracted multitude, by some strange accident
Piec'd together, fear now a fresh comes on,
And charges Love to home.
———He comes—he comes———
Woman. if thou wouldst be the Subject of Mans wonder,
Not his scorn hereafter, now shew thy self.
Enter Prince rising from the vault, she stabs him two or three times, he falls, she goes back to her Chamber.
Sudden and Fortunate.
My better Angell sure did both infuse
A strength, and did direct it. *Enter* Ziriff.
Zir. Aglaura.
Agl. Brother ———
Zir. The same.
So slow to let in such a long'd for Gueſt?
Must joy stand knocking Sister? come, prepare,
Prepare.——
The King of *Persia*'s coming to you strait!
The King!——— mark that. [you,
Agl. I thought how poor the joys you brought with
Were in respect of those that were with me:
Joys, are our hopes stript of their fears,
And such are mine; for know, Dear Brother,
The King is come already, and is gone—mark that.
Zir. Is this distinct, or riddle? what King? how gone?
Agl.

Agl. The Cave will tell you more—
Zir. Some ſad miſtake—thou haſt undone us all.
Goes out, enters haſtily again.
The Prince! the Prince! cold as the bed of Earth
He lies upon, as ſenceleſs too; Death hangs
Upon his Lips
Like an untimely froſt upon an early Cherry;
The noble Gueſt, his Soul, took it ſo ill
That you ſhould uſe his old acquaintance ſo ill,
That neither Prayers, nor Tears, can ne'er perſwade
Him back again—— Aglaura *Swoons, rubs her.*
Hold hold! we cannot part thus!
Siſter! *Aglaura Therſames* is not Dead,
It is the Prince that calls——
Agl. The Prince, where?
Tell me, or I will ſtrait go back again,
Into thoſe Groves of Jeſſemine thou took'ſt me from,
And find him out, or loſe my ſelf for ever.
Zir. For ever.—— I: there's it!
For in thoſe Groves thou talk'ſt of,
There are ſo many by-wayes, and odd turnings,
Leading into ſuch wild and diſmal places,
That ſhould we go without a guide, or ſtir
Before Heav'n calls, 'tis ſtrongly to be fear'd
We there ſhould wander up and down for ever,
And be benighted to Eternity——
Agl. Benighted to Eternity?——What's that?
Zir. Why 'tis to be benighted to Eternity;
To ſit i'the dark, and do I know not what;
Unriddle at our own ſad coſt and charge
The doubts the learned here do only move—
Agl. What place have Murtherers brother there? for ſure
The Murtherer of the Prince muſt have
A puniſhment that Heaven is yet to make——
Zir. How is Religion Fool'd betwixt our Loves,
And fears? poor Girle, for ought that thou haſt done,

Thy Chaplets may be fair and flourishing,
As his in the *Elysium*.
Agl. Do you think so?
Zir. Yes, I do think so,
The juster Judges of our actions,
Would they have been severe upon,
Our Weaknesses,
Would (sure) have made us stronger———
Fie! those Tears
A Bride upon the Marriage Day as properly
Might shed as thou, here Widows do't
And Marry next Day after:
To such a Funeral as this, there should be
Nothing common ——
We'll mourn him so, that those that are alive
Shall think themselves more Buried far than he;
And wish to have his Grave to find his Obsequies:
But stay--the Body. *Brings up the Body, she Swoons and Dies.*
Again! Sister——*Aglaura*——
O speak once more, once more look out fair Soul.——
She's gone——
Irrevocably gone—— And whining now the Air,
Like a glad Bird that's broken from the Cage.
Poor Bankrupt Heart, when 'thad not wherewithall
To pay to sad disaster all was due.
It broke—would mine would do so too.
My Soul is now within me
Like a well mettled Hawk, on a Blind Faulkners fist:
Methinks I feel it baiting to be gone:
And yet I have a little Foolish business here
On Earth; I will dispatch:—— *Exit.*

Enter Pasithas, *with the Body of* Ariaspes.

Pas. Let me be like my Burthen here, if I had not as five kill two of the Blood-Royal for him, as carry one of them. These Gentlemen of hgih actions are three times as heavie after Death, as your private retir'd ones; look

if

if he be reduc'd to the ſtate of a Courtier of the ſecond form now? and cannot ſtand upon his own Legs, nor do any thing without help, Hum.——And what's become of the great Prince, in Priſon as they call it now? the toy within us, that makes us talk and laugh, and fight? I! why there's it; well, let him be what he will, and where he will, I'll make bold with the old Tenement here. Come Sir——come along:—— *Exit.*

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. All's faſt too, here——
They Sleep to Night
I'their winding ſheets I think, there's ſuch
A general quiet.
Oh! here's light I warrant:
For luſt does take as little reſt, as care, or Age——
Courting her glaſs, I ſwear, fie! that's a flatterer Madam,
In me you ſhall ſee truſter what you are. *Kneels. En. Qu.*

Orb. What make you up at this ſtrange hour my Lord?

Zir. My buſineſs is my boldneſs, warrant, (Madam)
And I could well afford to have been without it now,
Had Heaven ſo pleaſed.

Orb. 'Tis a ſad Prologue,
What follows in the name of Virtue?

Zir. The King.

Orb. I what of him? is he well, is he not?

Zir. Yes.——.
If to be free from the great load
We ſweat and labour under, here on Earth,
Be to be well, he is.

Orb. Why he's not Dead, is he?

Zir. Yes Madam, ſlain——and the Prince too.

Orb. How? where?

Zir. I know not, but Dead they are.

Orb. Dead?

Zir. Yes Madam.

Orb. Did'ſt ſee them Dead?

Zir. As I see you alive.

Orb. Dead!

Zir. Yes Dead.

Orb. Well, we must all Die:
The Sisters spin no Cables for us Mortals;
They are thread; and Time, and Chance ——
Trust me I could weep now,
But watry distillations do but ill on Graves,
They make the lodging colder. *She knocks.*

Zir. What would you have Madam?

Orb. Why my Friends, my Lord!
I would consult, and know, what's to be done.

Zir. Madam, 'tis not so safe to raise the Court,
Things thus unsettled, if you please to have ——

Orb. Where's *Ariaspes?*

Zir. In's Dead Sleep by this time I'm sure.

Orb. I know he is not, find him instantly.

Zir. I'm gone, —— *Turns back again.*
But Madam, why make you choice of him, from whom
If the succession meet disturbance,
All must come of danger?

Orb. My Lord, I am not yet so wise as to be jealous;
Pray dispute no further.

Zir. Pardon me Madam, if before I go
I must unlock a secret unto you; such a one
As while the King did breath durst know no Air;
Zoraxnez lives.

Orb. Ha!

Zir. And in the hope of such a Day as this
Has lingred out a Life, snatching to feed
His almost famish'd Eyes,
Sighs now and then of you, in a disguise.

Orb. Strange! this Night is big with Miracle!

Zir. If you did Love him, as they say you did,
And do so still, 'tis now within your power!

Orb. I would it were my Lord, but I am now
No private woman, if I did love him once (And

(And 'tis so long agoe, I have forgot)
My youth and ignorance may well excus't.
Zir. Excuse it?
Orb. Yes, excuse it Sir.
Zir. Though I confess I lov'd his Father much,
And pitty him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your thoughts, I have discharg'd a trust;
And zeal shall stray no further.
Your pardon Madam. *Exit: Queen studies:*
Orb: May be 'tis a plot to keep of *Ariaspes*
Greatness, which he must fear because he knows
He hates him: for these great States-men,
That when time has made bold with the King and Subject,
Throwing down all fence that stood betwixt their power
And others right, are on a Change,
Like wanton Salmons coming in with floods,
That leap o're wyres and nets, and make their way
To be at the return to every one a prey:
Enter Ziriff, and Pasithas *throwing down the dead body of* Ariaspes.
Orb. Ha! Murthered too!
Treason—Treason——
Zir. But such another word, and half so loud,
And thou art,———
Orb. VVhy? thou wilt not murther me too?
VVilt thou Villain?
Zir. I do not know my temper — *Discovers himself.*
Look here vain thing, and see thy sins full blown:
Theres scarce a part in all this face, thou hast
Not been forsworn by, and Heaven forgive thee for it!
For thee I lost a Father, Country, Friends,
My self almost, for I lay buried long;
And when there was no use thy love could pay
Too great, thou mad'st the Principal away.
Had I but staid, and not began revenge
Till thou hadst made an end of changing,
I had had the Kingdom to have killed,

As

As wantons entring a Garden, take,
The first fair flower they meet, and
Treasure't in their laps;
Then seeing more, do make fresh choice again,
Throwing in one and one, till at length
The first poor flower ore charged with too much weight,
Withers, and dies;
So hast thou dealt with me,
And having killd me first, I will kill——

Orb. Hold——Hold——
Not for my sake, but *Orbellas*, Sir, a babe
And single death is such a wrong to Justice,
I must needs except against it.
Find out a way to make me long a dying;
For death is no punishment, it is the sense,
The pains and fears afore that makes a death.
To think what I had had, had I had you,
What *I* have lost in losing of my self;
Are deaths far worse than any you can give
Yet kill me quickly, for if *I* have time,
I shall so wash this Soul of mine with tears,
Make it so fine, that you would be afresh
In love with it, and so perchance *I* should

She rises up weeping, and hanging down her head.

Again come to deceive you.

Zir. So rises day, blushing at nights deformity:
And so the pretty flowers blubber'd with dew,
And over-washt with rain, hang down their heads.
I must not look upon her. [*Goes towards him.*

Orb. Were but the Lillies in this face as fresh
As are the roses; had *I* but innocence
Joyned to their blushes, *I* should then be bold,
For when they went on begging they were ne'er deni'd,
Tis but a parting kiss Sir.

Zir. *I* dare not grant it.—

Orb. Your hand Sir, then for that's a part *I* shall
Love after death (if after death we love) 'Cause

'Cause it doth right the wrong'd *Zorannez* here—
Steps to him, and opens the Box of Poison, Zorannez *falls.*
Sleep, sleep for ever, and forgotten too,
All but thy ills, which may succeeding time
Remember as the Sea-man does his marks,
To know what to avoid; may at thy name
All good men start, and bad too! may it prove
Infection to the Aire, that people dying of it
Turns to the body of Ariaspes.
May help to cuse thee for me.
Could I but call thee back as easily now;
But that's a Subject for one tears, not hopes!
There is no piecing Tulips to their stalks,
When they are once divorc'd by a rude hand;
All we can do is to preserve in water
A little life, and give by Courteous Art
What scanted Nature wants Commission for,
That thou shalt have: For to thy Memory
Such tribute of moist Sorrow I will pay,
And that so purifi'd by love, that on thy grave
Nothing shall grow but Violets and Primroses,
Of which too, some shall be
Of the Mysterious Number, so that Lovers shall
Come thither not as to a tomb, but to an oracle.
She knocks and raises the Court.
Enter Ladies and Courtiers as out of their Beds.
Orb. Come! come! help me to weep my self away,
And melt into a grave, for life is but
Repentance nurse, and will conspire with Memory,
To make my hours my tortures.
Ori. What sense of sorrows this? both dead?
Orb. Dead? I! 'tis but half death's triumphs this,
The King and Prince lie somewhere, just
Such empty trunks as these.
Ori. The Prince?
Then in griefs burthen I must bear a part

Sem.

Sem. The noble *Ariaſpes*——Valiant *Ziriff* too—*Weeps,*
Orb. Weep'ſt thou for him, fond Prodigal? doſt know
On whom thou ſpend'ſt thy tears? this is the Man
To whom we owe our ills; the falſe *Zoranmez*
Diſguis'd not loſt; but kept alive by ſome
Enter Paſithas, *ſurveys the bodies, finds his Maſter,*
Incenſed power, to puniſh *Perſia* thus.
He would have kill'd me too, but heaven was juſt,
And furniſht me with means, to make him pay
This ſcore of Villany, ere he could do more.
Paſithas *runs at her, kills her and Flies,*
Paſ. Were you his Murtherer then?
Ori. Ah me! the Queen.—— *Rub her till ſhe come to her*
Sem. How do you Madam? *ſelf.*
Orb. Well,—But *I* was better, and ſhall——*Dies.*
Sem Oh! ſhe is gone for ever.
Enter Lords in their Night Gowns, Orſames, Philan.
Orſ. what have we here?
A Church-yard? Nothing but ſilence, and grave?
Ori. Oh! here has been (My Lords)
The Blackeſt night the *Perſian* world e're knew,
The King and Prince are not themſelves exempt
From this arreſt; but pale and cold, as theſe,
Have meaſured our right lenghts.
Lo. Impoſſible! which way?
Sem. Of that we are as ignorant as you:
For while the Queen was telling of the Story,
An unknown villain here has hurt her ſo,
That like a ſickly Taper, ſhe but made
One flaſh, and ſo expir'd,
Enter tearing in Paſithas.
Phi. Here he is but no confeſſion.
Ori. Torture muſt force him then:
Thought 'will but weakly ſatisfie,
To know now they are dead, how they did die
Phi. Come take the Bodies up, and let us all

Go

Go drown our ſelves in tears, this maſſacre
Has left ſo torn a ſtate, that 'twill be policy
As well as debt, to weep till we are blind;
For who would ſee the miſeries behind?

EPILOGUE.

OUR Play is done, and yours doth now begin:
What different Fancies People now are in?
How ſtrange, and odd a mingle it would make,
If e'er they riſe, 'twere poſſible to take
All Votes——
But as when an authentick Watch is ſhown,
Each Man winds up, and rectifies his own,
So in our very Judgments; firſt there ſits
A grave Grand Jury on it of Town-wits;
And they give up their Verdict; then again
The other Jury of the Court comes in
(And that's of Life and Death) for each Man ſees
That oft condemns, what th'other Jury frees:
Some three days hence, the Ladies of the Town
Will come to have a Judgment of their own,
And after them, their Servants; then the City,
For that is modeſt, and is ſtill laſt witty.
'Twill be a Week at leaſt yet e'er they have
Reſolv'd to let it Live, or give't a Grave:
Such difficulty there is to unite
Opinion; or bring it to be right.

Epilogue

EPILOGUE
FOR THE
COURT.

SIR,

THat the abuſing of your Ear's a Crime,
Above th'excuſe any ſix lines in Rhime
Can make, the Poet knows: I am but ſent
T'intreat he may not be a Preſident;
For he does think that in this place there be
Many have don't as much and more than he;
But here's, he ſays, the difference of the Fates,
He begs a Pardon after't they Eſtates.

FINIS.

AGLAURA.

Presented at the

COURT,

BY

His Majesties Servants.

Written by

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1694.

PROLOGUE.

FOre love, a mighty Seſſions! and I fear,
Though kind laſt Sizes, 'twill be now ſevere;
For it is thought, and by judicious Men,
Aglaura *ſcap'd only by dying then:*
But 'twould be vain for me now to indear,
Or ſpeak unto my Lords, the Judges here;
They hold their places by condemning ſtill,
And cannot ſhew at once mercy and skill;
For Wit's ſo cruel unto Wit, that they
Are thought to want, that find not want i'th Play.
But Ladies you, who never lik'd a Plot,
But where the Servant had his Miſtreſs got,
And whom to ſee a Lover dye it grieves,
Although 'tis in worſe Language that he lives,
Will lik't w'are confident, ſince here will be,
That your Sex ever lik'd variety.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE to the COURT.

'TIS strange perchance (you'l think) that she that dy'd
At Christmas, *should at* Easter *be a Bride:*
But 'tis a privilledge the Poets have,
To take the long-since dead out of the Grave;
Nor is this all, old Heroes raised
'Twixt Marble coverlets, and six Foot deep
In Earth, they boldly wake, and make them do
All they did living here —— sometimes more too;
They give fresh Life, reverse and alter Fate,
And yet more bold, almighty like Create;
And out of nothing only by Deisie
Reason, and Reason's Friend, Philosophy,
Fame, Honour, Valour, all that's great, or good,
Or is at least 'mongst us, so understood,
They give; Heav'ns theirs: no handsome Woman dies,
But if they please, is strait some Star i'th' Skies ——
But oh ——
How those poor Men of Metre do
Flatter themselves with that, that is not true;
And 'cause they can twine up a little Prose,
And spoil it handsomely, vainly suppose
Th'are Omnipotent, can do all those things
That can be done only by Gods and Kings?
Of this wild Guilt, he fain would be thought free,
That Writ this Play, and therefore (Sir) by me,
He humbly begs, you would be pleas'd to know,
Aglaura's but repriev'd this Night, and though
She now appears upon a Poets call,
She's not to Live, unless you say she shall.

ACTUS

Actus V. Scena I.

Enter Ziriff, Pasithas, *and Guard*; *he places 'em, and Exit. A State set out. Enter* Ziriff, Iolas, Ariaspes.

Iol. A Glorious Night!

Ari. Pray Heav'n it prove so,
Are we not there yet?

Zir. 'Tis about this hollow, [*They enter the Cave.*

Ari. How now! what Region are we got into?
Th'inheritance of Night?
Have we not mistaken a turning, *Ziriff*,
And stept into the confines of some melancholly
Devils Territory?

Iol. Sure 'tis a part of the first *Chaos*,
That would not suffer any change.

Zir. No matter Sir, 'tis as proper for our
Purpose, as the Lobby for the Waiting womans.
Stay you here, I'll move a little backward,
And so we shall be sure to put him past
Retreat: you know the word if it be the Prince. [*Zir. goes to the door.*

Enter King.

Zir. Here Sir, follow me, all's quiet yet.

King. Is he not come then?

Zir. No.

King. Where's *Ariaspes*?

Zir. Waiting within.

Iol. I do not like this waiting,
Nor this Fellows leaving of us.

Ari. This place does put odd thoughts into thee,
Then thou art in thine own nature too.

As zealous, as Love, or Honour; wear thy Sword
In readineſs, and think how near we are a Crown.
Zir. Revenge! ——— [*Guard ſeiſeth him.*
King. Ha! what's this?
Zir. Bring them forth—— [*Brings them forth.*
Ari. The King.
Zir. Yes, and the Princes friend—[*Diſcovers himſelf.*
D'you know this Face?
King. Zorannez!
Zir. The very ſame,
The wrong'd *Zorannez*——King——
D'you ſtare?——
Away with them where I appointed.
King. Traytors, let me go;
Villain, thou dar'ſt not do this——
Zir. Poor Counterfeit,
How fain thou now would'ſt act a King, and art not:
Stay you,—— [*to* Ariaſpes.
Unhand him,—— [*Whiſpers.*
Leave us now.—— [*Exeunt*

Manet Ariaſpes, *and* Zorannez.

Ari. What does this mean?
Sure he does intend the Crown to me.
Zor. We are alone,
Follow me out of th'Wood, and thou ſhalt be
Maſter of this again,
And then beſt Arm and Title take it.
Ari. Thy offer is ſo noble, in gratitude I cannot
But propound gentler conditions:
We will divide the Empire.
Zor. No by my Fathers ſoul,
I do almoſt repent my firſt intents,
And now could kill thee ſcurvily, for thinking
If I had a mind to Rule,
I would not Rule alone.
Let not thy eaſie Faith (loſt Man)

Fool

Fool thee into so dull an Serene;
Orbella is our quarrel, and I have thought it fit,
That love should have a nobler way of Justice,
Than Revenge, or Treason.
If thou dar'st die handsomly, follow me. [*Exeunt, and enter both again.*

Zir. There,—— [*Gives him his Sword.*

Ari. Extreamly good; Nature took pains I swear,
The Villain and the Brave are mingled handsomely.——

Zir. 'Twas Fate that took it, when that it decreed
We two should meet, nor shall they mingle now,
We are but brought together strait to part.—— [*Fight.*

Ari. Some Devil sure has borrowed this shape,
My Sword ne'er staid thus long to find an entrance.

Zir. To guilty Men, all that appears is Devil;
Come trifler, come—— [*Fight.*

Ari. Dog, thou hast it.

Zir. Why then it seems my Star's as great as his,
I smile at thee, [*Ariaspes pairs and runs at him to*
Thou now wouldst have me kill thee, *catch his Sword.*
And 'tis a courtesie I cannot afford thee,
I have bethought my self, there will be use
Of thee — *Pasithas* — to the rest with him. [*Exit.*

Enter Pasithas, *and two of the Guard.*—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Therlames.

Ther. The Dog-star's got up high, it should be late!
And sure by this time every walking Ear
And watchful Eye is charm'd; and yet me thought
A noise of weapons struck my Ear just now.
'Twas but my fancy sure, and were it more,
I would not tread one step, that did not lead
To my *Aglaura*, stood all his Guard betwixt,
With lightning in their hands.
Danger, thou Dwarf dress'd up in Giants cloaths,
That shew'st far off still greater than thou art,
Go, terrifie the Simple, and the Gumy, such

As with falſe Opticks ſtill do look upon thee:
But fright not Lovers, we dare look on thee
In thy worſt Shapes, and meet thee in them too——
Stay, theſe Trees I made my mark, 'tis hereabouts.
—Love guide me but right this Night,
And Lovers ſhall reſtore thee back again
Thoſe Eyes the Poets took ſo boldly from thee. [*Exit.*

A Taper Table out.

Enter Aglaura, *with a Torch in one hand, a Dagger in the other.*

Agl. How ill this does become this hand? much worſe
This ſuits with this, one of the two ſhould go.
The ſhe within me ſays, it muſt be this——
Honour ſays this—— and Honour is *Therſames* friend.
What is that ſhe then? is it not a thing
That ſets a Price, not upon me, but on
Life in my name, leading me into doubt,
Which when 'thas done, it cannot light me out.
For fear does drive to Fate, or Fate if we
Do fly, o'ertakes, and holds us, till our Death,
Or infamy, or both do ſeize us.—— [*Puts out the light.*
Ha!—would 'twere in again. Anticks and ſtrange miſhapes
Such as the Porter to my Soul, mine Eye,
Was ne'er acquainted with, Fancy lets in,
Like a diſrouted multitude, by ſome ſtrange accident
Piec'd together, fear now afreſh comes on,
And charges Love too home.
--He comes, he comes.—— [*A little noiſe below.*
Woman, if thou wouldſt be the Subject
Of Mans wonder, not his Scorn hereafter,——
——Now ſhew thy ſelf.

Enter Therſames *from the Vault, ſhe ſtabs him as he riſeth.*

Ther. Unkindly done———
Agl. The Princes Voice, defend it Goodneſs!
Ther. What art thou that thus poorly
Haſt deſtroy'd a Life?
Agl. Oh ſad miſtake, 'tis he!

Ther.

Ther. Haſt thou no voice?

Agl. I would I had not, nor a being neither.

Ther. *Aglaura*! It cannot be!

Agl. Oh ſtill believe ſo, Sir,
For 'twas not I indeed, but fatal Love.

Ther. Loves wounds us'd to be gentler than theſe were,
The pains they give us have ſome pleaſure
In them, and that theſe have not. [*Enter* Ziriff *with a Taper.*
Oh do not ſay 'twas you, for that does wound again:
Guard me my better Angel,
Do I wake? my Eyes (ſince *I* was Man)
Ne'er met with any object gave them ſo much trouble,
I dare not ask neither to be ſatisfied,
She looks ſo guilty——

Agl. Why do you ſtare and wonder at a thing
That you your ſelf have made thus miſerable?

Zir. Good Gods, and *I* o'th' party too.

Agl. Did you not tell me that the King this Night
Meant to attempt my Honour; that our condition
Would not admit of middle ways, and that we muſt
Send them to graves, or lie our ſelves in duſt?

Zir. Unfortunate miſtake? [Ziriff *knocks.*
I never did intend our ſafety by thy hands: [*Enter* Paſithas.
Paſithas, go inſtantly and fetch *Andrages*
From his Bed; how is it with you Sir?

Ther. As with the beſieg'd:
My ſoul is ſo beſet it does not know,
Whether 'thad beſt to make a deſperate
Sally out by this Port or not?

Agl. Sure I ſhall turn Statue here.

Ther. If thou do'ſt love me, weep not *Aglaura*;
All thoſe are drops of Bloud and flow from me.

Zir. Now all the Gods defend this way of expiation,
Think'ſt thou thy crime, *Aglaura* would be leſs,
by adding to it? or canſt thou hope
To ſatisfie thoſe powers, whom great ſins
Do diſpleaſe, by doing greater.

Agl. Discourteous courtesie!
I had no other means left me than this,
To let *Therſames* know I would do nothing
To him, I would not do unto my ſelf,
And that thou takeſt away.

Ther. Friend, bring me a little nearer.
I find a kind of willingneſs to ſtay,
And find that willingneſs ſomething obeyd.
My bloud now it perſwades it ſelf
You did not call in earneſt,
Makes not ſuch haſte ——

Agl. Oh my dearest Lord,
This kindneſs is ſo full of cruelty,
Puts ſuch an uglineſs on what I have done,
That when I look upon it needs muſt fright
Me from my ſelf, and which is more inſufferable,
I fear from you. (me?

Ther. Why ſhould that fright thee, which moſt comforts
I glory in it, and ſhall ſmile i'th' Grave,
To think our love was ſuch that nothing
But it ſelf could e'er deſtroy it

Agl. Deſtroy it! can it have ever end?
Will you not be thus courteous then in the other World?
Shall we not be together there as here?

Ther. I cannot tell whether I may not.

Agl. Not tell?

Ther. No:
The Gods thought me unworthy of thee here,
And when thou art more pure
Why ſhould I not more doubt it?

Agl. Becauſe if I ſhall be more pure,
I ſhall be then more fit for you.
Our Prieſts aſſure us an *Elyſium*,
And can that be *Elyſium* where true Lovers
Muſt not meet? Thoſe powers that made our Loves,
Did they intend them Mortal,

Would

Would ſure have made them of a courſer ſtuff,
Would they not my Lord? ——
Ther. Prithee ſpeak ſtill,
This Muſick gives my Soul ſuch pleaſing buſineſs,
Takes it ſo wholly up, it finds not leiſure to
Attend unto the ſummons Death doth make;
Yet they are loud and peremptory now,
And I can only—— [*Faints.*
Agl. Some pitying Power inſpire me with
A way to follow him: Heart wilt thou not
Break yet of thy ſelf.
Zir. My griefs beſot me!
His Soul will ſail out with this purple Tide,
And I ſhall here be found ſtarting
After't, like a Man that's come too ſhort o'th' Ship,
And's left behind upon the Land. [*She ſwouns.*
Enter Andrages.
Oh welcome, welcome, here lies *Therſames*
Alas too great a trial for thy art.
And. There's life in him; from whence theſe wounds?
Zir. Oh 'tis no time for ſtory.
And. 'Tis not Mortal my Lord, bow him gently,
And help me to infuſe this into him;
The Soul is but aſleep, and not gone forth.
Ther. Oh——oh——
Zir. Heark, the Prince does live.
Ther. What e'er thou art haſt given me now a life,
And with it all my cares and miſeries,
Expect not a reward, no not a thanks.
If thou wouldſt merit from me,
(Yet why would be guilty of ſo loſt an action)
Reſtore me to my quietneſs again,
For Life and that are moſt incompatible.
Zir. Still in Deſpair:
I did not think till now 'twas in the power
Of Fortune to have robb'd *Therſames* of himſelf.

For pity, Sir, and reason, live;
If you will die, die not *Aglaura*'s murther'd,
That's not so handsome: at least die not
Her murthered and her murtherer too;
For that will surely follow. Look up Sir,
This violence of Fortune cannot last ever:
Who knows but all these clouds are shadows,
To set off your fairer days, if it grows blacker,
And the storms do rise, this Harbour's always open.

Ther. What sayst thou, *Aglaura*?

Agl. What says *Andrages*?

And. Madam, would Heaven his mind would admit
As easie cure, as his body will,
'Twas only want of bloud,
And two hours rest restores him to himself.

Zir. And by that time it may be Heaven
Will give our miseries some ease:
Come Sir, repose upon a Bed,
There's time enough to day.

Ther. Well, *I* will still obey,
Though *I* must fear it will be with me,
But as 'tis with tortured Men,
Whom States preserve only to wrack again. [*Exeunt.*

Take off Table.

Enter Ziriff *with a Taper.*

Zir. All fast too, here;
They sleep to Night
I'their winding sheets, *I* think, there's such
A general quiet.
Oh! here's Light *I* warrant you:
For Lust does take as little rest, as care, or Age.
Courting her Glass, I swear, fie! that's a flatterer Madam,
In me you shall see trulier what you are. [*He knocks.*

Enter Queen.

Orb. What make you up at this strange hour my Lord?

Zir.

Zir. My buſineſs is my boldneſs warrant, (Madam)
And I could well afford t'have been without it now,
Had Heaven ſo pleas'd.

Orb. 'Tis a ſad Prologue,
What follows in the name of Virtue?

Zir. The King.

Orb. *I* what of him? is well is he not?

Zir. Yes——
If to be on's Journey to the other World
Be to be well, he is.

Orb. Why! he's not Dead, is he?

Zir. Yes Madam, dead.

Orb. How? where?

Zir. *I* do not know particulars.

Orb. Dead!

Zir. Yes, (Madam.)

Orb. Art ſure he's Dead?

Zir. Madam, I know him as certainly dead,
As *I* know you too muſt die hereafter.

Orb. Dead!

Zir. Yes, Dead.

Zir. We muſt all die.
The Siſters ſpin no Cables for us Mortals;
Th'are threds; and time, and chance——
Truſt me *I* could weep now,
But watry diſtillations do but ill on Graves,
They make the Lodging colder. [*She knocks.*

Zir. What would you Madam?

Orb. Why my Friends, my Lord;
I would conſult and know what's to be done.

Zir. Madam, 'tis not ſo ſafe to raiſe the Court;
Things thus unſeeled, if you pleaſe to have——

Orb. Where's *Ariaſpes*?

Zir. In's Dead ſleep by this time ſure.

Orb. *I* know he is not; find him inſtantly.

Zir. I'm gone,—— [*Turns back again.*

But

But Madam, why make you choice of him, from whom
If the Succeſſion meet diſturbance,
All muſt come of danger?
Orb. My Lord, I am not yet ſo wiſe, as to be
Jealous; Pray diſpute no further.
Zir. Pardon me (Madam) if before *I* go
I muſt unlock a Secret to you; ſuch a one
As while the King did breath durſt know no air;
Zorannez lives.
Orb. Ha!
Zir. And in the hope of ſuch a day as this
Has lingred out a Life, ſnatching, to feed
His almoſt famiſh'd Eyes,
Sights now and then of you, in a diſguiſe.
Orb. Strange! this Night is big with miracle!
Zir. If you did love him, as they ſay you did,
And do ſo ſtill, 'tis now within your power.
Orb. I would it were, my Lord, but *I* am now
No private Woman, if *I* did love him once
(And 'tis ſo long ago, *I* have forgot)
My Youth and Ignorance may well excuſe it.
Zir. Excuſe it!
Orb. Yes, excuſe it Sir.
Zir. Though *I* confeſs *I* lov'd his Father much,
And pity him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your thoughts, *I* have diſcharg'd a truſt;
And Zeal ſhall ſtay no further.
Your pardon, Madam. [*Exit.*
Orb. May be 'tis a plot to keep off *Ariaſpes*
Greatneſs, which he muſt fear becauſe he knows
He hates him: for theſe great Stateſmen,
That when time has made bold with the King
And Subject, throwing down all fence
That ſtood betwixt their power
And others right, are on a change,
Like wanton Salmons coming in with Flouds,

That

That leap o're wyres and Nets, and make their way
To be at the return to every one a Prey.

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Look here vain thing, and see thy Sins full blown.
There's scarce a part in all his Face thou hast
Not been forsworn by, and Heaven forgive thee for't!
For thee I lost a Father, Country, Friends,
My self almost, for I lay buried long;
And when there was no use thy Love could pay
Too great, thou mad'st the principal way.
As wantons entering a Garden, take
The first fair Flower they meet, and
Treasure't in their laps;
Then seeing more, do make fresh choice again,
Throwing in one and one, till at the length
The first poor Flower o're charged with two much weight,
Withers, and Dies;
So hast thou dealt with me,
And having kill'd me first, I will kill——

Orb. Hold—hold——
Not for my sake, but *Orbellus* (Sir) abare
And single Death is such a wrong to Justice,
I must needs except against it.
Find out a way to make me long a Dying;
For Deaths no punishment, it is the sence,
The pains and fears afore, that makes a Death.
To think what I had had, had I had you,
What I have lost in losing of my self,
Are Deaths far worse than any you can give.
Yet kill me quickly, for if I have time,
I shall so wash this Soul of mine with tears,
Make it so fine, that you would be afresh
In Love with it, and so perchance I should
Again come to deceive you.

She rises up Weeping, and hanging down her Head.

Zir. So rises Day, blushing at Nights deformity;

And

And so the pretty Flowers blubber'd with Dew,
And over-washt with Rain, hang down their Heads:
I must not look upon her. [*Queen goes towards him.*
Orb. Were but the Lillies in this Face as fresh
As the Roses; had I but innocence
Joyn'd to these blushes, I should then be bold,
For when they went a begging they were ne'r denied,
'Tis but a parting Kiss Sir——

Enter Pasithas, *and two Guard.*

Zir. I dare not grant it—— *Pasithas*—away with her.

A Bed put out, Therſames *and* Aglaura *on it*; Andrages *by.*

Ther. She wake't me with a sigh,
And yet she Sleeps her self: Sweet Innocence,
Can it be Sin to Love this shape?
And if it be not, why am I persecuted thus?——
See sighs again; Sleep that drowns all cares,
Cannot I see charm Loves; blest Pillows,
Through whose fineness does appear
The Violets, Lillies, and the Roses
You are stuft withall, to whose softness
I owe the sweet of this repose,
Permit me to leave with you this,— *Kisses them, she wakes.*
See if I have not wake't her,
Sure I was Born, *Aglaura*, to destroy
Thy quiet.

Agl. Mine my Lord,
Call you this drowsinness a quiet then?
Believe me, Sir, 'twas an intruder I much
Struggled with, and have to thank a Dream,
Not you, that it thus left me.

Ther. A Dream! what Dream, my Love?

Agl. I Dream't (Sir) it was Day,
And the fear you should be found here——

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Awake; how is it with you Sir?

Ther. Well, extreamly well, so well, that had I now

No

No better a remembrancer than pain,
I ſhould forget I e'er was hurt,
Thanks to Heaven, and good *Andrages*.
Zir. And more than thanks I hope we yet ſhall
Live to pay him. How old's the Night?
And. Far-ſpent *I* fear my Lord.
Zir. *I* have a cauſe that ſhould be heard
Yet e're Day break, and *I* muſt needs intreat
You Sir to be the judge in't.
Ther. What cauſe *Zorannez*?
Zir. When you have promis'd-- *Zorannez.*
Ther. 'Twere hard *I* ſhould deny thee any thing--*Exit.*
Know'ſt thou *Andrages*, what he means?
And. Nor cannot gueſs, Sir.——— *Draw in the Bed.*
I read a trouble in his Face, when firſt
He left you, but underſtood it not.
Enter Zoranncz, *King*, Ariaſpes, Iolas, *Queen, and two or three Guard.*
Zir. Have *I* not pitcht my Nets like a good Huntſman?
Look Sir, the nobleſt of the Herd are here.
Ther. *I*'m aſtoniſhed.
Zir. This place is yours.——— *Helps him up.*
Ther. What wouldſt thou have me do?
Zir. Remember, Sir, your promiſe,
I could do all *I* have to do alone;
But Juſtice is not Juſtice unleſs it be juſtly done:
Here then *I* will begin, for here began my wrongs.
This Woman (Sir) was wondrous fair, and wondrous
Kind,———*I*, fair and kind, for ſo the ſtory runs,
She gave me look for look, and glance for glance,
And every ſigh like eccho's was return'd,
We ſent up vow by vow, promiſe on promiſe,
So thick and ſtrangely multiplied,
That ſure we gave the Heavenly Regiſters
Their buſineſs, and other mortals Oaths
Then went for nothing, we felt each others pains,

Each

Each others joys, thought the same thought,
And spoke the very same;
We were the same, and I have much ado
To think she could be ill, and I not
Be so too, and after this, all this (Sir)
She was false, lov'd him, and him,
And had I not begun with Revenge,
Till she had made an end of changing,
I had had the Kingdom to have kill'd,
What does this deserve?

Ther. A punishment he best can make
That suffered the wrong.

Zor. I thank you Sir,
For him I will not trouble you,
His Life is mine, I won it fairly,
And his is yours, he left it foully to you ——
To him (Sir) now:
A Man so wicked that he knew no good,
But so as't made his Sins the greater for't.
Those ills, which singly acted bred despair
In others, he acted daily, and ne'er thought
Upon them.
The grievance each particular has against him
I will not meddle with, it were to give him
A long Life, to give him hearing,
I'le only speak my own.
First then the hopes of all my Youth,
And a reward which Heaven had settled on me,
(If holy contracts can do any thing)
He ravisht from me, kill'd my Father,
Aglaura's Father, Sir, would have whor'd my Sister,
And Murther'd my Friend, this is all:
And now your sentence, Sir.

Ther. We have no punishment can reach these crimes:
Therefore 'tis justest sure to send him where
Th'are wittier to punish than we are here:

And

And cauſe Repentance oft ſtops that proceeding,
A ſudden Death is ſure the greateſt puniſhment.

Zor. I humbly thank you Sir.

King. What a ſtrange Glaſs the'have ſhew'd me now my ſelf
In? our Sins like to our ſhadows,
When our Day is in its glory ſcarce appear'd,
Towards our Evening how great and monſtrous
They are?

Zor. Is this all you have to ſay?——— *Draws.*

Ther. Hold: ——now go you up.

Zor. What mean your, Sir?

Ther. Nay, I denyed not you,——
That all thy accuſations are juſt,
I muſt acknowledge,
And to theſe crimes, I have but this t'oppoſe,
He is my Father, and thy Soveraign.———
'Tis wickedneſs (dear Friend) we go about
To puniſh, and when w'have Murther'd him,
What difference is there 'twixt him and
Our ſelves, but that he firſt was wicked?——
Thou now wouldſt kill him 'cauſe he kill'd thy Father,
And when the'aſt kill'd, have not I the ſelf ſame
Quarrell?

Zor. Why Sir, you know you would your ſelf
Have done it.

Ther. True: and therefore 'tis I beg his Life,
There was no way for me to have
Redeem'd the intent, but by a reall
Saving of it. *Be ready Courtiers, and Guard, with their Swords drawn at the Breaſt of the Priſoners.*
If he did raviſh from thee thy *Orbella*,
Remember that that wicked iſſue had
A noble parent Love,———Remember
How he Lov'd *Zoranmez* when he was *Ziriff*,———
There's ſomething due to that.
If you muſt needs have Blood for your Revenge, *away.*
Take it here—deſpiſe it not *Zoranmez*; (*Zoranmez turns*

The

The Gods themſelves, whoſe greatneſs
Makes the greatneſs of our Sins,
And heightens 'em above what we can do
Unto each other, accept of Sacrifice
For what we do againſt them,
Why ſhould not you? and 'tis much thriftier too:
You cannot let our Life there, but my Honour
Goes, and all the Life you can take here,
Poſterity will give me back again;
See *Aglaura* Weeps:
That would have been ill Rhetorick in me,
But where it is, it cannot but perſwade.
Zor. Th'have thaw'd the Ice about my Heart;
I know not what to do.
King. Come down, come down, I will be King again,
There's none ſo fit to be the Judge of this
As I: the Life you ſhew'd ſuch Zeal to ſave,
I here could willingly return you back;
But that's the common price of all revenge.
Enter Guard, Orſames, Philan, *Courtiers*, Orithie, Semanthe.
Iol. Ari. Ha, ha, ha: How they look now?
Zor. Death: what's this?
Ther. Betray'd again!
All the eaſe our Fortune gives our Miſeries is hope,
And that ſtill proving falſe, grows part of it.
King. From whence this Guard?
Ari. Why Sir, I did corrupt, while we were his Priſoners,
One of his own to raiſe the Court; ſhallow Souls,
That thought we could not countermine,
Come Sir, y'are in good poſture to diſpatch them.
King. Lay hold upon his Inſtrument:
Fond Man, do'ſt think I am in Love with Villany?
All the ſervice they can do me here
Is but to let theſe ſee the right I do
Them now is unconſtrain'd; then thus I do proceed.
Upon the place *Zoranmez* loſt his Life,
I vow to build a Tomb, and on that Tomb I

I vow to pay three whole Years penitence;
If in that time I find that Heaven and you
Can pardon, I shall find again the way
To live amongst you.

Ther. Sir be not so cruel to your self, this is an Age,—

King. 'Tis now irrevocable; thy Fathers Lands
I give thee back again, and his Commands;
And with them, leave to wear the Tyara;
That Man there has abus'd. ——
To you *Orbella*,
Who it seems are foul as well as I.
I do prescribe the self same Physick
I do take my self:
But in another place, and for a longer time,
Diana's Nunnery.

Orb. Above my hopes.

King. For you, who still have been
The ready instrument of all my cruelties,
And there have cancell'd all the Bonds of Brother,
Perpetuall Banishment: nor should
This line expire, shall thy right have a place.

Ari. Hell and Furies —— [*Exit.*

King. Thy crimes deserve no less; yet 'cause thou went
Heavens instrument to save my Life,
Thou only hast that time of banishment, (*Kings Hand.*
I have of penitence.—*Comes down Zariff, offers to kiss the*
Iol. May it be Plague and Famine here till I return.
No: Thou shalt not forgive me.

King. Aglaura, thus I freely part with thee,
And part with all fond flames and warm desires;
I cannot fear new Agues in my Blood,
Since I have overcome the charmes
Thy Beauty had, no other ever can
Have so much power, *Therſames*, thou look'st pale,
'T want of rest.

Ther. No Sir; but that's a story for your Ear [*They whisper.*

Orſ. A ſtrange and happy change.
Ori. All joyes wait on you ever.
Agl. Orithie.
How for thy ſake now could *I* wiſh
Love were no Mathematick point,
But would admit diviſion, that *Therſames* might,
Though at my charge, pay thee the Debt he owes thee.
Ori. Madam, *I* Lov'd the Prince, not my ſelf,
Since his Virtues have their full rewards,
I have my full deſires,
King. What miracles of preſervation have we had?
How wiſely have the Stars prepared you for felicity;
Nothing endears a good, more than the contemplation
Of the difficulty we had to attain to it:
But ſee, Nights Empire's out,
And a more glorious auſpitiouſly does begin;
Let us go ſerve the Gods, and then prepare
For jollity, this Day *I*'ll borrow from my vowes,
Nor ſhall it have a common celebration;
Sinc't muſt be,
A high record to all poſterity——— *Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

PLays are lik Feaſts, and every Act ſhould be
Another Courſe, and ſtill variety:
But in good Faith proviſion of Wit
Is grown of late ſo difficult to get,
That do we what we can, we are not able,
Without cold Meats to furniſh out the Table.
Who knows but it was needleſs too? may be
'Twas here, as in the Coach-mans trade; and he
That turns in the leaſt compaſs, ſhews moſt art:
How e're, the Poet hopes (Sir) for his part,
You'll like not thoſe ſo much, who ſhew their skill
n entertainment, as who ſhew their will.
I

FINIS.

THE GOBLINS. A COMEDY.

PRESENTED

At the Private Houſe

IN

Black-Fryars,

By His Majeſties Servants.

Written by Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1694.

THE

GOBLINS.

A

COMEDY.

PRESENTED

At the Private House

IN

Black-Fryars.

By His Majesties Servants.

PROLOGUE.

WIT in a Prologue, Poets justly may
Stile a new Imposition on a Play.
When Shakespear, Beaumont, Fletcher *rul'd the Stage,*
There scarce were ten good Pallats in the Age,
More Curious Cooks than Guests; for Men would eat
Most heartily of any kind of meat;
And then what strange variety! each Play,
A Feast for Epicures, and that each day.
But mark how odly it is come about,
And how unluckily it now fals out:
The Pallats are grown higher, number increas't,
And there wants that which should make up the Feast;
And yet y'are so unconscionable, You'd have
Forsooth of late, that which they never gave,
Banquets before, and after.———
Now Pox on him that first good Prologue writ,
He left a kind of rent-charge upon Wit;
Which if succeeding Poets fail to pay,
They forfeit all their worth, und that's their Play:
Y'ave Ladies humours, and y'are grown to that,
You will not like the Man 'less that his Boots and Hat
Be right; no Play, unless the Prologue be,
And Epilogue writ to curiosity.
Well (Gentiles) 'tis the Grievance of the place,
And pray consider't, for here's just the case;
The richness of the Ground is gone and spent,
Mens Brains grow barren and you raise the Rent.

The

The Goblins.

The Scene. FRANCELIA.

The Actors.

Prince *in love with* Sabrina.
Orsabrin, *Brother to the Prince, yet unknown.*
Samorat, *belov'd of* Sabrina.
Philatell, } *Brothers to* Sabrina.
Torcular, }
Nassurat, } *Cavaliers, friends to* Samorat.
Pellegrin, }
Tamoren, *King of the Thieves, disguised in Devils habit.*
Peridor, *ambitious of* Reginella, *disguised in Devils habit.*
Stramodor, *a Courtier, Servant to the Prince.*
Ardellan, } *Formerly Servants to* Orsabrin's *Father.*
Piramont, }
Phontrell, *Servant to* Philatell.
Sabrina, *belov'd by* Samorat.
Reginella, *in love with* Orsabrin.
Phemilia Sabrina's *Maid.*
Captain and Soldiers.
Two Judges.
Two Lawyers.
Two Sergeants.
Goaler.
Constable.
Taylor.
Two Drawers.
Fidlers.
Clowns and Wenches.
Thieves disguised in Devils habits, living under ground by the Woods.
Guard. *Attendants.*

FRAN-

FRANCELIA.

Act I. Scene I.

Enter as to a Duel; Samorat, Philatell, Torcular.

Samorat. BUT my Lords,
May not this harsh business
Yet be left undone!
Must you hate me because I love your Sister;
And can you hate at no less rate than Death?
Phil. No, at no less:
Thou art the blaster of our Fortunes,
The envious Cloud that darkenest all our Day.
While she thus prodigally, and fondly
Throws away her love on thee;
She has not wherewithall to pay a debt
Unto the Prince.
Sam. Is this all?
Tor. Faith, what if in short we do not think
You worthy of her?
Sam. I swear that shall not make a Quarrel.
I think so too;
'Have urg'd it often to my self;
Against my self have sworn't as oft to her,
Pray let this satisfie.———
Phil. Sure, *Torcular*, he thinks we come to talk.
Look you Sir;——— [*Draws*
And Brother, since his Friend has fail'd him,
Do you retire.

Tor. Excuſe me, *Philatell*,
I have an equal intereſt in this,
And Fortune ſhall decide it.——
Phil. It will not need, he's come.——
Enter Orſabrin.
Orſ. *Mercury* Protect me! what are theſe?
The Brothers of the High-way!
Phil. A Stranger by his Habit.——
Tor. And by his looks a Gentleman.
Sir,——will you make one?
We want a fourth.——
Orſ. I ſhall be rob'd with a trick now!
Sam. My Lords excuſe me;
This is not civil.
In what concerns my ſelf,
None but my ſelf muſt ſuffer.——
Orſ. A Duel by this light,——
Now has his modeſty,
And t'others forwardneſs warm'd me—[*Goes toward them.*
Gentlemen, I wear a Sword,
And commonly in readineſs.
If you want one, ſpeak Sir.——[*Speaks to* Samorat.
I do not fear much ſuffering.
Sam. Y'are noble, Sir,
I know not how t'invite you to it;
Yet there is Juſtice on my ſide,
And ſince you pleaſe to be a witneſs
To our actions, 'tis fit you know our Story.——
Orſ. No Story, Sir, I beſeech you,——
The cauſe is good enough as 'tis,
It may be ſpoil'd i'th telling.
Phil. Come, we trifle then.——
Sam. It is impoſſible to preſerve I ſee
My Honour and reſpect to her.
And ſince you know this too my Lord,
It is not handſome in you thus to preſs me.
But come.—— *Tor-*

Torcular *beckens to* Orſabrin.——
Orſ. Oh! I underſtand yon Sir. [*Exeunt.*
Philatell *and* Samorat *fight.*
Phil. In poſture ſtill!—— [Samorat *receives*
Oh, Y'are Mortal than it ſeems.—— *a ſleight wound.*
Sam. Thou haſt undone thy ſelf raſh Man;
For with this bloud thou haſt let out a Spirit
Will vex thee to thy Grave.——
Fight again, Samorat *takes away* Philatell's *Sword and takes breath, then gives it him.*
Sam. I'm cool again,
Here my Lord.——
And let this Preſent bind your Friendſhip.——
Phil. Yes thus.—— [*Runs at him.*
Sam. Treacherous and low.——
Enter Orſabrin.
Orſ. I have dril'd my Gentleman,
I have made as many Holes in him
As would ſink a Ship Royal
In ſight of the Haven.——
How now?—— [Samorat *upon his Knee*
S'foot yonders another going that way too.——
Now have I forgot of which ſide I'm on.
No matter.
I'll help the weakeſt;
There's ſome Juſtice in that.
Phil. The Villain ſure has ſlain my Brother.
If *I* have any Friends above,
Guide now my Hand unto his Heart.—[Orſabrin *puts it*
Sam. Hold noble Youth; *by, runs at him,*
Deſtroy me not with kindneſs: Sam. *ſteps in.*
Men will ſay he could have kill'd me,
And that injuſtice ſhould not be;
For Honours ſake leave us together.——
Orſ. 'Tis not my buſineſs fighting—— [*puts up.*
Th'employment yours Sir;

If

If you need me,
I am within your call.

Sam. The Gods reward thee:
Now *Philatell* thy worſt.——

[*They fight again and cloſe,* Sam. *forces his Sword.*

Enter Orſabrin.

Orſ. Hell and the Furies are broke looſe upon us,
Shift for your ſelf Sir.——

[*Flys into the Woods ſeveral ways, purſued by Thieves in Devils Habits.*

Enter Torcular, *weak with bleeding.*

Tor. It will not be,——
My body is a Jade:
I feel it tire and languiſh under me.
Thoſe thoughts came to my Soul
Like Screech-Owls to a ſick Mans Window.——

Enter Thieves back again.

Thie. Here——here——

[*They bind him, and carry him away.*

Tor. Oh! *I* am fetcht away alive.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Orſabrin.

Orſ. Now the good Gods preſerve my Senſes right,
For they were never in more danger:
'Ith name of doubt, what could this be?
Sure 'twas a Conjurer *I* dealt withall:
And while *I* thought him buſie at his Prayers,
'Twas at his Circle, levying this Regiment.
Here they are again.——

Enter Samorat.

Sam. Friend——Stranger——Noble Youth——

Orſ. Here—here——

Sam. Shift, ſhift the place,
The Wood is dangerous:
As you love ſafety,
Follow me.——

[*Exeunt*

Enter

Enter Philatell.

Phi. Th'have left the place,
And yet I cannot find the Body any where ——
May be he did not kill him then,
But he recover'd ſtrength,
And reach the Town ——
——It may be not too. ——
Oh that this hour could be call'd back again.
——But 'tis too late,
And time muſt cure the wound that's given by fate.--*Exit.*

Enter Samoratt, Orſabrin,

Orſ. I'th the ſhape of Lions too ſometimes,
And Bears?

Sam. Often Sir. ——

Orſ. Pray uriddle. ——

Sam. The wiſer ſort do think them thieves,
Which but aſſume theſe formes to rob
More powerfully.—

Or: Why does not then the ſtate
Set out ſome Forces and ſuppreſs them?

Sam. It often has, Sir, but without ſucceſs. ——

Or. How ſo? ——

Sam. During the time theſe leavies ore abroad,
Not one of them appears.
There have been
That have attempted under ground
But of thoſe, as of the dead
There has been no return ——

Or. Strange,

Sam. The common people think them a race
Of honeſt and familiar Devils,
For they do hurt to none,
Unleſs reſiſted;
They ſeldom take away, but with exchange;
And to the poor they often give,
Return the hurt and ſick recover'd

Reward

Reward, or punishment as they do find cause——
Or. How cause?——
Sam. Why Sir, they blind still those they take,
And make them tell the Stories of their lives;
Which known, they do accordingly.——
Or. You make me wonder! Sir,——
How long is't since they thus have troubled you?
Sam. It was immediately upon
The great deciding day,
Fought 'twixt the two pretending families,
The *Tamorens*, and the *Orsabrins*.
Orf. Ha! *Orsabrin*?
Sam. But Sir, that storie's sad, and tedious,
W'are entring now the Town,
A place less safe than were the woods,
Since *Torcular* is slain——
Orf. How Sir?
Sam. Yes.——
He was the Brother to the Princes Mistress,
The lov'd one too.
If we do prize our selves at any rate,
We must embarque, and change the clime,
There is no safety here.——
Or. Hum.——
Sam. The little stay we make
Must be in some dark corner of the town:
From whence the day hurried to th'other world,
Wee'l sally out to order for our journey.
That I am forc't to this, it grieves me not;
But (gentle youth) that you should for my sake.——
Or. Sir lose not a thought on that,
A storm at Sea threw me on Land,
And now a storm on Land drives me;
To Sea again.——
Sam. Still noble.—— *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Nassurat, Pellagrin.

Na. Why? suppose 'tis a Wench,
You would not go without me, would you?
Pella. To chuse,——— to chuse,———
Na. Then there's no remedy.——— *Flings down his hat,*
Pel. What dost mean?——— *(unbuttons himself,*
Na. Why since I cannot leave you alive, *(draws.*
I will try to leave you Dead.
Pel. I thank you kindly Sir, very kindly.
Now the Sedgly curse upon thee
And the great Friend, ride through thee
Booted and Spur'd with a Sith on his Neck;
Pox on thee il'e see thee hang'd first;
S'foot you shall make none of your fine
Points of honour up at my charge:
Take your course if you be so hot,
Be doing,—— be doing,———————*Ex.*
Na. I am got free of him at last:
There was no other way;
H'as been as troublesome as a Woman that
Would be lov'd whether a Man would or not:
And has watch'd me as if he had been
My Creditors Sergeant, if they should have dispatcht
In the mean time there would be fine
Opinions of me.———I must cut his throat
In earnest if it should be so.———————*Ex.*

Enter Peridor, Tamoren *with other* Theeves,

A horn Sounds.

Thee. A prize,——A prize,——A prize——.
Per. Some duell (Sir) was fought this morning, this
Weakned with loss of Blood, we took, the rest
Escap't.———
Tam. Hee's fitter for our Surgeon, than for us,
Hereafter we'l examine him———

Again a shout.

Thee. A prize,——A prize,——A prize——.

(they

(they set them down) *Ardelan*, *Piramont*.

Tam. Bring them, bring them, bring them in,
See if they have mortal Sin,
Pinch them as you dance about,
Pinch them till the truth come out———

Per. What art?

Ar. Extreamly poor and miserable.

Per. Tis well, tis well, proceed,
No body will take that away from thee,
Fear not,———what Country;———

Ar.———*Francelia*———

Per. thy name?———

Ar. *Ardelan.*———

Per. And thine.———

Pira. *Piramont*———

Per. Thy story,———

Ar. What story!———

Per. Thy life, thy life.———(*Pinch him*)

Ar. Hold, hold———
You shall have it;———(*He sighs*)
It was not upon the great defeat
Given by the *Samorats* unto the *Orsabrins*,
That the old Prince for safety of the Young,
Committed him unto the trust of *Garradan*,
And some few Servants more,
Mongst whom *I* fill'd a place.———

Tam. Ha! *Garradan*!

Ar. Yes.

Tam. Speak out, and set me nearer.
So void the place, proceed.———

Ar. We put to Sea but had scarce lost the sight
Of Land, ere we were made a prey
To pirates there *Garradan*
Resisting the first board changed Life with Death;
With him the servants too,———
All but my self and *Piramont*,

Under

under these Pirates ever since
Was *Orsabrin* brought up,
And into several Countries did they carry him.
Tim. Knew *Orsabrin* himself?——
Ar. Oh! No, his spirit was too great;
We durst not tell him any thing,
But waited for some accident
Might throw us on *Francelia*,
'Bout which we hover'd often,
And were near it now,
But Heaven decreed it otherwise:—— —— (*he sighs*)
Tam. Why dost thou sigh?——
Ar. Why do I sigh (indeed,)
For tears cannot recal him;
Last night about the second watch, the
Winds broke loose,
And vext our Ships so long,
That it began to reel and totter,
And like a drunken Man,
Took in so fast his Liquor,
That it sunk down i'th place.——
Tam. How did you scape?——
Ar. I bound my self unto a mast
And did advise my Master to do so,
For which he struck me only,
And said I did consult too much with fear.——
Tam. 'Tis a sad story.—— —— —— (*within there.*)
Let them have wind and
Fire,—— But heark you,—— —— (*whispers*)

Enter Theeves.
With a Poet.

The. A prize,—— A prize,—— A prize.——
Per. Set him down,——
Poet. ——Sings.——
——And for the blew,——
Give him a cup of Sack 'twill mend his hew.——

Per.

Per. Drunk as *I* live. ——— (*pinch him, pinch him.*)
What art?
Poet. *I* am a Poet,
A poor dabler in Rime.
Per. Come confess, confess;
Poet. *I* do confess I do want money,
Per. By the discription he's a Poet indeed.
Well proceed. ——— (*pinch him.*)
Poet. What do you mean?
Pox on you.
Prethee let me alone,
Some Candles here, ———
And fill us t'other Quart, and fill us
Rogue, Drawer, t'other Quart;
Some small beer. ———
And for the blew,
Give him a Cup of Sack 'twill mend his hew. ———
Tam. Set him by till he's sober.
Come let's go see our dueliſt
Dreſt. ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Taylor *two* Sergeants.

Tay. Hee's somthing tall, and for his Chin,
It has no bush below:
Marry a little wool, as much as an unripe
Peace doth wear I
Just enough to speak him drawing towards a man. ———
Ser. Is he of fury?
Will he foin,
And give the mortal touch?
Tay. Oh no,
He seldom wears his Sword.
Ser. Topo is the word if he do;
Thy debt my little *Mirmidon?*
Tay. A yard and a half I assure you without abatement.
Ser. 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well:
Is he retir'd into this house of Pleasure?

Tay.

Tap. One of these he's entred;
'Tis but a little waiting,
You shall find me at the next Tavern——— [*Exit.*
Ser. Stand close, I hear one coming.

Enter Orsabrin.

Or. This House is sure no Seminary for *Lucreces*;
Then the Matron was so over diligent
And when I ask't for Meat or Drink,
She look't as if I had mistook my self,
And call'd for a wrong thing.
Well, 'tis but for a Night, and part of it I'll spend
In seeing of this Town,
So famous in our tales at Sea.———
Ser. Look, look, mufled and as melancholy after't
As a Gamester upon loss; upon him, upon him.
Or. How now my Friends,
Why do you use me thus?
Ser. Quietly; 'twill be your best way.
Or. Best way? for what?
Ser. Why, 'tis your best way,
Because there will be no other,
Topo is the word,
And you must along.——
Or. Is that the word?
Why then this is my Sword.—— (*Run away*
Ser. Murder, murder, murder;
H'as kill'd the Princ's Officer,
Murder—— Murder—— Murder——
Or. I must not stay,
I hear them swarm———— (*Exit.*

Enter Constable, People.

Con. Where is he, where is he?
Ser. Here,—— here,—— Oh a Man-mender,
A Man-mender,
H'as broacht me into so many places;
All the Liquor in my Body will run out.

Con. In good ſooth (neighbour) has tapt you at the
Wrong end too;
He has been buſie with you here behind,
As one would ſay; lend a Hand ſome of you,
And the reſt follow me.—— (*Exeunt.*

Enter Orſabrin.

Or. Still purſu'd!
which way now?
I ſee no paſſage;
I muſt attempt this Wall,——————
Oh! a lucky Door,
And open.—————— [*Exit.*

Enter again.

Where am I now?
A Garden, and a handſome Houſe,
If't be thy will a Porch too't,
And I'm made;
'Twill be the better lodging of the two. [*Goes to the Porch.*

Enter Maid.

Phemilia. Oh! welcome, welcome Sir.
My Lady hath been in ſuch frights for you.
Or. Hum! for me!
Phe. And thought you would not come to night?
Or. Troth, I might very well have fail'd her:
Phe. She's in the Gallery alone in the Dark.
Or. Good, very good.
Phe. And is ſo Melancholy,——————
Or. Hum.
Phe. Have you ſhut the Garden Doors?
Come I'll bring you to her, enter, enter.——
Or. Yes, I will enter:
He who has loſt himſelf makes no great venter. — *Exit.*

Act II.

Enter Sabrina, Orſabrin.

Sab. OH welcome, welcome, as open Air to Priſoners,
I have had ſuch fears for you.
Or. She's warm, and ſoft as Lovers language:
She ſpoke too prettily;
Now have I forgot all the danger I was in.——
Sab. What have you done to Day (my better part)
Or. Kind little Rogue!
I could ſay the fineſt things to her methinks
But then ſhe would diſcover me,
The beſt way will be to fall too quietly.—— (*Kiſſes her.*
Sab. How now my *Samorat.*
What ſaucy heat hath ſtolen into thy Blood,
And heightned thee to this?——
I fear you are not well.——
Or. S'foot! 'tis a *Platonick:*
Now cannot *I* ſo much as talk that way neither,
Sab. Why are you ſilent, Sir?
Come *I* know you have been in the Field to Day.
Or. How does ſhe know that?——
Sab. If you have kill'd my Brother, ſpeak;
It is no new thing that true Love
Should be unfortunate:
Or. 'Twas her Brother *I* kill'd then,
Would *I* were with my Devils again:
I got well of them,
That will be here impoſſible.——

Enter Phemillia.

Phe. Oh! Madam, Madam,——

Y'are undone;
The Garden Walls are scal'd,
A shoud of People are entring the House.
Or. Good—why here's variety of ruine yet.——
Sab. Tis so,
The Feet of Justice
Like to those of time,
Move quick,
And will destroy I fear as sure:
Oh Sir, what will you do?
There is no ventring forth,
My Closet is the safest,
Enter there,
While *I* go down and meet their fury,
Hinder the search if possible —— —— [*Exit.*
Or. Her Closet,
Yea, where's that?
And, if I could find it,
What should I do there;
She will return,——
I will venture out.—— —— [*Exit.*

Enter the Prince, Philatell, Phontrell, Company, Musick.

Phi. The lightest Airs; 'twill make them
More secure.——
Upon my Life hee'll visit her to Night.— [*Musik playes,*
Prin. Nor she, nor any lesser light *and Sings.*
Appears,——
The calm and silence about the place,
Perswades me she does sleep.
Phi. It may be not; but hold,
It is enough,——let us retire.
Behind this Pillar, *Phontrell*, is thy place,
As thou didst Love thy Master shew thy care;
You to the other Gate,
There's thy Ladder. —— —— [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sabrina.

Sab. Come forth my *Samorat*, come forth,
Our fears were false,
It was the Prince with Musick.
Samorat, *Samorat*,
He sleeps,——————*Samorat*
Or else he's gone to find me out
I'th Gallery, *Samorat*, *Samorat*; it must be so—— [*Exit.*

Enter Orsabrin.

Orf. This House is full of Thresholds,
And trap-doors,
I have been in the Celler,
Where the Maids lie too,
I laid my hand groping for my way
Upon one of them,
And she began to squeak;
Would I were at Sea again i'th Storm.
Oh! a Door:
Though the Devil were the Porter,
And kept the Gate, I'de out.——

Enter Samorat.

Or. Ha! guarded? taken in a trap?
Nay, I will out,
And there's no other
But this——— [*Retires and draws, runs at him; Another pass, they close.*
Sam. Philatell in Ambush on my life

Enter Sabrina, *and* Phemillia *with a Light.*

Sab. Where should he be?
Ha!——
Good Heavens what spectacle is this? my *Samorat*!
Some apparition sure——— [*They discover one another by the Light, throw away their Weapons, and embrace.*
Sam. My noble Friend!
What angry and malicious Planet
Govern'd at this point of time?
Sab. (*My* wonder does grow higher)

Or. That which governs ever:
I seldome knew it better.
Sam. It does amaze me Sir, to find you here
How entred you this place?
Or. Forc't by unruly Men i'th street.
Sab. Now the mistake is plain.
Or. Are you hurt?
Sam. No——but you Bleed?
Or. I do indeed.
But 'Tis not here,
This is a scratch,
It is within, to see this beauty;
For by all circumstance, it was her Brother
Whom my unlucky Sword found out to day.
Sab. Oh! my too cruel fancy. —— (*Weeps.*
Sam. It was indeed thy Sword, but not thy fault;
I am the cause of all these ills,
Why d'you weep *Sabrina*? ——
Sab. Unkind unto thy self, and me,
The Tempest, this sad News has rais'd within me,
I would have laid with Tears,
But thou disturb'st me,
Oh! *Samorat*,
Had'st thou consulted but with Love as much
As Honour, this had never been.
Sam. I have no Love for thee that has not had
So strict an union with Honour still,
That in all things they were concern'd alike,
And if there could be a division made
It would be found.
Honour had here the leaner share:
'Twas Love that told me 'twas unfit
That you should Love a Coward.
Sab. These handsome words are now
As if one bound up Wounds with Silk,
Or with fine Knots,
Which do not help the cure.

Or make it heal the sooner:
Oh! *Samorat* this accident,
Lies on our Love,
Like to some foul Disease,
Which though it kill it not,
Yet will't destroy the Beauty;
Disfigur't so,
That 'twill look ugly to the World hereafter.—
Sam. Must then the Acts of Fate be crimes of men
And shall a Death he pull'd upon himself,
Be laid on others?
Remember Sweet, how often
You have said it in the Face of Heaven,
That 'twas no Love,
Which length of time, or cruelty of chance,
Could lessen or remove.
Oh kill me not that way *Sabrina*,
This is the nobler;
Take it and give it entrance any where [*Kneels and presents his Sword.*
But here,
For you so fill that place,
That you must wound your self.——
Or. Am I so slight a thing?
So Bankrupt?
So answerable in this World?
That being principally i'th Debt,
Another must be call'd upon,
And I not once look'd after?
Madam, why d'you throw away your Tears
On one that's irrecoverable?
Sab. Why? Therefore, Sir,—
Because he's irrecoverable.
Or. But why on him?
He did not make him so.
Sab. I do confess my anger is unjust,
But not my sorrow, Sir,

Forgive these Tears my *Samorat*,
The debts of Nature must be paid,
Though from the stock of Love:
Should they not, Sir?

Sam. Yes.——

But thus the precious Minutes pass,
And Time, e'er *I* have breath'd the sighs
Due to our parting,
Will be calling for me.

Sab. Parting!——

Sam. Oh! Yes, *Sabrina*, I must part;
As Day does from the World;
Not to return till Night be gone,
Till this dark Cloud be over;
Here to be found,
Were foolishly to make a present
Of my Life unto mine Enemy,
Retire into thy Chamber fair,
There thou shalt know all.——

Sab. I know too much already—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Phontrell.

Hold Rope for me, and then hold Rope for him.
Why, this is the wisdom of the Law now,
A Prince loses a Subject, and does not
Think himself paid for the loss,
Till he loses another:
Well! I will do my endeavour
To make him a saver;
For this was *Samorat*.—— [*Exit.*

Enter Samorat, Orfabrin *bleeding*.

Orf. Let it bleed on,——you shall not stir I swear.——

Sam. Now by the Friendship that I owe thee,

And

And the Gods beſide, I will
Noble Youth; were there no danger in thy wound,
Yet would the loſs of Bloud make thee
Unfit for Travel:
My Servants wait me for direction,
With them my Surgeon, I'll bring him inſtantly,
Pray go back.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philatell, *Guard. Places them at the Door.*

Phil. There—— —
You to the other Gate,
The reſt follow me.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orſabrin, Sabrina.

Sab. Heark, a noiſe, Sir.
This tread's too loud to be my Sisters.

Enter the Searchers to them.

Searchers. Which way?— which way?——
Sab. Some Villany in hand.
Step in here Sir, quick, quick.—— [*Locks him in her Cloſet.*

Enter Philatell, *Guard, and paſs over the Stage.*

Phi. Look every where.—— [Philatell *dragging*
Protect thy Brothers Murderer! *out his Siſter.*
Tell me where thou haſt hid him,
Or by my Fathers Aſhes I will ſearch
In every Vein thou haſt about thee, for him.——

Enter Orſabrin. [Orſabrin *bounces thrice*
Orſ. Ere ſuch a Villany ſhould be *at the Door, it*
The Gods would lend unto a ſingle Arm *flies open.*
Such ſtrength, it ſhould have power to puniſh
An Army ſuch as thou art.——
Phil. Oh! Are you here Sir?——

Or.

Orſ. Yes, *I* am here, Sir.—— [*Fight.*
Phil. Kill her.—— [*She interpoſes.*
Orſ. Oh! Save thy ſelf fair Excellence,
And leave me to my Fate.
Baſe.—[*The Guard comes behind him, catches hold of his Arms.*
Phil. So bring him one,
The other is not far. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sabrina, Phemillia.

Sab. Run, run, *Phemillia*
To the Garden Walls,
And meet my *Samorat*,
Tell him, Oh tell him any thing,
Charge him by all our Loves
He inſtantly take Horſe,
And put to Sea,
There is more ſafety in a Storm,
Than where my Brother is. [*Exeunt.*

Act III.

Enter Peridor *and the other Thieves.*
Stramador *led in. They dance about him and Sing.*

Thie. A Prize —— A prize,—— A prize——
Per. Bring him forth, bring him forth;

Welcome, welcome Mortal Wight,
To the Manſion of the Night:
Good or bad, thy Life diſcover,
Truly all thy Deeds declare;
For about thee Spirits hover
That can tell, tell what they are.
——Pinch him, if he ſpeaks not true,
——Pinch him, pinch him black and blue.

Per.

Per. What art thou?
Stra. I was a Man.
Per. Of whence?——
Stra. The Court.——
Per. Whether now bound?
Str. To my own Houſe.
Per Thy Name?
Str. Stramador.
Per. Oh! You fill a place about his Grace,
And keep out Men of Parts, d'you not?
Str. Yes.——
Per. A fooliſh Utenſil of State,
Which like old Plate upon a Gaudy day,
'Sbrought forth to make a ſhow, and that is all;
For of no uſe y'are; y'had beſt deny this.
Str. Oh no!
Per. Or that you want Wit,
And then talk loud to make that paſs for it;
You think there is no Wiſdom but in form;
Nor any knowledge like to that of whiſpers.
Str. Right, right.
Per. Then you can hate, and fawn upon a Man
At the ſame time,
And dare not urge the Vices of another,
You are ſo foul your ſelf;
So the Prince ſeldom hears truth.
Str. Oh! very ſeldom.
Per. And did you never give his Grace odd Counſels?
And when you ſaw they did not proſper,
Perſuade him take them on himſelf.——
Str. Yes, yes, often.——
Per. Get Baths of Sulphur quick,
And flaming Oyls,
This Crime is new, and will deſerve it.
He has inverted all the rule of State,
Confounded Policy;

There

There is ſame reaſon why a Subject
Should ſuffer for the errors of his Prince;
But why a Prince ſhould bear
The faults of 's Miniſters, none, none at
All.——— Cauldrons of Brimſtone there.
Thie. Great Judge of this Infernal Place
Allow him yet the Mercy of the Court.
Str. Kind Devil.———
Per. Let him be boil'd in ſcalding Lead a while,
T'enure, and prepare him for the other.
Str. Oh! Hear me, hear me.
Per. Stay!
Now I have better thought upon't,
He ſhall to Earth again:
For Villany is catching, and will ſpread:
He will enlarge our Empire much,
Then w'are ſure of him at any time.
So 'tis enough——where's our Governor?——[*Exeunt.*

Enter Goalor, Samorat, Naſſurat.
Pellegrin, *and three others, in diſguiſe.*

Go. His Hair curls naturally,
A handſom Youth.———
Sam. The ſame,——— [*Drinks to him.*
Is there no ſpeaking with him?
He owes me a trifling Sum.———
Go. Sure, Sir, the Debt is ſomething deſperate,
There is no hopes he will be brought
To clear with the World,
He ſtruck me but for perſuading him
To make even with Heaven,
He is as ſurly as an old Lion,
And as ſullen as a Bulfinch,
He never eat ſince he was taken——— Gentlemen
Sam. I muſt needs ſpeak with him,
Heark in thy Ear,———

Goa.

Goa. Not for all the World.
Sam. Nay, I do but motion such a thing,
Goa. Is this the business, Gentlemen?
Fare you well———
[*Run after him, draw their Daggers, and set it to his Breast.*
Sam. There is no choice of ways then——
Stir not, if thou but think'st a Noise,
Or breath'st aloud, thou breathst thy last.
So bind him now.——— [*They bind the Goaler.*
Undo, quickly, quickly,
His Jerkin, his Hat.
Na. What will you do?
None of these Beards will serve,
There's not an Eye of white in them.
Pell. Pull out the Silver'd ones in his
And stick them in the other.
Na. Cut them, cut them out——[*They put a false Beard*
The Bush will suite well enough *on the Goaler.*
With a grace still.
Sam. Desperate Wounds must have desperate
Cures, extremes must thus be serv'd,——
You know your parts [*Exit.*
Na. Fear not, let us alone.———
They Sing a Catch.
Some Drink,——what Boy —— some Drink———

Fill it up, fill it up to the brink,
When the Pots cry clink,
And the Pockets chink,
Then 'tis a merry World.
To the best, to the best, have at her,
And a Pox take the Woman-hater:——
The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman,
Mahu, Mahu *is his Name.*

How

How d'you Sir?
You gape as if you were ſleepy,
Good faith he looks like an——— *O yes.*
Pell. Or as if he had overſtrain'd himſelf
At a deep Note in a Ballad.———
Na. What think you of an Oyſter at a low Ebb?
Some Liquor for him;
You will not be a Pimp for Life you Rogue,
Nor hold a Door to ſave a Gentleman;
You are——Pox on him, what is he, *Pellagrin?*
If you love me, let's ſtifle him,
And ſay 'twas a ſudden Judgment upon him
For ſwearing; the poſture will confirm it.
Pell. We're in an excellent humour,
Let's have another Bottle,
And give out that *Ann* my Wife is Dead,
Shall I Gentlemen?
Na. Rare Rogue in Buckram, let me bite thee,
Before me thou ſhalt go out Wit,
And upon as good Terms
As ſome of thoſe in the Ballad too.———
Pell. Shall I ſo?——Why then ſoutree for the Guiſe,
Saines ſhall accrue, and ours ſhall be,
The Black-Ey'd Beauties of the time.
I'll tickle you for old ends of Plays.——

They Sing.

A Round,——*A Round,*——*A Round,*———
A Round,——*A Round,*——*A Round,*———
Some bodies at the Door, [*Knocking at the Door.*
Prithee, prithee, Sirra, Sirra,
Try thy skil.
Na. Who's there?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. One *Sturgelot* a Goaler here?———
Na. Such a one there was my Friend,
But he's gone above an Hour ago:

Now

Now did this Rogue whisper in his Heart
That's a Lie, —— and for that very reason
I'll cut his Throat. ——

Pell. No prithee now, —— for thinking?
Thou shalt not take the pains, the Law shall do't ——

Na. How? —— how? ——

Pell. Marry we'l write it over when we're gone,
He joyn'd in the Plot, and put himself
Into this Posture, meerly to disguise it to
The World. ——

Na. Excellent!
Here's to thee for that conceit.
We should have made rare Statesmen,
We are so witty in our Mischief.
Another Song, and so let's go,
It will be time.

They Sing.

A Health to the Nut-brown Lass,
With the Hazle Eyes let it pass.
She that hath good Eyes
Has good Thighs,
Let it pass, —— let it pass. ——
As much to the lively Gray,
'Tis as good i'th Night as Day,
She that has good Eyes,
Has good Thighs,
Drink away, —— drink away, ——
I pledge, I pledge, what ho! some Wine,
Here's to thine, and to thine,
The colours are Divine. —— ——
But oh the Black, the Black,
Give me as much again, and let't be Sack;
She that has good Eyes,
Has good Thighs,
And it may be a better Knack.

Enter

Enter a Drawer.

Na. A reckoning Boy. ——— [*They knock.*
There. ——— ——— *Pays him the*
Dost hear? *Reckoning.*
Here's a Friend of ours has forgotten himself
A little (as they call it) ———
The Wine has got into his Head,
As the frost into a hand, he is benumm'd,
And has no use of himself for the present.
Boy. Hum Sir. ——— [*Smiles.*
Na. Prithee lock the Door, and when he
Comes to himself,
Tell him he shall find us at the old place,
He knows where.
Boy. I will Sir. ——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orsabrin, *in Prison.*

Or. To die! I, what's that?
For yet I never thought on't seriously;
It may be 'tis. ——— hum. ———
It may be 'tis not too. ———
Enter Samorat, *as the Goaler, he undoes his Fetters:*
Ha! ——— ——— [*As amaz'd.*
What happy intercession wrought this change?
To whose kind Prayers owe I this my Friend?
Sam. Unto thy Virtue —— Noble Youth:
The Gods delight in that as well as Prayers.
I am ———
Or. Nay, nay, ———
Be what thou wilt,
I will not question it:
Undo, undo.
Sam. Thy Friend, *Samorat.*
Or. Ha!
Sam. Lay by thy wonder,
And put on these Cloaths,
In this disguise thou'lt pass unto the
Prison-Gates, there you shall find One

One that is taught to know you;
He will conduct you to the corner
Of the Wood, and there my Horſes wait us.
I'll throw this Goaler off in ſome odd place,
Or. My better Angel.——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Peridor *with the other Thieves.*

Per. It is e'en as hard a world for Thieves
As honeſt Men,———nothing to be got here.
No Prize ſtirring.———

1. *Thie.* None, but one with Horſes,
Who ſeem'd to ſtay for ſome
That were to come,
And that has made us wait thus long.

Per. A lean days work, but what remedy?
Lawyers that rob Men with their own conſent,
Have had the fame:
Come, call in our Perdues,
We will away.——— [*They whiſtle.*

Enter Orſabrin, *as ſeeking the Horſes.*

Orſ. I hear them now,
Yonder they are.

Per. Hallow! who are theſe?
Any of ours?

Thie. No, ſtand cloſe,
They ſhall be preſently.
Yield,—— yield.———

Or. Again betray'd! There is no end of my misfortune,
Miſchief vexes me
Like a Quotidian,
It intermits a little, and returns
E'er I have loſt the memory of
My former fit.———

Per. Sentences, Sentences,
Away with him,——Away with him.——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Goaler, Drawers, over the Stage.

Go. I am the Goaler, undone, undone,

Conſpiracy, a Cheat, my Priſoner, my Priſoner.—*Exeunt*

Enter Samorat.

Sam. No Men:——nor Horſes!
Some ſtrange miſtake,——
May be th'are ſheltred in the Wood.——

Enter Peridor *and other Thieves, examining the young Lord* Torcular *that was hurt.*

Perid. And if a Lady did but ſtep aſide,
To fetch a Maſque or ſo,
You follow'd after ſtill,
As if ſhe had gone proud?
Ha, is't not ſo?

Tor. Yes.——

Per. And if you were us'd but civilly in a place,
You gave out doubtful words upon't,
To make Men think you did enjoy.——

Tor. Oh! yes, yes.

Per. Made Love to every piece of cried-up Beauty.
And ſwore the ſame things over to them.

Tor. The very ſame.—

Per. Abominable.
Had he but ſworn new things yet, 'thad been
Tollerable.——

One of them reads the ſum of the Confeſſion.

Th. Let me ſee,—— let me ſee.
Hum.
Court Ladies Eight,
Of which two great ones.——
Country Ladies twelve.
Tearmers all.——

Per. Is this right?

Tor. Very right.

Per. Citizens Wives of ſeveral Trades,
He cannot count them.——
Chamber-Maids, and Country-Wenches,
About thirty.——

Of

Of which the greater part,
The Night before they were Married,
Or else upon the Day.
Per. A modeft reckoning, is this all?
Tor. No.——
I will be juft t'a ſcruple.
Per. Well ſaid,——well ſaid,——
Out with it.——
Tor. Put down two old Ladies more,
Per. I'th name of wonder,
How could he think of Old,
In ſuch variety of Young?
Tor. Alas! I could never be quiet for them.
Per. Poor Gentleman.
Well, what's to be done with him now?
Shall he be thrown into the Cauldron
With the Cuckolds,
Or with the Jealous?
That's the hotter place.
Per. Thou miſtakes't,
'Tis the ſame, they go together ſtill:
Jealous and Cuckolds differ no otherwiſe
Than Sheriff and Alderman;
A little time makes th'one th'other.
What think you of Gelding him,
And ſending him to Earth again,
Amongſt his Women?
'Twould be like throwing a dead Flie
Into an Ants Neſt.
There would be ſuch tearing, pulling,
And getting up upon him,
They would worry the poor thing to death——
1. *Th.* Excellent,
Or leave a ſtring, as they do ſometimes
In young Colts:
Deſire and Impotence,

Would be a rare punishment.
Fie, fie, the common disease of Age,
A very old Man has it.
Enter Tamerin *and more Thieves, leading* Orsabrin.
A prize,—a prize,—a prize,— [*Horns blow, Brass Pots beat on.*
Ors. This must be Hell by the noise.
Ta. Set him down, set him down;
Bring forth the newest Wrack,
And flaming Pinching Irons.
This is a stubborn piece of Flesh,
'Twould have broke loose.
Or. So, this comes of wishing my self
With Devils again.——
Per. What art?
Or. The slave of Chance,
One of Fortunes fools;
A thing she kept alive on Earth
To make her sport.
Per. Thy name?
Or. *Orsabrin.*
Per. Ha! he that liv'd with Pyrates?
Was lately in a storm?
Or. The very same.——
Ta. Such respect as you have paid to me— [*whispers with Peridor.*
Prepare to Revels, all that can be thought on,
But let each Man still keep his shape.—— *Exit.*
[*They unbind him, all bow to him.*
Musick, and a Dance.
Or. Ha!
Another false smile of Fortune?—— [*They bring out several suits of Clothes, and a Banquet.*
Is this the place the gowned Clerks
Do fright Men so on Earth with?
Would I had been here before.
Master Devil,
To whose use are these set out?
Per. To yours Sir.

Or.

Or. I'll make bold to change a little, — *Takes a Hat.*
Could you not afford a good plain Sword — *dresses himself.*
To all this Gallantry? ——
Per. We'll see Sir.
Or. A thousand times civiller than Men,
And better natur'd.
Enter Tamoren, Reginella.
Tam. All leave the Room. —
Per. I like not this. — *Exeunt.*
Tam. Cupid do thou the rest.
A blunter Arrow, and but slackly drawn,
Would perfect what's begun;
When young and handsome meet, ——
—— The work's half done.
Or. She cannot be less than a Goddess;
And't must be *Proserpine*:
I'll speak to her, though *Pluto*'s self stood by.
Thou beauteous Queen of this Dark World,
That mak'st a place so like a Hell,
So like a Heaven, instruct me
In what form I must approach thee,
And how adore thee.
Re. Tell me what thou art first: for such a Creature
Mine Eyes did never yet behold ——
Or. I am that which they name above a Man;
I'th' watry Elements I much have liv'd,
And there they term me *Orsabrin*.
Have you a Name too? ——
Re. Why do you ask?
Or. Because I'd call upon it in a storm,
And save a Ship from perishing sometimes.
Re. 'Tis *Reginella*.
Or. Are you a Woman too?
I never was in earnest until now.
Re. I know not what I am,
For like my self I never yet saw any.

Or. Nor ever ſhall.
Oh! how came you hither?
Sure you were betray'd.
Will you leave this place,
And live with ſuch as I am?
Ra. Why may not you live here with me?
Or. Yes.
But I'd carry thee where there is a glorious Light,
Where all above is ſpread a Canopy,
Studded with twinkling Gems,
Beauteous as Lovers Eyes;
And underneath Carpets of flowry Meads
To tread on.
A thouſand thouſand pleaſures
Which this place can ne'er afford thee.
Re. Indeed!
Or. Yes indeed.
I'll bring thee unto ſhady Walks,
And Groves ſring'd with Silver purling ſtreams,
Where thou ſhalt hear ſoft feathered Querifters
Sing ſweetly to thee of their own accord.
I'll fill thy Lap with early Flowers;
And whilſt thou bindſt them up myſterious ways,
I'll tell thee pretty Tales, and ſigh by thee:
Thus preſs thy Hand, and warm it thus with kiſſes.
Re. Will you indeed?

Tamoren *and* Peridor *above with others.*

Ta. Fond Girl:
Her raſhneſs ſullies the glory of her Beauty,
'Twill make the Conqueſt cheap,
And weaken my deſigns;
Go part them inſtantly,
And bind him as before;
Be you his Keeper *Peridor.*
Per. Yes, I will keep him.
Or. Her Eyes like Lightning ſhoot into my Heart,

They'l

They'l melt it into nothing, ere I can
Preſent it to her; Sweet Excellence.——
Enter Thieves and blind him.
Ha! why is this hateful Curtain drawn before my Eyes?
If *I* have ſinn'd, give me ſome other puniſhment;
Let me but look on her ſtill,
And double it, oh whither, whither do you hurry me?
Per. Madam, you muſt in.—— [*carry him away.*
Re. Ay me, what's this?——
Muſt!—— [*Exit.*
Enter other Devils.
1. *Th.* We have had ſuch ſport;
Yonder's the rareſt Poet without,
'Has made all his confeſſion in blank Verſe;
Not left a God, nor a Goddeſs in Heaven,
But fetch'd them all down for witneſſes;
'Has made ſuch a deſcription of Stix, and the Ferry,
And verily thinks has paſt them.
Enquires for the bleſt ſhades,
And asks much after certain Britiſh blades,
One *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher*:
And grew ſo peremptory at laſt,
He would be carried where they were.
2. *Th.* And what did you with him?
1. *Th.* Mounting him upon a Cowle-ſtaff,
Which (toſſing him ſomething high)
He apprehended to be *Pegaſus*.
So we have left him to tell ſtrange lies,
Which he'l turn into Verſe;
And ſome wiſe People hereafter into Religion.
Exeunt.

Act IV.

Enter Samorat, Nashorat, Pellagrin,

Na. GOod faith 'tis wondrous well,
We have e'en done like eager disputers;
And with much ado
Are got to be just where we were.
This is the corner of the Wood.
Sa. Ha! 'tis indeed. ——
Pell. Had we no walking Fire,
Nor sawcer-ey'd Devill of these Woods that led us?
Now am I as weary
As a Married Man after the first Week,
And have no more desire to move forwards,
Than a Post-horse that has past his Stage.
Na. 'Sfoot yonders the night too, stealing away
With her black Gown about her:
Like a kind Wench, that had staid out the
Last Minute with a Man.
Pell. What shall we do Gentlemen?
I apprehend falling into this Jaylors
Hands strangely; he'd use us worse than we did him.
Na. And that was ill enough of Conscience:
What think you of turning Beggars?
Many good Gentlemen have don't: or Theeves?
Pell. That's the same thing at Court:
Begging is but a kind of robbing the Exchequer
Na. Look four Fathom and a halfe *O O S*
In contemplation of his Mistress:
There's a Feast, you and I are out now *Pellagrin*,
'Tis a pretty trick, this enjoying in absence.

What

What a rare invention twould be,
If a Man could find out away to make it real.
Pell. Dost think there's nothing in't as 'tis
Na. Nothing, nothing,
Did'st never hear of a Dead *Alexander*,
Rais'd to talk with a Man
Loves a learned Conjurer,
And with the glass of Fancy will do as strange things?
You thrust out a hand,
Your Mistress thrusts out another;
You shake that hand, that shakes you again;
You put out a Lip, she puts out hers;
Talk to her, she shall answer you;
Marry, when you come to grasp all this, it is but Air,
Sam. It was unlucky,———
Gentlemen, the Day appears,
This is no place to stay in;
Let's to some neighbouring Cottage,
May be the Searchers will neglect
The nearer places,
And this will but advance unto our safety.

Enter Fidlers.

Na. Who are there?
Fid. 1. Now if the Spirit of melancholy should possess 'em
Fid. 2. Why if it should,
An honourable retreat.
N. I have the rarest fancie in my Head,—
Whether are you bound my Friends so early?
Fid. To a Wedding Sir?
Na. A Wedding?
I told you so,
Whose?
Fid. A Country wenches here hard by,
One *Erblins* Daughter.
Na. Good *Erblins*: the very place,
To see how things will fall out,

Hold

Hold, here's Money for you:
Hark you, you muſt aſſiſt me in a ſmall deſign.
Fid. Any thing.
Sam. What do'ſt mean?
Na. Let me alone,
I have a plot upon a Wench.———
Fid. Your worſhip is merry.
Na. Yes Faith, to ſee her only,
Look you, ſome of you ſhall go back to the Town
And leave us your Coats,
My friend and *I* am excellent at a little Inſtrument,
And then we ſing Catches rarely.
Pell. I underſtand thee not.
Na. Thou haſt no more forecaſt than a Squarrell,
And haſt leſs wiſe conſideration about thee.
Is there a way ſafer than this?
Doſt think what we have done
Will not be ſpread beyond this place with ev'ry light
Should we now enter any Houſe
Thus near the Town, and ſtay all Day,
'Twould be ſuſpitious: What pretence have we?
Pell. He ſpeaks Reaſon *Samorat.*
Sa. I do not like it.
Should any thing fall out 'twould not look well,
I'de not be found ſo much out of my ſelf,
So farr from home as this diſguiſe would make me
Almoſt for certainty of ſafety.
Na. Certainty? why, this will give it us,
Pray let me govern once.
Sa. VVell, you ſuffer'd firſt with me, now 'tis my turn.
Pell. Prethee name not ſuffering.
Na. Come, come, your Coats,
Our Beards will ſuit rarely to them:
There's more Money,
Not a word of any thing as you tender———
Fid. O Sir.

N. And see you carry't gravely too.——
Now afore me *Pellagrins* rarely translated.
'Sfoot they'll apprehend the head of the Base-Viol
As soon as thee, thou art so likely,
Only I must confess that has a little the better face.
Pell. Has it so?——
Pox on thee, thou look'st like I cannot tell what.
Na. Why, so I would Fool,
The end of my disguse is to have none
Know what I am:
Look, look, a Devill airing himself. [*Enter a Devill.*
I'le catch him like a Mole e're he can get under ground.
Pell, Nashorat, Nashorat.——
N. Pox on that noise, he's Earth.
Prethee let's watch him and see
Whether he'll heave again.
Tel. Art mad?——
N. By this light, three or four of their skins
And wee'd rob.
Twould be the better way.——
Come, come, let's us go—— (*Exeunt.*

Enter Captain and Soldiers.

Cap. Let the Horse skirt about this place,
We will make a search within—— (*Exeunt.*

Enter again.

Now disperse
In the hollow of the VVood,
VVe will meet again.

Enter Na. Pe. Sa. *Fidlers.*

Sol. VVho goes there?
Speak,——Oh! they are Fidlers——
Saw you no Men nor Horse
In the VVood to Day — as you came along?
(*Nashorat* pulls one of the Fidlers by the skirt.)
Na. Speak, speak Rogue.
Fid. None Sir.——

Sol.

Sol. Paſs on.——— (*Exeunt.*

Na. Gentlemen what ſay you to the invention now?
I'm a Rogue if *I* do not think
I was deſign'd for the Helm of State:
I am ſo full of nimble Stratagems,
That I ſhould have ordered affairs, and
Carried it againſt the ſtream of a Faction,
VVith as much eaſe as a Skippar
VVould laver againſt the VVind —— (*Exeunt.*

Enter Captain *and* Souldiers *meet again.*

Cap. VVhat, no newes of any?
Sol. No,———not a Man ſtirring.

Enter other Souldiers.

Sa how, away,———away!
Cap. VVhat, any diſcovery?
Sol. Yes, the Horſe has ſtaid three fellows,
Fidlers they call themſelves;
There's ſomething in't; they look ſuſpitiouſly;
One of them has offer'd at confeſſion once or twice,
Like a weak ſtomach at vomiting,
But twould not out.———
Ca. A little cold Iron thruſt down his throat
VVill fetch it up.———
I am excellent at Diſcovery.
And can draw a ſecret out of a Knave,
VVith as much dexterity as a Barber-Surgeon
VVood a hollow Tooth,
Let's joyn Forces with them.——— (*Exeunt.*

Orſabrin diſcovered in Priſon bound.

Or. Sure 'tis eternall Night with me;
VVould this were all too!———
For *I* begin to think the reſt is true
VVhich I have read in Books,
And that there's more to follow.———

Enter Reginella.

Re. Sure this is he.——— (*She unbinds him.*

Or.

Or. The pure and first created Light
Broke through the Chaos thus.
Keep off keep off, thou brighter Excellence,
Thou fair Divinity: If thou com'st near,
(So tempting is the shape thou now assum'st)
I shall grow sawcy in desire again,
And entertain bold hopes, which will but draw
More and fresh punishment upon me. ——

Re. I see y'are angry Sir:
But if you kill me too, I meant no ill;
That which brought me hither,
Was a desire I have to be with you,
Rather than those I live with: This is all
Believe it.

Or. With me? Oh thou kind Innocence!
Witness all that can punish falshood,
That I could live with thee,
Even in this dark and narrow Prison:
And think all hapiness confin'd within the walls
Oh, hadst thou but as much of Love as I!

Re. Of Love? what's that?

Or. Why 'tis a thing that's had before 'tis known;
A gentle flame that steals into a Heart,
And makes it like one object so, that it scarce cares
For any other delights, when that is present;
And is in pain when 'tis gone; thinks of that alone,
And quarrels with all other thoughts that would
Intrude, and so divert it. ——

Re. If this be Love, sure I have some of it,
It is no ill thing, Is it Sir?

Or. Oh most Divine;
The best of all the Gods strangely abound in it,
And Mortalls could not Live without it:
It is the Soul of Vertue, and the Life of Life.

Re. Sure I should learn it Sir, if you would teach it.

Or. Alas, thou taughtest it me;

It came with looking thus.——(*They gaze upon one another.*

Enter Peridor.

Per. I will no longer be conceal'd,
But tell her what I am,
Before this ſmooth fac'd Youth
Hath taken all the room up in her heart.
Ha! Unbound! And ſure her!
Hell and furys.
What ho!——within there.——*Enter other* Theeves.
Practiſe eſcapes?
Get me new Irons to load him unto death.

Or. I am ſo uſed to this,
It takes away the ſenſe of it:
I cannot think it ſtrange,

Re. Alas he never did intend to go.
Uſe him for my ſake kindly:
I was not wont to be deny'd.
Ah me! they are hard hearted all.
What ſhall I do? I'le to my Governour,
Hee'l not be thus cruel.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Samorat, Naſhorat, Pellagrin.

Naſ. 'Tis a rare Wench i'th blew ſtockings:
What a Complexion ſhe had when ſhe was warm——
'Tis a hard queſtion of theſe Country wenches,
Which are ſimpler, their beauties or themſelves.
There's as much difference betwixt
A Town-Lady, and one of theſe,
As there is betwixt a wild Pheaſant and a tame.

Pel. Right:——
There goes ſuch eſſenſing, waſhing, perfuming,
Dawbing to th'other, that they are the leaſt part
Of themſelves.
Indeed there's ſo much ſauce, a Man cannot taſt the meat.

Na. Let me kiſs thee for that;
By this light I hate a woman dreſt up to her height,
Worſe than *I* do Sugar with Muſcadine:

It

It leaves no room for me to imagine;
It could improve her if ſhe were mine:
It looks like a Jade with his tale tyed up with ribbons,
Going to a Fair to be ſold.

Pel. No no, thou haſt it out of another reaſon,

Naſ. Prethee what's that?

Pel. Why th'are ſo fine, th'are of no uſe that day.
Sirrah, didſt mark the Laſs'ith green upon yellow,
How ſhe bridled in her head,
And danc't a ſtroak in, and a ſtroak out,
Like a young Fillet ſtraining to a pace.

Pel. And how ſhe kiſt,
As if ſhe had been ſealing and delivering her ſelf up
To the uſe of him that came laſt,
Parted with her ſweet-hearts lips ſtill
As unwillingly, and untowardly,
As ſoft wax from a dry Seal.

Na. True; and when ſhe kiſſes a Gentleman,
She makes a Curteſy, as who ſhould ſay,
The favour was on his ſide.
What dull fools are we to beſiege a face
Three Months for that trifle?
Sometimes it holds out longer,——
And then this is the ſweeter fleſh too.——

Enter Fidlers.

Fid. You ſhall have horſes ready at the time,
And good ones too (if there be truth in drink)
And for your Letters, they are there by this—

Sa. An excellent Officer.——

Enter VVedding

Clown. Tut, tut, tut, *Dance in at that time.*

Enter Soldiers muſled up in their Cloaks.

That's a good one y'faith, not dance?
Come, come, ſtrike up.

Sa. Who are thoſe that eye us ſo ſeverely?
Belong they to the wedding?

Fid.

Fid. I know'm not. [*Offer their Women to them to*
Clo. Gentlemen wilt pleaſe you dance? ——— (*dance.*
Sol. No keep your women, we'l take out others here.
Samorat, if I miſtake not.
Sa. Ha! betraid? ——— ——— (*A Buſſle.*
Clo. How now! what's the matter? abuſe our Fidlers?
2. *Sol.* Theſe are no Fidlers, fools obey the Princes Offi-
Unleſs you deſire to go to Priſon too. (cers,
Sa. The thoughts of what muſt follow diſquiets not at all
But tamely thus to be ſurpriz'd
In ſo unhandſome a diſguiſe? ——*They carry him away.*
Pel. It's e'en ſo? Why then
Fare well the plumped troops, and the big Wars,
Which made ambition vertue. ———
Naſ. I, I, let them go, let them go,
Pel. Have you ever a ſtratagem *Naſhorat*?
'Twoud be very ſeaſonable. What think you now?
Are you deſign'd for the helm of State?
Can you laver againſt this Tempeſt?
Na. Prethee let me alone, I am thinking for life.
Pel. Yes, 'tis for life indeed, would'twere not.
Cl. This is very ſtrange; Lets follow after,
And ſee if we can underſtand it. ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Peridor, Orſabrin.

Per. A meer Phantaſme rais'd by Art to trie thee.
Or. Good kind Devil trie me once more;
Help me to the ſight of this Phantaſme again.
Per. Thou art undone.
Wert thou not amourous in th'other World?
Did'ſt not love VVomen?
Or. VVho did hate them?
VVhy there's it;
Thou thoughtſt there was no danger in the ſin,
Becauſe it was common.
Above the half of that vaſt multitude
VVhich fills this place, VVomen ſent hither:

And

And they are highlieſt puniſht ſtill,
That love handſomeſt.

Or. A very lying Devil this certainly.

Pel. All that had their women with you,
Suffer with us.

Or. By your friendſhips favour thought,
Theres no Juſtice in that:
Some of them ſuffered enough
In all conſcience by'm there.

Per. Oh, this is now your mirth:
But when you ſhall be pincht into a gellie,
Or made into a cramp all over,
Theſe will be ſad truths.

Or. He talks odly now, I do not like it.
Doſt hear?
Prethee exchange ſome of thy good council
For deeds.
If thou bee'ſt an honeſt Devil,
(As thou ſeem'ſt to be)
Put a ſword into my hand,
And help me to the ſight of this
Apparition again.

Per. Well, ſomthing I'le do for thee,
Or rather for my ſelf *Exeunt.*

Enter two other Devils

1 *D.* Come, let's go relieve our Poet.

2 *D.* How, relieve him?
Hee's releaſt, is he not?

1 *D.* No, no;
Berſat bethought himſelf at the mouth of the Cave,
And found he would be neceſſary to our Maſque to night
Wee have ſet him with his feet in a great tub of water,
In which he dabbles and believes it to be Helicon:
There hee's contriving i'th honour of *Mercury*,
Who I have told him comes this night of a Meſſage
From *Jupiter* to *Pluto*, and is feaſted here by him.

Enter Poet *and* Thieves.

De. Oh, they have fetcht him off.

Po. Carer per so lo carer,
Or he that made the fairer Queen

1 *Th.* No, none of these:
They are by themselves in some other place;
But here's he that writ *Tamberlane*.

Po. I beseech you bring me to him.
There's something in his Scene
Betwixt the Empress a little high and Clowdy
I would resolve my self.

1 *Th.* You shall Sir.
Let me see——the Author of the *bold Beauchams*;
And *Englands Joy*.

Po. The last was a well writ piece, I assure you,
A Brittane I take it; and *Shakespears* very way;
I desire to see the Man,

1 *Th.* Excuse me, no seeing here.
The Gods in complement to *Homer*,
Do make all Poets poor above,
And we all blind below,
But you shall confess Sir. Follow.—— *Exeunt*

Enter Peridor, Orsabrin,

Or. Ha! light and the fresh Air again?
Peridor *unbinds him and slips away*
The place *I* know too,
The very same I sought the Devil in.
The Devil was in the right;
This was a meer Apparition:
But 'twas a handsome one, it left impressions here,
Such as the fairest substance I shall ere behold
Will scarce deface.
Well, I must resolve, but what, or where?
I, that's the question.
The Towne's unsafe, theres no returning thither
And then the Port —— *Some pass over hastily.*

Ha!

Ha! what meanes the buſie haſt of theſe?
Honeſt Friend. —— Orſabrin *calls to one,*
Do'ſt hear, —— No ——
What's the matter pray?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Gentlemen, gentlemen.
Orſ. That's good ſatisfaction indeed,
Prethee good fellow tell me,
What cauſes all this hurry? *Enter another, another.*
Clo. One *Samorat* is led to Priſon Sir,
And other Gentlemen, about Lord *Torcular.*
Orſ. Ha! *Samorat!*
There is no mean nor end of fortunes malice:
Oh! 'tis inſufferable;
I'm made a Boy, whip't on anothers back:
Cruell, I'le not endure't by heaven,
He ſhall not die for me:
I will not hold a wretched life upon ſuch wretched termes.

Enter Tamoren, Peridor, *and others.*

Tam. Fly, fly, abroad, ſearch every place, and
Bring him back:
Thou haſt undone us all with thy neglect,
Deſtroy'd the hopes we had to be our ſelves again;
I ſhall run mad with anger:
Fly, be gone. —— *Exeunt* all but *Tamoren.*

Enter Reginella.

My *Reginella* what Brings you abroad?
Re. Dear Governour? I have a ſute to you.
Ta. To me my pretty ſweetneſs, what?
Re. You will deny me Sir I fear,
Pray let me have the Stranger that came laſt in keeping.
Ta. Stranger? Alas hee's gone, made an eſcape.
Re. I fear'd he would not ſtay they us'd him ſo unkindly:
Indeed I would have us'd him better, *ſhe weeps.*
And then he had been here ſtill.
Tam. Come do not weep my girle:

Forget him pretty pensiveness, there will
Come others every day as good as he.
Re. Oh! Never: I'le close my Eyes to all now he's gone.
Tam. How catching are the Sparks of Love? still this
Mischance flows more and more unfortunate.
I was too curious.———
Come indeed you must forget him,
The gallan'st and the Godli'st to the Eye are not the best,
Such handsom and fine Shapes as those
Are ever false and foul within.
Re. Why Governour d'you then put
Your finest things still in your finest Cabinets?
Tam. Pretty innocence: no, I do not;
You see I place not you there.
Come, no more tears:
Lets in and have a Mate at Chess,
"Diversion cures a loss, or makes it less.——— *Exeunt.*

Act V.

Enter Tamoren, Petidor, *and other* Thieves

P. CROSS all the High-ways, searcht all the woods,
Beat up and down with as much pain and dilli-
As ever huntsman did for a lost Deer. (gence
Ta. A race of criples are y'all,
Issue of Snailes, he could not else have escapt us?
Now what news bring you?
Th. Sir, we have found him out,
The party is in Prison.
Ta. How? in prison?
Th. For certain Sir.

It

It seems young *Samorat* and he
Were those that fought the Duel t'other day,
And left our *Torcular* so wounded there.
For his suppoſed Death was *Samorat* taken,
Which when this Youth had found,
He did attempt to free him (ſcaling the Wall
By Night, finding it impoſſible,
Next Morning did preſent himſelf
Into the hands of Juſtice, imagining
His death that did the Fact, an equal ſacrifice.

Ta. Brave *Orſabrin.*

Th. Not knowing that the greedy Law asks more,
And doth preſcribe the accellary
As well as principal.

Ta. Juſt ſo i'th nick! i'th very nick of time!

Per. He's troubled.

Ta. It will be excellent.
Be all in Soldiers Habits ſtreight.
Where's *Torcular*?

Th. Forth-coming Sir.

Ta. How are his Wounds?
Will they indure the Air?
Under your Gaberdines wear Piſtols all.

Per. What does he mean?

Ta. Give me my other Habit and my Sword.
I'th leaſt ſuſpected way haſte after me.

Th. All?

Tam. All but *Peridor*; I will abroad,
My broken hopes and ſuff'rings
Shall have now ſome cure;
Fortune, ſpite of her ſelf ſhall be my Friend.
And either ſhall redreſs, or give them end—— [*Exeunt.*

Per. I've found it out,
He does intend to fetch this ſtranger back,
And give him *Reginella*,
Or elſe—— No, no, it muſt be that

His anger, and the ſearch declare it;
The ſecret of the Priſon-houſe ſhall out I ſwear.
I'll ſet all firſt on fire,
For middle ways to ſuch an end are dull.—— [Exit.

Enter Prince, Philatell, *and Servant:*

Serv. Since ſhe was refus'd to ſpeak with you Sir,
She will not look on any, ſhe languiſhes ſo faſt.
Her Servants fear ſhe will not live
To know what does become of him. [Exit.

Phi. Sir 'tis high time you viſit her.

Pri. I cannot look upon her, and deny her.

Phi. Nor need you Sir;
All ſhall appear to her moſt gracious.
Tell her the former part o'th Law
Muſt paſs, but when it comes t'execute,
Promiſe her that you intend to interpoſe.

Pr. And ſhall then *Samorat* live?

Ph. Oh!——
Nothing leſs! The cenſure paſt,
His Death ſhall follow without noiſe:
'Tis but not owning of the Fact,
Diſgracing for a time a Secretary,
Or ſo —— the things not new——
Put on forgiving looks Sir, We are there——

Enter Sabrina's *Chamber.*

A mourning ſilence; Siſter *Sabrina.*——

Sab. Hence, hence thou cruel hunter after Life:
Thou art a pain unto my Eyes, as great
As my dear Mother had when ſhe did
Bring thee forth ——And ſure that was
Extreme, ſince ſhe produc'd a Monſter.

Ph. Speak to her your ſelf,
She's ſo incens'd againſt me,
She will not welcome happineſs,
Becauſe *I* bring it.

Ph. Fair ornament of Grief,
Why are you troubled?——
Can you believe there's any thing within
My power which you shall mourn for?
If you have any fears, impart them;
Any desires give them a name,
And *I* will give thee rest:
You wrong the greatness of my Love,
To doubt the goodness of it. ——

Sab. Alas, *I* do not doubt your love my Lord,
I fear it; 'tis that which does undo me.——
For 'tis not *Samorat* that's Prisoner now,
It is the Princes Rival;
Oh! for your own sake, Sir, be merciful:
How poorly will this sound hereafter,
The Prince did fear anothers merit so,
Found so much Virtue in his Rival, that
He was forc'd to murder it, make it away?
There can be no addition to you, Sir, by his death,
By his Life there will; You get the point
Of Honour; Fortune does offer here,
What Time perchance cannot again,
A handsome opportunity to show
The bravery of your mind.——

Pri. This pretty Rhetorick cannot persuade me (fair one)
To let your *Samorat* live for my sake:
It is enough, he shall for yours. ——

Sab. Though Virtue still rewards it self, yet here
May it not stay for that; but may the Gods
Showre on you suddenly such happiness
That you may say, my mercy brought me this.——

Pr. The Gods no doubt will hear when you do pray
streight ways: But here you take their Names in vain,
Since you can give your self that happiness
Which you do ask of them.

Sab. Most gracious Sir, do not ——

Pr. Hold, *I* dare not hear thee speak,
For fear thou now shouldst tell me,
What I do tell my self;
That *I* would poorly bargain for any favours;
Retire and banish all thy fears:
I will be kind and just to thee *Sabrina*,
What s'ere thou prov'st to me.—

Ph. Rarely acted Sir.— [*Ex. Sa.*

Pr. Ha!—

Ph. Good faith to th'very Life.

Pr. Acted!—No,—'twas not acted,

Ph. How Sir?

Pr. *I* was in earnest.
I mean to conquer her this way,
The other's low and poor.

Ph. Ha!—

Pr. *I* told thee 'twould be so before.

Ph. Why Sir, you do not mean to save him?—

Pr. Yes—I do—
Samorat shall be releas'd immediately.—

Ph. Sure you forget I had a Brother, Sir,
And one that did deserve Justice at least.

Pr. He did—
And he shall have it;—
He that kill'd him shall die.—
And 'tis high satisfaction, that; look not—
It must be so.— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Stramador, *and* Peridor.

Per. No Devils *Stramador*,
Believe your Eyes—To which
I cannot be so soft, but
You may call to mind one *Peridor*.

Stra. Ha! *Peridor!* Thou didst
Command that day
In which the Tamorens fell,

Per. *I* did—
Ye Tamorens lives,

Stra.

Stra. Ha!

Per. Not *Tamoren* the Prince, he fell indeed;
But *Tamoren* his Brother, who that day
Led our Horſe:
Young *Reginella* too,
Which is the ſubject of the ſuit
You have ingag'd your ſelf by Oath
The Prince ſhall grant.

Stra. Oh! 'tis impoſſible,
Inſtruct me how *I* ſhould believe thee.

Per. Why thus——
Neceſſity upon that great defeat
Forc'd us to keep the Woods, and hide our ſelves
In holes, which ſince we much inlarg'd,
And fortifi'd them in the entrance ſo,
That 'twas a ſafe Retreat upon Purſuit:
Then ſwore we all Allegeance to this *Tamoren.*
Theſe Habits, better to diſguiſe our ſelves, we took at firſt;
But finding with what eaſe we robb'd,
We did continue 'em, and took an Oath,
Till ſome new troubles in the State ſhould happen,
Or fair occaſion to make known our ſelves
Offer it ſelf, we would appear no other:
But come, let's not loſe
What we ſhall ne'er recover,
This opportunity——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Naſhorat, *and* Pellagrin, *in Priſon.*

Pel. Naſhorat, you have not thought of any
Stratagem yet?———

Na. Yes, I have thought———

Pel. What?———

Na. That if you have any accounts with Heaven,
They may go on———
This Villanous dying's like a ſtrange tune,
'Has run ſo in my head,
No wholſome Conſideration would enter it.

Nothing

Nothing angers me neither, but that
I paſs my Miſtreſſes Window to't.
Pel. Troth, that's unkind.
I have ſomething troubles me too.
Na. What's that?
Per. The people will ſay as we go along,
Thou art the properer Fellow.
Then *I* break an appointment
With a Merchants Wife, but who can help it *Naſhorat*?
Na. Yea, who can help it indeed?
She's to blame though 'faith, if ſhe
Does not bear with thee,
Conſidering the occaſion. ——
Per. Conſidering the occaſion as you ſay,
A Man would think he might be born with.
There's a Scrivener *I* ſhould have paid
Some Money to, upon my Word,
But——

Enter Orſabrin, Samorat, *Princes Servants*, *with* Samorats *Releaſement*.

Or. By fair *Sabrina*'s name, I conjure you
No to refuſe the mercy of the Prince.——
Sam. It is reſolv'd, Sir, you know my anſwer.
Or. Whither am I fallen?
I think if *I* ſhould live a little longer,
I ſhould be made the cauſe of all the miſchief
Which ſhould ariſe to the World——
Hither I came to ſave a Friend,
And by a ſleight of Fortune *I* deſtroy him.
My very ways to good prove ills.
Sure I can look a Man into misfortune,
The Plague's ſo great within me 'tis infectious,
Oh! *I* am weary of my ſelf: ——
Sir *I* beſeech you yet accept of it,
For *I* ſhall be this way a ſufferer,
And an executioner too——

Sam

Sam I'll beg of thee no more,
Thou dost beget in me desire to Live:
For when I find how much I am behind
In noble acts of Friendship,
I cannot chuse but wish for longer time, that I might
Struggle with thee, for what thou hast too clearly now
Got from me, the point of Honour —
Oh! it is Wisdomeand great thrift to Dye;
For who with such a Debt of Friendship and
Of Love, as you & my *Sabrina* must expect from me,
Could e're subsist.

Na. They are complementing;
Sfoot they make no more of it,
Than if 'twere who should go in first at
A Door, —— I think *Pellagrin*, as you and I
Have cast it up, it comes to something more —

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Gentlemen, prepare, the Court is setting.
Sam. Friends, this is no time for Ceremony;
But what a wrack have I within me to see you suffer.
And yet I hope the Prince will let this anger Die
In me, not to take the forfeiture of you.
Na. If he should, *Pellagrin* and I are resolv'd,
And are ready, all but our speeches to the People,
And those will not trouble us much,
For we intend not to trouble them. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Prince, Philatell, *and Attendants.*

Pri. Not accept it?
Lose this way too? —— What shall I do;
He makes advantages of mine,
And like a skillfull Tennis-player,
Returns my very best with excellent design.
It must not be,
Bring to the Closet here above, the chief of the Jury:
I'le try another way. —— (*Exeunt.*

Enter Judges, Lawyers, Samorat, Orsabrin,
Nashorat, Pellagrin. *Na.*

Na. Of all wayes of destroying Mankind
These Judges have the easiest,
They sleep and do it.
Pel. To my thinking now,
This is but a solemner kind of Puppet-play:
How the Devill came we to be Actors in't,
So it begins.
1 *Judg.* The Princes Councell:
Are they ready?
Law. Here——
Judg. Begin then,— *Prince, Philatell* above?
Law. My Lords, that this so great and strange-
Sam. Most reverend Judges,
To save the expence of Breath and time,
And dull Formalities of Law—
I here pronounce my self guilty.
[*A Curtain drawn,* Prince, Philatell, *with others appear above.*]
Pri. Again he has prevented me——
Sa. So guilty that no other can pretend a share.
This noble Youth, a stranger to every thing
But Gallantry, ignorant in our Laws and customs,
Has made perchance
(*In* strange severity) a forfeit of himself;
But should you take it,
The Gods when he is gone will sure revenge it:
If from the stalk you pull this bud of Virtue,
Before it has spread and shewn it self abroad,
You do an injury to all Mankind;
And publick mischief cannot be private Justice,
This Man's as much above a common Man,
As Man's above a Beast; And if the Law
Destroyes not Man for killing of a Beast,
It should not here, for killing of a Man.
Oh what a mistake 'twould be!
For here you sit to weed the Cankers out
That would do hurt in the State, to punish vice,

And

And under that y'oud root out Virtue too.
Or. If I do bluſh, 'tis not (moſt gracious Judges)
For any thing which I have done, 'tis for that
This much miſtaken youth hath here deliver'd.
'Tis true (and I confeſs) I ever had
A little ſtock of Honour (which I ſtill preſerv'd)
But that (by leaving me behind alive)
He now moſt cunningly does think to get from me;
And I beſeech your Lordſhips to aſſiſt me:
For 'tis moſt fraudulent all he deſires.
Your Lawes I hope are reaſonable,
Elſe why ſhould reaſonable Men
Be ſubject to them; and then
Upon what grounds is he made guilty now?
How can he be thought acceſſary
To the killing of a Man, that did not know
Of the fighting with him?
Witneſs all thoſe powers which ſearch Mens Hearts
That I my ſelf (untill he beckned me)
Knew nothing of it; if ſuch a thing
As ſacrifice muſt be—why, Man for Mans enough:
Though elder times t'appeaſe diviner Juſtice,
Did offer up
(Whither through gallantry, or ignorance)
Vaſt multitudes of Beaſts in ſacrifice,
Yet numbers of Men is ſeldom heard of:
One ſingle *Curtius* purg'd a whole ſtate Sin:
You will not ſay the offence is now as great,
Or that you ought to be more highly ſatisfied
Than Heaven———
Pr. Brave Youths———
Na. Pella. you and I will let our ſpeeches alone.
1 *Judg.* If that the Law were of ſo fine a Web,
As Wit and Fancie ſpin it out to, here,
Then theſe defences would be juſt, and ſave:
But that is more ſubſtantial,

Of

Of another make ———
And Gentlemen, if this be all,
Sentence muſt paſs———
Enter Tamoren, Stramador.
Tam. Or*ſabrin?*
Or. Ha! who names me there?
Tam. A friend: hear me:
I am an Officer in that dark World
From whence thou cam'ſt, ſent
Thus diſguis'd by *Reginella* our fair Queen,
And to redeem thee.
Or. Reginella!
I'the midſt of all theſe ills,
How preciouſly that name does ſound?
Tam. If thou wilt ſwear to follow me,
At the inſtant th' art releaſt,
I'le ſave thee and thy friends, in ſpite of Law.—
Or. Doubt not of that?
Bring me where *Reginella* is,
And if I follow not, perpetual miſery follow me,
It cannot be a Hell where ſhe appears———
Tam. Be Confident. *Goes out and brings* Torcular.
Behold (grave Lords) the Man
Whoſe Death queſtioned the Life of theſe,
Found and recover'd by the Thieves 'ith Woods;
And reſcued ſince by us, to reſcue Innocence.
Or. Rare Devill,
With that dexterity h'as raiſed this
Shape up, to delude them———
Pr. Ha? *Torcular* alive?
Ph. Torcular?
I ſhould as ſoon believe my Brother
Ne'r in being too
Tor. You cannot wonder more to find me here,
Than I do find my ſelf.
Na. Come unbind, unbind, this matter's anſwer'd

2 *Judg.* Hold: they are not free, the Law exacts
The same for breach of Prison that it did before.
Or. There is no scaping out of Fortunes hands.
Dost hear; hast never a trick for this?
Ta. Doubt me not, I have without, at my command,
Those which never fail'd me;
And it shall cost many a Life yet
Sir, e'er yours be lost.——

Enter Prince, Philatell, *from above.*
Stramador, Peridor, Reginella meet them below.

Pr. Stramador you have been a stranger here of late,
Str. Peruse this paper Sir, you'l find there was good reason (for't.
Pr. How! old *Tamorens* brother, Captain
Of the Thieves, that has infested thus
Our Countrey?
Reginella too, the Heir of that fear'd Family!
A happy and a strange discovery.
Ta. Peridor, and *Reginella*, the Villain
Has betrai'd me.
Re. 'Tis *Orsabrin*, they have kept their words.
Or. Reginella? she was a Woman then.
O let me go.
Jay. You do forget sure what you are.
Or. I do indeed: oh to unriddle now!
Str. And to this Man you owe it Sir,
You find an ingagement to him there;
And I must hope you'l make me just to him.
Pr. He does deserve it, seize on him.——
Tam. Nay then all truths must out.
That I am lost and forfeit to the Law,
I do confess,
Yet since to save this Prince.
Pr. Prince!
Or. (Our *Mephosto-philus* is mad.
Ta. Yes Prince, this is the *Orsabrin.*
Or. Ha!

Tam.

Tam. So long ago, suppos'd lost,
Your Brother Sir:
Fetch in there *Ardelan* and *Piramont*.

Enter Ardelan *and* Piramont.

Na. What mad Planet rules this Day!
Ardelan, and *Piramont*?
Or. The Devill's wanton,
And abuses all Mankind to Day.
Ta. These Faces are well known to all Francelians
Now let them tell the rest.——
Pi. My noble Master living found in Francelia?
Ar. The Gods have satisfied our tedious hopes.
Ph. Some imposture.
Or. A new design of Fortune——
I dare not trust it.
Ta. Why speak you not?
Pir. I am so full of joy, it will not out
Know ye Francelians,
When Sanborn fatall Field was fought,
So desperate were the hopes of *Orsabrin*,
That 'twas thought fit to send away this Prince,
And give him safety in another clime;
That spight of an ill Day, an *Orsabrin* might be
Preserv'd alive. Thus you all know,
To *Garradans* chief charge he was committed:
Who when our Bark by Pyrats was surpriz'd,
(For so it was) was slain i'the first encounter;
Since that we have been forc't to wait
On Fortunes pleasure.
And Sir, that all this time we kept
You from the knowledge of your self,
Your pardon; It was our zeal that err'd,
Which did conclude it would be prejudicial.
Ar. My Lords, you look as if you doubted still:
If *Piramont* and I be lost unto your memory,
Your hands I hope are not——

Here's

Here's our Commission:
There's the Diamond Elephant,
That which our Princes Sons are ever known by;
VVhich we to keep him undiscovered,
Tore from his Ribband in that fatal day
VVhen we were made Prisoners:
And here are those that took us,
VVhich can witness all circumstance,
Both how, and when, time and place;
VVith whom we ever since have liv'd by force:
For on no Kingdome friend unto *Francelia*,
Did fortune ever land us, since that hour;
Nor gave us means to let our Country know
He liv'd———

Ta. These very truths, when they could have no ends,
(For they believ'd him lost)
I did receive from them before,
Which gave me now the boldness to appear
Here where I'm lost by Law.

Shouts within, {Long live Prince *Orsabrin*,
{Long live Prinne *Orsabrin.*

Na. Pellagrin lets second this;
Right or wrong tis best for us.

Pe: Observe, observe.

Pr. What shouts are those?

Str. Souldiers of *Tamorens* the first;
The second was the Peoples, who
Much press to see their long lost Prince.

Phi. Sir, tis most evident, and all agrees:
This was his colour'd hair,
His Air though altered much with time:
You wear too strange a face upon this news;
Sir you have found a Brother,
I, *Torcular*, the Kingdoms happiness;
For here the Plague of Robberies will end.
It is a glorious day———

Pr. It is indeed, *I* am amazed, not sa d;
Wonder does keep the passage so,
Nothing will out.
Brother (for so my kindred Stars will have it)
I here receive you as the Bounty of the Gods;
A blessing *I* did not expect,
And in return to them this day,
Francelia ever shall keep holy.
Or. Fortune by much abusing me, has
So — dulled my faith, *I* cannot
Credit any thing.
I know not how to own such happiness.
Pr. Let not your doubts lessen your joys;
If you have had disasters heretofore,
They were but given to lighten whats to come
Na. Here's as strange a turn as if twere the
Fift Act in a Play. ——
Pel. I'm sure tis a good turn for us.
Or. Sir, why stands that Lady so neglected there,
(That does serve to be the business of Mankind)
Oh ye Gods since you'l be kind
And bountiful, let it be here.
As fearfully, as jealous husbands ask
After some secrets which they dare not know;
Or as forbidden Lovers meet i'th'night,
Come *I* to thee, (and tis no ill sign this,
Since flames when they burn highest tremble most)
Oh! sho uld she now deny me!
Re. I know not perfectly what all this means;
But I do find some happiness is near,
And I am pleas'd, because I see you are ——
Or. She understands me not ——
Pr. He seems t'have passion for her.
Ta. Sir, in my dark commands these flames broke out
Equally violent, at first sight;
And it was the hope I had to reconcile my self.
Or. It is a holy Magick that will make Of

Of you and I but one.———

Re. Any thing that you would ask me, ſure I might (grant.

Or. Hark Gentlemen ſhe does conſent,

What wants there elſe?

Pe. My hopes grow cold, I have undone my ſelf.

Pr. Nothing we all joyn in this;

The long liv'd feu'd between the families

Here dies; this day the Hymenæal

Torches ſhall burn bright;

So bright, that they ſhall dim the light

Of all that went before———

See *Sabrina* too.——— [*Enter* Sabrina.

Ta. Sir I muſt have much of pardon,

Not for my ſelf alone, but for all mine———

Pr. Riſe had'ſt thou not deſerv'd what now thou ſu'ſt (for

This day ſhould know no clouds.

Peridor *kneels to* Tamoren.

Tam. Taught by the Princes mercy, I forgive too.

Sab. Frighted hither Sir?

They told me you would not accept the Princes mercy.

Sam. Art thou not further yet in thy intelligence?

See thy Brother lives ——

Sab. My Brother?———

Tor. And tis the leaſt of wonders has falne out.

Or. Yes, ſuch a one as you are fair,

And you ſhall be acquainted.

Sam. Oh could your hate my Lords, now,

Or your love die.

Phi. Thy merit has prevail'd with me:

Tor. And me.

Pr. And has almoſt with me.

Samorat, thou doſt not doubt thy Miſtriſs Conſtancie?

Sam. No Sir.

Pr. Then I will beg of her,

That till the Sun returns to viſit us;

She will not give away her ſelf for ever.

Although my hopes a faint,
Yet I would have 'em hopes;
And in such jolly houres as now attend us,
I would not be a desperate thing,
One made up wholly of despair.

Sab. You that so freely gave me *Samorats* life,
Which was in danger,
Most justly, justly may be suffered to attempt
Upon my love, which is in none.

Pr. What says my noble rival?

Sab. Sir, you are kind in this, and wisely do
Provide *I* should not surfeit:
For here is happiness enoughbesides to last the Suns return.

Na. You and *I* are but savers with all this *Pellagrin*,
But by the Lord tis well we came off as we did,
All was at stake———

Pr. Come no more whispers here,
Lets in, and there unriddle to each other———
For *I* have much to ask———

Or. A life! a Friend! a Brother! a Mistris!
Oh what a day was here! gentle my Joys distil,
Lest you should break the Vessel you should fill.

FINIS,

EPILOGUE.

AND how, and how, in faith——a pretty plot;
And ſmartly carried through too, was it not?
And the Devils, how, well; and the fighting,
Well too;——a fool, and't had been juſt old writing
Oh what a monſter-wit muſt that Man have,
That could pleaſe all which now their twelve pence gave:
High Characters (cries one) and he would ſee
Things that ne're were, nor are, nor ne're will be.
Romances cry eaſie-Souls and then they ſwear,
The Play is well writ, though ſcarce a good line there,
The Women——Oh if Stephen *ſhould be killed!*
Or miſs the Lady, how the Plot is ſpilled?
And into how many pieces a poor Play
Is taken ſtill before the ſecond day?
Like a ſtrange beauty newly come to Court;
And to ſay truth, good faith tis all the ſport:
One will like all the ill things in a play,
Another, ſome o'th' good, but the wrong way;
So from one poor play there comes to ariſe
At ſeveral tables ſeveral Comedies.
The ill is only here that't may fall out
In Plaies as Faces; and who goes about
To take aſunder oft deſtroys (we know)
What altogether made a pretty ſhew.

FINIS.

BRENNORALT.

A Tragedy.

PRESENTED

At the Private Houſe

IN

Black-Fryars,

By His Majeſties Servants.

Written by Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1694.

BRENNORALT.

A Tragedy.

PRESENTED

At the Private House

IN

Black-Fryars,

By His Majesties Servants.

Written by Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1694.

The Scene Poland.

The Actors.

Sigismond, *King of* Poland.

Miesla, Melidor, A Lord, } *Counsellors to the K*

Brennoralt, ——*a Discontent.*

Doran, ——*His Friend.*

Villanor, Grainevert, Marinell, } *Cavaliers and Officers under* Brennoralt.

Stratheman,

Fresolin, *Brother to* Francelia.

Iphigene, *Young Palatine of* Florence.

Palatine of Mensecke *Governor, one of the chief Rebels.*

Palatine of Tork, *a Rebel.*

Almerin, *a Gallant Rebel.*

Morat, *his Lieutenant-Colonel.*

Francelia, *the Governors Daughter.*

Orilla, *a Waiting-Woman to* Francelia.

Raguelin, *a Servant in the Governors house, but Spy to* Brennoralt.

Jaylor,
Guard,
Souldiers.

Bren-

Brennoralt.

Act I. Scene I.

Enter Brennoralt, Doran.

Brennoralt. I Say the Court is but a narrow Circuit;
Though something elevate above the common;
A kind of Ants Neſt in the great wild Field,
O'er charg'd with multitudes of quick inhabitants,
VVho ſtill are miſerably buſied to get in,
VVhat the looſe foot of Prodigality
As faſt does throw abroad.

Dor. Good:
A moſt Eternal place of low affronts,
And then as low ſubmiſſions,

Bren. Right.
High Cowards in Revenges 'mongſt themſelves.
And only Valiant when they miſchief others.

Dor. Stars, that would have no names,
But for the ills they threaten in Conjunction.

Bren. A race of ſhallow, and unskilful Pilots;
VVhich do miſguide the Ship even in the Calm,
And in great ſtorms ſerve but as weight to ſink it.
More, prithee more.——— [*Alarum within.*
'Tis Muſick to my Melancholly.

Enter

Enter Soldiers.

Sold. My Lord; a Cloud of Dust and Men
The Sentinels from the East Gate discover;
And as they guess, the storm bends this way.

Bren. Let it be.

Sold. My Lord?——

Bren. Let it be,
I will not fight to day:
Bid *Strathman* draw to the Trenches.
On, prithee on.

Dor. The King employs a company of formal Beards,
Men, who have no other proofs of their
Long Life, but that they are Old.

Bren. Right; and if th'are wise,
'Tis for themselves not others,—— [*Alarum.*
As old Men ever are.

Enter second Soldier.

2 *Sold.* Coronel, Coronel;
The Enemies at hand, kills all the Centries:
Young *Almerin* leads them on again.

Bren. Let him lead them off again.

2 *Sold.* Coronel.——

Bren. Be gone.
If th'art afraid, go hide thy self.

2 *Sold.* VVhat a Devil ails he?—— [*Exit.*

Bren. This *Almerin*'s the Ague of the Camp:
He shakes it once a Day.

Dor. He's the ill Conscience rather:
He never lets it rest; would I were at home again.
'Sfoot we lie here i'th Trenches, as if it were
For a VVind to carry us into th'other
VVorld: every hour we expect——
I'll no more on't.

Bren. Prithee——

Dor. Not *I*, by Heaven.

Bren. VVhat Man! the worst is but fair death.

Dor.

Dor. And what will that amount to? A fair Epitaph
A fine account ——— I'll home *I* swear.

Enter Stratheman.

Stra. Arm, arm my Lord,
And shew your self, all's lost else.

Dor. Why so?

Stra. The Rebels like an unruly flood,
Rowl o'er the Trenches, and throw down
All before them.

Bren. Ha!

Stra. We cannot make a stand.

Bre. He would out-Rival me in Honour too,
As well as love; but that he must not do.
Help me *Stratheman*——— [*Puts on Armour.*
The danger now grows worthy of our Swords;
And, oh *Doran*! *I* would to Heaven there were
No other storms than the worst Tempest here. [*Exeunt*

Enter Marinel- *throwing down one he carries.*

Mari. There;
The Sun's the neareſt Surgeon *I* know,
And the honeſteſt; if thou recovereſt, why so:
If not, the Cure's paid, they have mauld us.

Enter Grainevert, *with another upon his back.*

Grain. A curse light on this powder;
It stays Valour ere it's half way on it's Journey:
What a disadvantage fight we upon in this Age!
He that did well heretofore,
Had the broad fair day to shew it in:
Witnesses enough; we must believe one another——
is Night when we begin:
Eternal smoak and sulphur.
Smalky; by this hand *I* can bear with thee
No longer; How now? Dead as *I* live;
Stoln away just as he us'd to Wench.
Well go thy ways, for a quiet Drinker and Dier,
I shall never know thy Fellow;

These

These trifles too about thee? [*Searches his Pockets.*
There was never an honester poor wretch
born I think— look i'th other Pocket too——hum,
Marinell!

Mar. Who's that?

Grai. 'Tis *I*; how goes matters?

Mar. Scurvily enough;
Yet since our Colonel came, th'ave got no ground
of us; a weak Sculler against Wind and Tide,
Would have done as much; hark:
This way the Torrent bears. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fresolin, Almerin, *Rebels.*

Fres. The Villains all have left us.

Alm. Would they had left their fears
Behind them. But once since we must——

Enter Brennoralt, Soldiers.

Bren. Ho! *Stratheman*;
Skirt on the Lefthand with the Horse,
And get betwixt these and that Body;
They'r new rallied up for rescue. *Dor.* Th'are ours.
Brennoralt *Charges through.*
I do not see my Game yet.—— *Exeunt.*

[*A shout within.*

Enter Brennoralt, Doran, Stratheman, Marrinell.

Bren. What shout is that?

Stra. They have taken *Almerin*, my Lord.

Bren. *Almerin*! The Devil thank 'em for't:
When *I* had hunted hard all day,
And now at length unherded the proud Deer,
The Currs have snatch'd him up; and found a Retreat:
There's nothing now behind. Who saw *Doran*?

Stra. shall we bring *Almerin* in?

Bren. No; Gazing is low Triumph:
Convey him fairly to the King,
He fought it fairly.

Dor. What Youth was that, whom you bestir'd my Lord,

And

And sav'd from all our Swords to day?
VVas he not of the Enemy?

Bren. It may be so.——

Stra. The Governor's Son, *Fresolin* his Mistris Brother.

Br. No matter who. 'Tis pitty the rough hand [*In Do-*
Of VVar, should early Courages destroy, *rans ture.*
Before they bud, and shew themselves i'th heat
Of Action.——

Mar. I threw (my Lord) a Youth upon a Bank;
Which seeking after, the Retreat, I found
Dead, and a VVoman, the pretty Daughter
Of the Forrester; *Lucillia.*

Bren. See *Doran*; a sad Experiment:
VVoman's the Cowardly'st and coldest thing
The VVorld brings forth: Yet Love, as Fire works VVater,
Makes it boil o'er, and do things contrary
To it's proper nature—— I should shed a Tear,
Could I tell how.— Ah poor *Lucina!*
Thou didst for me what dist as ill become thee.
Pray see her gently bury'd.——
Boy, send the Surgeon to the Tent; I bleed:
VVhat Lowsie Cottages th'ave given our Souls?
Each petty Storm shakes them into disorder;
And 't costs more pains to patch them up again,
Than they are worth by much. I'm weary of
The Tenement.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Villanor, Grainevert, Marinell, *and* Stratheman.

Gra. Villanor! welcome, welcome, whence cam'st thou?

Vil. Look, I wear the Kings high VVay still on my Boots.

Gra. A pretty Riding phrase! and how? and how?
Ladies cheap?

Vil. Faith, reasonable:
Those toys were never dear thou know'st;
A little time and industry they'l cost;
But in good faith not much: some few there are
That set themselves at mighty rates.——

Gra.

Gra. VVhich we o'th VVise pass by,
As things o'er-valued in the Market.
Is't not so? (married.
Vil. Y'have said Sir. Hark you, your Friend the Rival's
Has obtain'd the long lov'd Lady, and is such an Ass after't.
Gra. Hum.
'Tis ever so.
The motions of Married people, are as of
Other Naturals; violent Gentlemen to the place,
And calm in it.
Mar. We know this too; and yet we must be fooling.
Gra. Faith, Women are the baggage of Life:
They are troublesome, and hinder us
In the great march, and yet we cannot
Be without 'em.
Mar. You speak very well,
And Soldier like.
Gra. What? Thou art a Wit too, I warrant,
In our absence?
Vil. Hum——No, no, a poor pretender,
A Candidate or so, against the next Sessions:
Wit enough to laugh at you here.
Gra. Like enough; Valour's a crime:
The wise have still reproached unto the Valiant
And the Fools too.
Vil. Raillery a part, *Graisvert*;
What accommodations shall we find here?
Gra. Clean Straw (sweet-heart) and Meat
When thou canst get it.
Vil. Hum—— Straw!
Gra. Yes.
That's all will be betwixt Incest:
You, and your Mother Earth must lie together.
V. Prithee let's be serious; will this last?
How goes affairs?
G. Well.

V.

V. But well?

G. Faith tis upon the turning of the Ballance;
A most equal buſineſs, betwixt rebellion
And Loyalty.

V. What doſt mean?

G. Why which the vertue, which the vice

V. How the Devil can that be?

G. Oh! ſucceſs is a rare pain; hides all the uglineſs

V. Prethee what's the quarrel?

G. Nay for that excuſe us;
Ask the Children of Peace,
They have the leiſure to ſtudy it,
We know nothing of it; Liberty they ſay.

V. Sfoot, let the King make an Act,
That any Man may be married again;
There is Liberty for them a race
Of half-witted fellows quarrel about freedom?
And all that while allow the bonds of Matrimony?

G. You ſpeak very well Sir.

Enter King, Lords, Brennoralt.

M. Soft the King and Council ——

G. Look they followed her like tyred ſpanels:
Queſt ſomtimes for company; that is concur:
And that's their buſineſs.

M. They are as weary of this ſport
As a young Unthrift of's Land;
Any bargain to be rid on't.

V. Can you blame them?
Who's that?

M. Brennoralt our brave Coronel;
A diſcontent; but, what of that? who is not?

V. His face ſpeaks him one.

G. Thou art i'th' right.
He looks ſtill as if he were ſaying to
Fortune; Hufwife, go about your buſineſs.
Come let's retire to *Barathens* Tent,

Taſt

Taſt a bottle and ſpeak bold truth;
That's our way now. [*Ex. Manet King and Lords.*
Mieſ.——— Think not of pardon Sir,
Rigour and mercy us'd uncertainly
And in ill times, look not like th'effects
Of virtue, but neceſſity: Nor will
They thank your goodneſs, but your feares.—
Melid. My Lords;
Revenge in Princes ſhould be ſtill imperfect:
It is then handſomeſt, when the King comes to
Reduce, not ruine———
Bre. Who puts but on the face of puniſhing,
And only gentle cuts but prunes rebellion,
He makes that flouriſh which he would deſtroy.
Who would not be a Rebel when the hopes
Are vaſt, the fears but ſmall? [*Mel.*] Why, I would not.
Nor you my Lord, nor you, nor any here.
Fear keeps low ſpirits only in, the brave,
Do get above it, when they do reſolve,
Such puniſhments in fancy of War,
Make Men more deſperate, not the more yielding.
The common People are a kind of Flies,
They're caught with honey, not With wormewood, Sir.
Severity exaſperates the ſtir'd humour;
And State diſtempers turns into diſeaſes.
Bre. The Gods forbid, great Polands State ſhould be
Such as it dares not take right Phyſick. Quarter
To Rebels? Sir! when you give that to them,
Give that to me, which they deſerve. I would
Not live to ſee it———
3 *Lord.* Turn o're your own, and other Chronicles,
And you ſhall find (great Sir)
" That nothing makes a Civil war long liv'd,
" But ranſom and returning back their brands,
Which unextinct, kindled ſtill fiercer fires.

Meſ. Mercy beſtow'd on thoſe that do diſpute
With ſwords does loſe the Angels Face it has,
And is not Mercy Sir, but policy;
With a weak Vizard on——

King.——— Y'have met my thoughts
My Lords; nor will it need larger debate.
To morrow in the ſight of the beſieged,
The Rebel dies: *Mieſla* tis your care.
The Mercy of heav'n be offended ſo,
That it cannot forgive mortals much more,
Which is not infinite, my Lords. [*Exeunt.*

Enter. Iphigene, Almerin (*As in priſon.*)

Iph. O *Almerin*; would we had never known
The ruffle of the World! But were again
By Stolden Banks, in happy ſolitude;
When thou and I, Shepheard and Shepheardeſs
So oft by turns, as often ſtill have wiſht,
That we as eaſily could have chang'd our Sex,
As clothes; but (alas) all thoſe innocent joyes,
Like glorious Mornings, are retir'd into
Dark ſullen clouds, before we knew to value
What we had [*Alm.*] Fame and victory are light (*to himſelf.*
Huſwifes, that throw themſelves into the armes,
Not of the valiant, but the fortunate.
To be taine, thus! [*Iph.*] *Almerin* [*Alm*] nipt'ith bud
Of honour! [*Iph.*] My Lord [*Alm*] Foil'd! and by the (Man
That does pretend unto *Francelia*!

Iph. What is't you do my *Alermin*? ſit ſtill?
And quarrel with the Winds, becauſe there is
A ſhipwrack towards, and never think of ſaving
The back [*Almer.*] The back? What ſhould we do with (that
When the rich freight is loſt? thy name in Armes?

Iph.——— Who knows
What prizes are behind, if you attend
And wait a ſecond voyage? [*Alm.*] Never, never,
There are no ſecond voyages in this,

The

The wounds of honour do admit no cure.
Iph. Thoſe ſlight ones which misfortune gives, muſt needs.
Elſe why ſhould mortals value it at all?
For who would toyl to treaſure up a wealth,
Which weak inconſtancy did keep or might
Diſpoſe of ——— *Enter* Melidor.
Oh my Lord, what news?
Mel. As ill as your own fears can give you;
The Council has decreed him ſuddain death,
And all the ways to mercy are blockt up. *She weeps*
Alm. My *Iphigene* ——— *(and ſighs.*
This was a misbecoming piece of Love:
Women would manage a diſaſter better——*Iphig. weeps and*
Again thou art unkind—— *(ſighs again.*
Thy goodneſs is ſo great, it makes thee faulty:
For while thou think'ſt to take the trouble from me,
Thou giveſt me more by giving me thine too.
Iph. Alas! I am indeed a uſeleſs trifle;
A dull, dull thing: For could I now do any thing
But grieve and pitty, I might help: my thoughts
Labour to find a way; but like to Birds
In cages, though they never reſt, they are
But where they did ſet out at firſt———
Enter Jaylor.
Jay. My Lords your pardon:
The Priſoner muſt retire;
I have receiv'd an order from the King,
Denies acceſs to any.
Iph. ———He cannot be
So great a Tyrant [*Almer.*] I thank him; nor can
He uſe me ill enough: I only grieve
That I muſt die in debt; a Bankrupt; Such
Thy love hath made me; My dear *Iphigene*
Farewell; It is no time for Ceremony.
Shew me the way, I muſt—— *(Exit.*
Iph. Grief ſtrove with ſuch diſorder to get out,

ſtopt the paſſage and ſent back my words
That were already on the place—— (*Melid.*) ſtay, here
Is yet a way, [*Iph.*] O ſpeak it [*Mel.*] But there is
Danger in't *Iphigene*, to thee high danger.

Iph. Fright Children in the dark with that and let
Me know it: There is no ſuch thing in nature
If *Almerin* be loſt. [*Melid.*] Thus then; you muſt
Be taken priſoner too, and by exchange
Save *Almerin*.

Iph. How can that be?

Mel. Why—— (*ſtudies.*
Step in, and pray him ſet his hand, about (*To the Taylor.*
This diſtance; his ſeal too——

Jay. My Lord, I know not what this is.

Mel. Setling of money, buſineſs, fool, betwixt us.

Jay. If't be no more—— *Exit.*

Mel. Tell him that *Iphigene* and I deſire it:
I'le ſend by *Strathocles* his Servant,
A Letter to *Morat* thus ſign'd and ſeal'd,
That ſhall inform the ſudden execution;
Command him as the only means
To ſave his life, to ſally out this night
Upon the Quarters, and endeavour priſoners.
Name you as moſt ſecure and ſlighteſt guarded,
Beſt pledge of ſafety; but charge him,
That he kill not any, if it be avoydable;
And make his death more certain. [*Enter* Taylor *with*
Jay. He underſtands you not (*the writing.*
He ſays; but he has ſent it.

Melid. So——

Iph. But ſhould *Morat* miſtruſt now?
Or this miſcarry?

Melid.——Come?
Leave it to me; take the Pilots part;
And reach the Port, or periſh in the Art. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

Act II. Scene I.

Enter Almerin (in Priſon.)

Almer. SLeep is as nice as Woman;
The more I court it, the more it flies me;
Thy elder Brother will be kinder yet,
Unſent for Death will come——To Morrow—
Well——what can to Morrow do——
'Twill cure the ſence of Honour loſt——
I, and my diſcontents ſhall reſt together;
What hurt is there in this?
But Death againſt the will,
Is but a ſlovenly kind of potion;
And though preſcrib'd by Heaven,
It goes againſt Mens ſtomachs:
So does it at fourſcore too; when the Souls
Mew'd up in narrow darkneſs,
Neither ſees nor hears,-piſh,'tis meer fondneſs in our nature,
A certain clowniſh cowardiſe, that ſtill,
Would ſtay at home, and dares not venture
Into Foreign Countries, though better then
It's own,——ha, what Countries, for we receive
Deſcriptions of the other World from our Divines,
As Blind Men take relation of this from us:
My thoughts lead me in the Dark,
And there they leave me, I'le no more on't,
Within, (*Knocks*) *Enter.*
Some Paper and a light, I'le write to the King;
Deſire him, and provoke a quick diſpatch.
I would not hold this ling'ring doubtfull State
So long again, for all that hope can give.

Enter three of the Guard, (with Paper and Ink)

That Sword does tempt me ſtrongly—— [*Writing.*
Wer't in my hands, 'twere worth the other two.
But then the Guard,—— it ſleeps or Drinks; may be
To contrive it ſo that if I ſhould not paſs,——
Why if I fall in't,
'Tis better yet than Pageantry;
A Scaffold and Spectators; [*One of the Guards peeps over his Shoulder.*
More Souldier like
Uncivill villain, read my Letter? [*Seizes his Sword.*

1 *Guard.* Not I, not I my Lord.

Alm. Deny it too?

Guar. Murder, Murder,

Guar. Arm, Arm—— [*The Guard runs out.*

Alm. I'le follow,
Give the Alarm with them,
'Tis leaſt ſuſpitious—— [*Arm, arm, arm.*

All. The Enemy, the Enemy— [*Enter Souldiers running over the Stage, one throwing away his Arms.*

Soul. Let them come.
Let them come.
Let them come—— [*Enter* Almerin.

Alm. I hear freſh noiſe,
The Camp's in great diſorder: where am I now?
'Tis ſtrangely dark—Goddeſs without Eyes
Be thou my guide, for——Blindneſs and Sight
Are equal ſence, of equal uſe, this night.

Enter Grainevert, Stratheman, Villanor, Marinell.

Gra. Trouble not thy ſelf, Child of diſcontent:
'Twill take no hurt I warrant thee;
The State is but a little Drunk,
And when 'tas ſpued up that, that made it ſo,
'Twill be well again, there's my opinion in ſhort.

Mar. The art i'the right.
The States a pretty forehanded State,
And will do reaſon hereafter.
Let's Drink and talk no more on't.

All.

All. ——A good motion, a good motion,
Let's Drink.
Villa. I, let's Drink again.
Stra. Come, to a Miſtriſs.
Gra. Agreed.
Name, name.
Villa. Any Body.——*Vermillia.*
Gra. Away with it.

She's pretty to walk with;
And Witty to talk with:
And pleaſant too to think on.
But the beſt uſe of all,
Is, her Health, is a ſtale,
And helps us to make us drink on.

Stra. Excellent.
Gentlemen, if you ſay the word,
We'll want credit, and affect high pleaſure.
Shall we?
Villa. I, I, let's do that.
Stra. What think ye of the ſacrifice now?
Mar. Come we'll ha't,——for trickling tears are vain.
Villa. The ſacrifice? what's that?
Stra. Child of ignorance, 'tis a Camp Health.
An *A la*——*mode* one. *Grainevert* begin it.
Grain. Come give it me.
Let me ſee —— [*Pins up a Roſe.*
Which of them this Roſe will ſerve.
Hum, hum, hum.

Bright Star o'the lower Orb, twinckling Inviter,
Which draweſt (as well as Eyes) but ſet'ſt Men righter;
For who at thee begins, comes to the place,
Sooner than he that ſets out at the Face:
Eyes are ſeducing lights, that the good Women know,
And hand out theſe a nearer way to ſhow.

Mar. Fine, and patheticall:
Come *Villanor.*

Villa. What's the matter?

Mar. Come, your Liquor, and your ſtanza's Lines, lines.

Villa. Of what?

Mar. Why, of any thing your Miſtreſs has given you.

Vil. Gentlemen, ſhe never gave me any thing, but a box O' th' Ear, for offering to kiſs her once.

Stra. Of that Box then.

Mar. I, I, that box, of that box.

Villa. Since it muſt be.
Give me the Poiſon then——— [*Drinks and Spits.*

THat Box fair Miſtreſs, which thou gaveſt to me,
In humane gueſs, is like to coſt me three:
Three Cups of Wine, and Verſes ſix,
The Wine will down, but Verſe for Rhime ſtill ſticks,
By which you all may eaſily Gentiles know,
I am a better Drinker than a Po—— [*Enter* Doran.

Mar. Doran.

Doran.

Gra. *A hall, a hall,*
To welcome our Friend,
For ſome Liquor call,
A new or freſh Face,
Muſt not alter our pace.
But make us ſtill Drink the quicker
Wine, Wine, oh 'tis Divine
Come fill it unto our Brother:
What's at the Tongues end,
It forth does ſend,
And will not a Syllable ſmother.
Then,
It unlocks the Breaſt
And throwes out the reſt,
And learns us to know each other;
Wine,——Wine.

Dor.

Dor. Mad Lads, have you been here ever ſince?
Stra. Yes faith. thou ſeeſt the worſt of us.
We ——debauch—— in Diſcipline:
Four and Twenty Hours is the time.
Barruthen had the Watch to Night,
To Morrow 'twill be at my Tent.
Dor. Good,
And d'you know what has faln out to Night?
Stra. Yes:
Grainevert, and my Lieuetenant Colonel——
But they are Friends again.
Dor. Piſh, piſh—the Young Palatine of Plocence,
And his grave guardian ſurpriz'd to Night,
Carri'd by the Enemy out of his quarters.
G. As a Chicken by a Kite out of a backſide,
Was't not ſo?
D. Is that all?
G. Yes.
My Colonel did not Love him:
He Eats Sweet-meats upon a March too.
D. Well, hark ye;
Worſe yet; *Almerin*'s gone:
Forced the Court of Guard where he was priſoner,
And has made an eſcape.
G. So pale and ſpiritleſs a Wretch,
Drew *Priams* Curtain in the Dead of Night,
And told him half his Troy was Burnt——
He was of my mind. I would have done ſo my ſelf.
D. Well.
There's high ſuſpitions abroad:
Ye ſhall ſee ſtrange diſcoveries
I'the Council of War.
G. What Councill?
D. One call'd this Morning.
Y'are all ſent to.
G. I will put on clean Linnen, and ſpeak wiſely.

V. 'Sfoot we'll have a Round first.

G. By all means Sir.

Sings.

COme let the State stay,
And drink away,
There is no business above it:
It warms the cold Brain,
Makes us speak in high strain,
He's a Fool that does not approve it,
The Macedone *Youth*
Left behind him this truth,
That nothing is done with much thinking;
He Drunk, and he fought,
Till he had what he sought,
The World was his own by good Drinking.

(*Exeunt.*

Enter General of the Rebels, Palatine of Trocke, *Palatine of* Mensecke, Francelia, Almerin, Morat, Iphigene.

G. As your Friends, my Lord, has the priviledge of ours,
And may enjoy a Liberty we would deny
To Enemies.

A. I thank your Excellence; oh *Iphigene*,
He does not know,
That thou the nobler part of Friendship hold'st,
And do'st oblige, whilst I can but acknowledge.

Men. Opportunity to Statesmen, is as the just degree
Of heat to Chymists —— it perfects all the work,
And in this prisoner 'tis offer'd.
We now are there, where Men should still begin;
To treat upon advantage.
The Palatine of *Trocke*, and *Mensecke*,
With *Almerin*, shall to the King;
Petitions shall be drawn,
Humble in form, but such for matter,

As

As the bold Macedonian youth would send
To Men he did despise for luxury.
The first begets opinion of the World,
Which looks not far, but on the outside dwels:
Th'other inforces courage in our own,
For bold demands must boldly be maintain'd.
Pol. Let all go on still in the publick name,
But keep an ear open to particular offers:
Liberty and publick good are like great *Oleos*
Must have the upper end still of our Tables,
Though they are but for shew.
Fra. Would I had ne're seen this shape, 'tas poyson in't,
Yet where dwells good, if ill inhabits there?
Min.———Presmuch Religion.
For though we dress the scruples for the multitude,
And for our selves reserve the advantages,
(It being much pretext) yet is it necessary;
For things of Faith are so abstruse, and nice,
They will admit dispute eternally:
So how so e'er other demands appear,
These never can be prov'd unreasonable;
The subject being of so fine a Nature,
It not submits it self to Sence, but scapes
The Trials which conclude all common doubts.
Fra. My Lord, you use me as ill Painters paint,
Who while they labour to make Faces fair,
Neglect to make them like.
Iphi. Madam, there is no Shipwrack of your
Virtues near, that you should throw away
Any of all your Excellencies
To save the dearest modesty.
Gener. If they proceed with us, we can retreat unto
Our Expositions, and the Peoples votes.
If they refuse us wholly, then we plead,
The King's Besieg'd, Blockt up so straightly
By some few, relief can find no way

To

To enter to the King, or to get out to us.
Exclaim againſt it loud,
Till the *Polonians* think it high injuſtice,
And wiſh us better yet.
Then eaſily do we riſe unto our ends,
And will become their Envy through their Pity.
At worſt you may confirm our party there:
Increaſe it too; There is one *Brennoralt*,
Men call him Gallant, but a diſcontent:
My Couſin the King hath us'd him ill.
Him a handſome whiſper will draw,
The afternoon ſhall be perfect
What we have looſely now reſolv'd.——
Iphi. If in diſcourse of Beauty.
(So large an Empire) I do wander,
It will become your goodneſs Madam,
To ſet me right;
And in a Country where you your ſelf is Queen,
Not ſuffers ſtrangers loſe themſelves.
Gener. What, making revenge *Palatine*?
And taking Priſoners fair Ladies Hearts?
Iphi. Yes my Lord,
And have no better Fortune in this War,
Then in the other; for while I think to take,
I am ſurpriz'd my Self.
Fra. Diſſembler, would thou wert.
M. You are a Courtier my Lord;
The *Palative* of *Plocence*, (*Almerin*)
Will grace the *Hymeneals*;
And that they may be while he ſtays here,
I'll court my Lord in abſence;
Take off for you the little ſtrangeneſſes
Virgins were at firſt——[*Iphe ſounds.*
Look to the *Palatine*.
Mer. How is't my deareſt *Iphegene*?
Iph. Not well, I would retire.

G. A qualm.

Lo. His colour ſtole away; ſank down,
As Water in a Weather glaſs
Preſt by a warm hand.

Menſ. A cordial of kind looks—— [*Enter a Trumpet blinded.*
From the King.

M. Let's withdraw,
And hear him.—— [*Exit.*

Enter Brennoralt, Doran, Reguelin.

Dor. Yes to be Married;
What are you mute now?

Bren. Thou cam'ſt too haſtily upon me, put'ſt
So cloſe the colours to mine Eye, I could
Not ſee. It is impoſſible. [*Dor.*] impoſſible?

If't were impoſſible, it ſhould be otherwiſe,
What can you imagine there of Conſtancy,
Where 'tis ſo much their Nature to love change,
That when they ſay but what they are,
They excuſe themſelves for what they do.

Bren. She hardly knows him yet, in ſuch an inſtant.

Dor. Oh you know not how Fire flies,
When it does catch light matter Woman.

B. No more of that; She is
Yet the moſt precious thing in all my thoughts.
If it be ſo.—— (*Studies.*)
I am a loſt thing in the World *Doran.*

D. How?

Bren. Thou wilt in vain perſwade me to be other.
Life, which to others is a Good that they
Enjoy, to me will be an evill, I
Shall ſuffer in——

Dor. Look on another Face, that's preſent remedy.

Bren. How ill thou doſt conclude?
Cauſe there are peſtilent airs, which kill Men ſuddenly

In

In Health, must there be Sovereign as suddenly
To cure in Sickness? 'tnever was in Nature.

(*Exit, and*

Enters again hastily.

Bren. I was a Fool to think, Death only kept
The Doors of ill-pay'd Love, when or disdain,
Or spite could let me out as well——

Dor. Right; were I as you,
It should no more trouble me
To free my self of Love.
Then to spit out that which made me sick.

Bren. I'll tell her so; that she may laugh at me,
As at a prisoner threatning his Guard,
He will break loose, and so is made the faster.
She hath Charms. (*Studies*)
Doran can fetch in a Rebellious Heart,
Even while it is conspiring liberty.
—— Oh she hath all
The Virtues of her Sex, and not the vices,
Chast and unsullied, as first opening Lillies,
Or untouch'd Buds——

Dor. Chaste? why do you honour me,
Because I throw my self not off a precipice?
'Tis her ruine to be otherwise;
Though we blame those that kill themselves (My Lord)
We praise not him that keeps himself alive,
And deserves nothing.

Bren. And 'tis the least.
She does triumph, when she does but appear:
I have as many Rivals as beholders.

Dor. All that increases but our jealousies;
If you have now such qualmes for that you have not,
What will you have for that you shall possess?

Bren. Dull heretick;
Know I have these, because I have not her:
When I have her, I shall have these no more.

Her

Her fancy now, her virtue then will govern:
And as I use to watch with doubtfull Eye,
The waveriug needle in the best Sun-diall,
Till it has settled, then the troubles o're,
Because I know when it is fixt, it's true:
So here my doubts are all afore me. Sure,
Dorian, Crown'd Conquerors are but the types
Of Lovers, which enjoy, and really
Possess, what the other have in dreams. I'll send
A challenge to him.——

Dor. Do, and bethought a Mad-Man,
To what purpose?
If she Love him she will but hate you more.
Lovers in favour (*Brennoralt*) are Gamesters
In good Fortune; the more you set them,
The more they get.

Bren. I'll see her then this night, by Heaven I will.

Dor. Where? in the Cittadell?

Bren. Know what, and why——

Dor. He raves, *Brennoralt*?

Bren. Let me alone——
I conjure thee, by the discretion
Left betwixt us (that's thine,
For mine's devoured by injuries of Fortune,)
Leave me to my self.

Dor. I have done.

Bren. Is there such a passage.
As thou hast told me of, in the Castle?

Rag. There is my Lord.

Bren. And dar'st thou let me in?

Rag. If you my Lord will venture.

Bren. There are no centry's near it.

Rag. None.

Bren. How to the chamber afterward?

Rag. Her Woman.

Bren. What's she?

Rag.

Rag. A wicket to my Ladies ſecrets,
One that ſtands up to Marriage with me.
Bren. There——upon thy life be ſecret.——[*Flings a purſe.*
Rag. Elſe——All puniſhment to ingratitude.——
Bren. Enough.
I am a ſtorm within till I am there,
Oh *Doran*!
That that, which is ſo pleaſant to behold,
Should be ſuch pain within!
Dor. Poor *Brennoralt*!
Thou art the Martyr of a thouſand tyrants:
Love, Honour and Ambition raign by turns,
And ſhew their power upon thee.
Bren. Why, let them? I'm ſtill *Brennoralt*: "Even Kings
"Themſelves, are by their Servants rul'd ſometimes;
"Let their own ſlaves govern them at odd Hours:
" Yet not ſubject their Perſons or their powers.
[*Exeunt.*

Act III. Scene. I

Enter Iphigene (*as in a Garden.*)

Iphi. WHat have I got by changing place?
But as a wretch which ventures to the Wars,
Seeking the Miſery with pain abroad,
He found, but wiſely thought h' had left at home.
Fortune thou haſt no tyranny beyond
This uſage.—— [*Weeps*
Would I had never hop't
Or had betimes deſpair'd, let never in
The gentle Thief, or kept him but a gueſt,
Not made him Lord of all.
Tempeſts of winds thus (as my ſtorms of grief

Carry

Carry my tears which ſhould relieve my heart
Have hurried to the thankleſs Ocean clouds
And ſhores, that needed not all the curteſie,
When the poor plaines have languiſht for the want,
And almoſt burnt aſunder.——
I'le have this Statues place, and undertake
At my own charge to keep the water full.——(*Lies down.*

Enter Francelia.

Fran. Theſe fond expreſſions grow too ſtrong upon me
They were at firſt without deſign or end;
Like the firſt Elements, that know not what
And why they act, and yet produce ſtrange things;
Poor innocent deſires, journying they know
Not whether: but now they promiſe to themſelves
Strange things, grow inſolent, threaten no reſt
Till they be ſatisfied.
What difference was between theſe Lords?
The one made love, as if he by aſſault
Would take my heart ſo forc't it to defence;
While t'other blew it up with ſecret mines,
And left no place for it, here he is.——
Teares ſteal too from his eyes,
As if not daring to be known
To paſs that way: Make it good, cunning Grief
Thou know'ſt thou could'ſt not dreſs thy ſelf
In any other looks, to make thee lovely. (*Spies Francelia.*

Iphi. Francelia?
If through the ignorance of Places,
I have intruded on your privacies,
Found out forbidden paths; tis fit your pardon, Madam:
For 'tis my melancholly, not *I*, offends.

Fran. So great a Melancholly would well become
Miſchances, ſuch as time could not repair:
Thoſe of the War are but the petty cures
Of every common hour.——

Iphi. Why ſhould I not tell her all? ſince 'tis in her

To save my life. Who knowes but she may be
Gallant so far, as to undo her self
To make another happy?——Madam,
The accidents of War contribute least
To my sad thoughts, (if any such *I* have)
——Imprisonment can never be——
Where the place holds what we must love, and yet——
Fran. My Lord?
Iphi. In this imprisonment.——
Fran. Proceed my Lord:
Iphi. I dare not Madam.
Fran. I see I do disturb you and enter upon secrets——
Which when I know, I cannot serve you in them,
Iphi. Oh most of any,
You are the cause of all.
Fran. I my Lord?
Iphi. You Madam——you alone.
Fran. Alas! that 'tis too soon to understand,
Iphi. Must not you marry *Almerin*?
Fran. They tell me 'tis design'd.
Iphi. If he have you I'm for ever lost.
Fran. Lost;
The Heavens forbid they should design so ill!
Or when they shall, that I be the cause.
Iphi. Ha! her Eyes are strangely kind,
She prompts me excellently.
Stars be propitious, and I am safe.
——A way I not expected.
Fran. His passion labours for vent,
Iphi. Is there a hope you will not give your self.
To *Almerin*?
Fran. My Lord this air is common,
The walks within are pleasanter.—— *Exit.*
Iphi. ——Invitation!
God of desires, be kind, and fill me now
With language; such thou lendst thy Favourites,

When

When thou would'ſt give them eaſie victories;
And I forgive thee all thy cruelties.——— (*Exit after,*
Enter Palatine, *of* Trock, Menſeck, Almerin,
Brennoralt Lords.

Menſ. ——Conſider too, that thoſe
Who are neceſſitated to uſe violence,
Have firſt been violent by neceſſity.

Pall. ——But ſtill you judg not right
"Of the Prerogative; "For oft it ſtands
"With Power and Law, as with our faith and reaſon:
"It is not all againſt, that is above (*my Lord*)

2 *Lord.* You *Lithuanians* had of all leaſt reaſon;
For would the King be unjuſt to you, he cannot:
Where there's ſo little to be had.———

Almer. Where there is leaſt, there's liberty; (*my Lord*)
And 'tis more injury to pull haires
From the bald than from the buſhy heads.
[*They go off talking.*

Trock pulls Brennoralt.

My Lord the World hath caſt its eyes upon you,
And mark'd you out one of the foremoſt men:
Y'have buſie fame the earlieſt of any,
And ſend her ſtill on errands.
Much of the bravery of this Nation,
Has taken up it's lodging in you.
And gallant Men but coppy from you.

Bren. 'Tis goodly language this, that would it mean?

Pall. of *Tro.* The *Lithuanians* wiſh you well and wonder ſo much deſert ſhould be ſo ill rewarded.

Bren. Good.

Pall. While all the gifts the Crown was miſtriſs of,
Are plac't upon the empty———

Bren. Still *I* take you not.

P. Then to be plain; our Army would be proud of you:
Pay the neglected ſcores of merit double:
All that you hold here of command, and what

Your fortune in this Sigiſmund has ſuffer'd,
Repair, and make it fairer then at firſt.
Bren. How?
Then nothing, Lord trifle below ill language
How came it my heart to tempt my honour?
Pall. My Lord?
Bren. Doſt think 'cauſe they are angry
With the King and State ſometimes,
I am fallen out with vertue, and my ſelf?
Draw, draw, or by goodneſs———
P. What meanes your Lordſhip:
Bren. Draw *I* ſay.
———He that would think me a villain, is one:
Enter King *of Poland.* Lords, Melid, Mieſla.
And *I* do wear this toy, to purge the world
Of ſuch Th'have ſav'd thee wert thou good natur'd
Thou would'ſt love the King the better during life.
K. If they be juſt, they call for gracious anſwers:
Speedy, (how ere) we promiſe. *They all kiſs the*
All. Long live great *Sigiſmund*, (*Kings hand.*
Bren.——The *Lithuanians* Sir,
Are of the wilder ſort of creatures, muſt
Be rid with cavilons, and with harſh curbs:
And ſince the War can only make them tride,
What can be uſed but ſwords? where Men have fal'n
From not reſpecting Royalty, unto
A liberty of offending it. what though
Their numbers (poſſibly) equal yours Sir?
And now forc't by neceſſity, like Cats
In narrow roomes, they fly up in your face?
Think you Rebellion and Loyalty
Are empty names? and that in Subjects hearts
They dont both give and take away the courage?
Shall we believe there is no difference
In good and bad? that there's no puniſhment,
Or no protection? forbid it Heaven!

If

If when great *Polands* honour, ſafety too,
Hangs in diſpute, we ſhould not draw our ſwords,
Why were we ever taught to were 'em Sir?
Mi. this late commotion in your kingdom Sir,
Is like a growing Wen upon the face,
Which as we cannot look on but with trouble,
So tak't away with danger.
War their hath ſouleſt face, and *I* moſt fear it
Where the pretence is faireſt. Religion
And Liberty moſt ſpecious, names, they urge;
VVhich like the bills of ſubtle Mountebanks,
Fil'd with great promiſes of curing all,
———Though by the wiſe,
Paſſ'd by unred as common cozenage,
Yet by th'unknowing multitude they're ſtill
Admir'd and ſtock't unto.———
K. Is there no way
To diſabuſe me? (*Melid*) All is now too late.
"The Vulgar in Religion are like
"Unknown lands; thoſe that firſt poſſeſs them have them.
Then, Sir, Conſider juſtneſs of cauſe is nothing:
VVhen things are riſen to the point they are;
'Tis not examin'd or believ'd
Among the Warlike———
The better cauſe the *Grecians* had of *Troy*,
Yet were the Gods themſelves divided in't;
And the foul raviſher fond of all protection
As the much injur'd husband.———
Nor are you Sir aſſur'd of all behind you:
For though your Perſon in your Subjects hearts
Stands highly honour'd, and belov'd, yet are
There Certain acts of State, which Men call grievances
Abroad; and though they bare them in the times
Of peace, yet will they now perchance, ſeek to
Be free, and throw them off. "For know dread Sir,
"The common People are much like the Sea,

"That ſuffers things to fall and ſink unto
"The bottom in a Calm, which in a Storm
"Stird and inraged, if lifts, and does keep up
Then; time diſtempers cures more ſafely Sir,
Than Phyſick does, or inſtant letting Blood:
Religion now is a young miſtriſs there,
For which each Man will fight, and die at leaſt;
Let it alone a while and they will become
A kind of marry'd Wife: People will ſtill be
Content to live with it in quietneſs.
(If that at leaſt may be) my voice is therefore Sir,
For peace.———

Mieſ. Were Sir the queſtion ſimply War or Peace,
It were no more than ſhortly to be askt,
Whether we would be well or ill:
Since War the ſickneſs of the Kingdom is,
And Peace the health: But here I do conceive
'Twill rather lie, whether we had not better
Endure ſharp ſickneſs for a time, to endure
A perfect ſtrength, than have it languiſh on us:
For peace and War in an inceſtuous line,
Have ſtill begot each other.———
Thoſe Men that highly now have broke all laws
(The great one only 'tis 'twixt Man and Man)
What ſafety can they promiſe, though you give it?
Will they not ſtill ſuſpect, and juſtly too,
That all thoſe civil bonds, new made, ſhould be
Broken again to them; ſo being ſtill
In fear and jealouſie themſelves, they muſt
Infect the people: "For in ſuch a caſe
"The private ſafety is the publick trouble.
Nor will they ever want pretext; "Since he
"That will maintain it with his Sword hee's injur'd,
"May ſayt at any time———
Then Sir, as terrible as War appeares,
My vote is for't; nor ſhall I ever care

How

How ugly my Phyſitians face ſhall be,
So he can do the cure.

Lord. In entring Phyſick,
I think, Sir, none ſo much conſiders
The Doctors face as his own Body.
To keep on foot the War with all your wants,
Is to let blood, and take ſtrong potions
In dangerous ſickneſs.

K. I ſee and wonder not to find, my Lords,
This difference in opinion; the Subject's large;
Nor can we there too much diſpute, where when
We err, 'tis at the Kingdoms charges; Peace
And War are in themſelves indifferent,
And time doth ſtamp them either good or bad:
But here the place is much conſiderable;
"War in our own is like to too much heat
"Within it makes the Body ſick; when in
"Another Country, 'tis but exerciſe;
Conveighs that heat abroad, and gives it health.
To that I bend my thoughts; but leave it to
Our greater Council, which we now aſſemble;
Mean time exchange of pris'ners only we
Aſſent unto———

Lord. Nothing of Truce Sir? [*K.*] No: we'l not take
Quiet at intereſt: Perfect peace, or nothing.
"Ceſſations for ſhort times in War, are like
"Small fits of health, in deſp'rate maladies:
"VVhich while the inſtant pain ſeems to abate,
"Flatters into debauch and worſe Eſtate.———*Exeunt.*

Enter Iphigene *as leading to her Chamber*) Francelia;
Servants with lights; Morat, *and*
another Souldier.

Iph. I have not left my ſelf a fair retreat,
And muſt be now the bleſt object
Of your love, or Subject of your ſcorn.

Fran. I fear ſome treachery;

And that mine have given intelligence,
Unleſs you knew there would be weak defence,
You durſt not think of taking in a heart,
As ſoon as you ſet down before it.
Iph. Condemn my Love not of ſuch fond ambition,
It aimes not at the Conqueſt,
Rut exchange *Franeelia*—— (*whiſper*
Mor. They're very great in this ſhort time.
Sol. 'tis ever ſo:
Young and handſome
Have made acquaintances in nature:
So when they meet, they have the leſs to do.
It is for age or uglineſs that makes approaches,
And keep a diſtance.
Iph. when *I* ſhall ſee other diſtinct perfection,
Which at the beſt will be but other vanity,
Not more, *I* ſhall not love it——
Fran. 'Tis ſtill one ſtep not to diſpair, my Lord.
Exeunt Iphig. Fran. *ſervant.*
Morat. Doeſt think he will fight?
Sold. Troth it may be not:
Nature in thoſe fine pieces, does as painters;
Hangs out a pleaſant Excellence
That takes the eye, which is indeed,
But a courſe Canvas in the naked truth,
Or ſome ſlight ſtuff.
Morat. *I* have a great mind to taſt him.
Sold. Fy! a Priſoner?
Morat. By this hand if *I* thought
Enter. Iphig. Waiting-woman, *coming after him*
He courted my Coronels M^rs in earneſt.
Wom. My L^d, My L^d,
My Lady thinks the Geſſemine walks
Will be the finer, the freſhneſs
Of the Morning takes of the ſtrength
O'th' heat ſhe ſays.

Iph.

Iph. 'Tis well Sir.
Mor. Mewe——do ſo? I ſuſpect wildly,
We'll follow him, and ſee if he be there
So far qualified towards a Souldier,
As to drink a craſh in's Chamber—[Raguelin *pulls the waiting Woman back.*
R. What are theſe Keys?
Wom. Hark you, I dare not do it.
R. How?
Wom. My Lady will find——
R. Scruples?
Are my hopes become your fears?
There was no other way I ſhould be any thing
In this lewd World,——and now——
'Sfoot, I know ſhe longs to ſee him too.
Wom. Does ſhe?
R. Do you think he would deſire it elſe?
Wom I, but——
R. Why, let me ſecure it all.
I'll ſay I found the Keys, or ſtole them: Come—
Wom. Well, if you ruine all now——
Here, theſe enter the Garden from the works,
That the privy walks, and that the back ſtairs,
Then you know the Chamber.——
R. Yes I know your Chamber.—— (*Exeunt.*

Enter Brennoralt.

Bren. He comes.
One wiſe thought more, and I return:
I cannot in this act ſeparate the fooliſh
From the bold ſo far, but ſtill it taſts a'th raſh
Why let it taſte, it taſts of Love too:
And to all actions 't gives a pretty reliſh that.

Enter Raguelin.

Rag. My Lord?
Bren. Oh——here.
Rag. 'Sfoot y'are upon our Centries.
Move on this Hand.—— (*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter (*again*) Brennoralt, *and* Rague.

Bren. Where are we now?

Ra. Entring part of the Fort,
Your Lordſhip muſt be wet a little. —— (*Exeunt.*

Enter (*again*)

Bren. Why are there no guards?

R. There needs none;
You preſently muſt paſs a place,
Where one's an Army in defence,
It is ſo ſteep and ſtrait.

Bren. 'Tis well.

Ra. Theſe are the ſteps of danger;
Look to your way my Lord. ——

Bren. I do not find ſuch difficulty.

Francelia (*as in a Bed.*

Bren. Wait here abouts —— (*He draws the Curtains.*
So Miſers look upon their Gold.
Which while they joy to ſee, they fear to loſe,
The pleaſure of the ſight ſcarce equalling
The jealouſie of being diſpoſſeſt by others;
Her Face is like to the milky way i'the Skie,
A meeting of gentle lights without Name.
Heavens! ſhall this freſh Ornament
Of the World; this precious Love-lines
Paſs with other common things
Amongſt the waſts of time, what pity 'twere. (*She wakes.*

Fran. Bleſs me!
Is it a Viſion, or *Brennoralt*?

Bren. Brennoralt, Lady.

Franc. Bennoralt? Innocence guard me;
What is't you have done with my Lord?

Bren. Alas I were in too good eſtate,
If I knew what I did.
But why ask you Madam?

Franc. It much amazes me to think
How you came hither.

And

And what could bring you to endanger thus
My Honour, and your own Life?
Nothing but saving of my Brother
Could make me now preserve you.
Fren, Reproach me not the follies, you your selfe
Make me commit———
I am reduc'd to such extremity,
That Love himself (high tyrant as he is)
If he could see would pity me.
Fran. I understand you not.
Bren. Would Heaven you did, for't is a pain to tell you:
I come t'accuse you of injustice (Madam.)
You first begot my passion, and was
Content (at least you seem'd so) it should live;
Yet since would ne'er contribute unto it,
Nor look upon't, as if you had desired
Its being for no other end, but for
The pleasure of its ruine———
Fran. Why do you labour thus to make me guilty of
An injury to you, which when it is one,
All Mankind is alike engag'd, and must
Have quarrel to me?
Bren. I have done ill; you chide me justly (Madam.)
I'll lay't not on you, but on my wretched self.
For I am taught that Heavenly bodies
Are not malicious in their influence,
But by the disposition of the subject.
They tell me you must Marry *Almerin*:
Sure such excellency ought to be
The recompence of Virtue,
Not the sacrifice of Parents Wisdom;
Should it not Madam?
Fran. 'Twould injure me, where it thought otherwise,
Br. And shall he have you then that knew you yesterday?
Is there in Martyrdom no juster way?
But he that holds a finger in the Fire

A little

A little time, I ſhould have a Crown from them
That have indur'd the flame with conſtancy?
Fran. If the diſcovery will eaſe your thoughts
My Lord; know, *Almerin* is the Man
I never ſaw. (*Bren.*) You do not Marry then?
Condemn'd Men thus hear, and thus receive
Reprieves. One queſtion more and I am gone;
Is there to latitude of eternity
A hope for *Brennoralt?*
Fran. My Lord?
Bren: Have I a place at all,
When do you think of Men?
Fran. My Lord, a high one,
I muſt be ſingular did I not value you:
The World does ſet great rates upon you,
And you have firſt deſerv'd them.
Bren. Is this all?
Fran. All.
Bren. Oh be leſs kind, or kinder;
Give me more pity, or more cruelty *Francelia*,
I cannot Live with this nor Die——
Fran. I fear my Lord,
You muſt not hope beyond it.
Bren. Not hope? this, ſure is not the Body to (*views him.*
This Soul; it was miſtaken, ſhufled in *ſelf.*
Through haſte: Why (elſe) ſhould that have ſo much Love,
And this want Lovelineſs, to make that Love
Receiv'd?——I will raiſe honour to a point,
It never was——do things (*Studies.*
Of ſuch vertuous greatneſs ſhe ſhall Love me.
She ſhall——I will deſerve her, though
I have her not: There's ſomething yet in that.
Madam, wil't pleaſe you, pardon my offence?
——(Oh Fates?
That I muſt call thus my affection!)
Fran I will do any thing, ſo you will think

Of

Of me, and of your ſelf (my Lord) and how
Your ſtay in dangers both—(*Bren.*) Alas!
Your pardon is more neceſſary to
My Life, than Life to me: But *I* am gone.
Bleſſings, ſuch as my wiſhes for you, in
Their extaſies, could never reach, fall on you.
May every thing contribute to preſerve
That excellence (my deſtruction) till't meet joyes
In Love, great as the torments *I* have in't. (*Exit.*

Act IV. Scene I.

Enter Brennoralt.

Bren. WHy ſo, 'tis well, Fortune I thank thee ſtill,
I dare not call thee villain neither.
Twas plotted from the firſt,
That's certain,——it looks that way?
Hum——caught it in a trap?
Here's ſomething yet to truſt too—— (*To his Sword.*
This was the entry, theſe the ſtairs:
But whether afterwards?
He that is ſure to periſh on the Land,
May quit the nicety of Card and Compaſs:
And ſafe, to his diſcretion put to Sea;
He ſhall have my hand to't. (*Exit.*

Enter Raguelin, Orilla (*the Waiting-woman.*

Ra. Look:
By this Light 'tis Day.

Oril. Not by this, by t'other 'tis indeed.

Ra. Thou art ſuch another piece of Temptation.
My Lord raves by this time,
A hundred to one the Centinells

Will

Will discover us too,
Then I pay for Night-watch.
Oril. Fie upon thee.
Thou art as fearful as a young Colt;
Bogleſt at every thing, you Fool.
As if Lovers had consider'd hours, I'll peep in--(*She peeps.*
Ra. I am as weary of this Wench,
As if I were Married to her:
She hangs upon me like an Ape upon a Horſe——
She's as common too, as a Barbers glaſs ——
Conſcienc't to like a Dy-dapper.
Orilla.——There's no Body within:
My Lady ſleeps this hour at leaſt.
Ra. Good, the Devil's even with me——
Not be an honeſt Man neither—(*Enter* Bren. *& a guard.*
What courſe now?
S. Nay Sir, we ſhall order you now.
Bren. Dogs—— (*Enter* Freſolin
Freſ. What tumult's this——ha! *Brennoralt*! 'tis he
In ſpite of his diſguiſe: what makes he here?
He's loſt for ever if he be diſcover'd;
How now companions, why do you uſe my friends thus?
S. Your Friend my Lord? if he be your Friend,
H'as uſed us ill:
He has plaid the Devil amongſt us.
Six of our Men are Surgeons work this Month;
We found him climbing the walls.
2. *S.* He had no word neither.
Nor any language but a blow.
Freſ. You will be doing theſe wild things (my Lord)
Good Faith y'are to blame, if y'had deſir'd
To view the Walls, or Trenches, 'twas but
Speaking; we are not nice:
I would my ſelf have waited on you:
They're the new out-works you would ſee perchance,
Boy, bring me black Tempeſt round about,

And the gray Barbary; a Trumpet come along too;
My Lord, we'l take the nearer way.
And Privateer, here through the Sally-Port.
Bren. What a Devil is this? ſure I dream— *Exeunt.*
S. Now, you are ſo officious. (*Manet. Sold.*
2 *S.* Death! could I gueſs he was a Friend?
S. 'Twas ever to be thought ſo,
How ſhould he come there elſe?
2 *S.* Friend or no friend, he might have left us there
Something to pay the Surgeon with:
Grant me that, or I'll beat you to't——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Freſolin, *and* Brennoralt.

Freſ. *Brennoralt* ——— ſtart not:
I pay thee back a Life I owe thee;
And bleſs my Stars, they gave me power to do't,
The debt lay heavy on me.
A Horſe waits you there——— a Trumpet too,
(Which you may keep, leaſt he ſhould prate)
No Ceremony, 'tis dangerous.
Bren. Thou haſt aſtoniſh't me:
Thy Youth hath triumph'd in one ſingle Act,
O're all the Age can boaſt; and I will ſtay
To tell thee ſo, were they now firing all
Their Cannons on me; farewell gallant *Freſolin:*
And may reward, great as thy virtue, Crown thee.
(*Exeunt divers Ways.*

Enter Iphigene, Francelia.

Fran. A peace will come,
And then thou muſt be gone;
And whither when you once are got upon the wing,
You will not ſtoop to what ſhall riſe,
Before ye fly to ſome lure
With more temptation garniſht, is a ſad queſtion.
Iph. Can you have doubts, and I not my fears?
By this——— the readieſt and the ſweeteſt Oath, I ſwear
I cannot ſo ſecure my ſelf of you,

But

But in my absence I shall be in pain.
I have cast up what it will be to stand
The Governors anger; and which is more hard,
The Love to *Almerin*.
I hold thee now but by thy own free grant,
A slight security, alas it may fall out,
Giving thy self, not knowing thine own worth,
Or want of mine, thou may'st, like Kings deceiv'd,
Resume the gift on better knowledge back again.
Fran. If I so easily change, I was not worth your lov.
And by the loss you'l gain.
Iph. But when y'are irrecoverably gone,
'Twill be slight comfort to perswade my self
You had a fault, when all that fault must be
But want of Love to me; and that again
Find in my much defect, so much excuse,
That it will have no worse name
Than discretion, inconcern'd do
Cast it up——I must have the more assurance.
Franc. You have too much already:
And sure my Lord you wonder, while I blush,
At such a growth in young affections.
Iphi. Why should I wonder (Madam?)
Love that from two Breasts sucks,
must of a Child quickly become a Giant.
Dunces in Love stay at the Alphabet.
The inspir'd known all before; —[*Enter Waiting-woman.*
And do begin still higher.
Wom. Madam;
Almerin, returned, has sent to kiss
Your Hands. I told him you were busie.
Franc. Must I my Lord be busie?
I may be civill though not kind.
Tell him *I* wait for him in the Gallery.
Iphi. May *I* not kiss your hand this night? (*Whisper.*
Franc. The World is full of jealous Eyes my Lord:

And

And were they all lock't up; you are a ſpie
Once entred in my Chamber at ſtrange hours.
Iphi. The virtue of *Francelia* is too ſafe,
To need thoſe little arts of preſervation.
Thus to divide our ſelves, is to diſtruſt our ſelves.
A Cherubin diſpatches not on Earth
The affairs of Heaven with greater innocence,
Then *I* will viſit; 'tis but to take a leave,
I beg.
Franc. When you are going my Lord——— (*Exeunt.*

Enter Almerin, Morat.

Almer. Piſh, thou lieſt, thou lieſt.
I know he playes with Woman-kind, not Loves it.
Thou art impertinent———
Mor. 'Tis the Camp talk my Lord though.
Al. The Camp's an Aſs, let me hear no more on't.
(*Exeunt Talking.*

Enter Granivert, Villanor, Marinel.

Grani. And ſhall we have Peace?
I am no ſooner ſober, but the State is ſo too.
Iſt be thy will, a truce for a Month only.
I long to refreſh my Eyes; by this hand
They have been ſo tir'd with looking upon Faces
Of this Country.
Villa. And ſhall the *Donazella*
To whom we wiſh ſo well-a
Look Babies again in our Eyes-a?
Grani. Ah——a ſprightly Girl above Fifteen,
That melts when a Man but takes her by the Hand!
Eyes full, and quick; with Breath
Sweet as double violets,
And wholeſome as dying leaves of Strawberries.
Thick ſilken Eye-brows, high upon the Fore-head;
And Cheeks mingled with pale ſtreaks of Red,
Such as bluſhing Morning never wore.—
Villa. Oh my chops; my chops;

Grani. With narrow Mouth, ſmall Teeth,
And Lips ſwelling, as if ſhe pouted,——
Villa. Hold, hold, hold.
Grani. Hair curling, and cover'd, like buds of *Marjoram*,
Part tyed in negligence,
Part looſely flowing.——
Marin. Tyrant! tyrant! tyrant!
Grani. In pink colour taffata Petticoat:
Lac'd Smock-ſleeves dangling;
This viſion ſtoln from her own Bed
And ruſtling into ones Chamber.——
Villa. Oh good *Granivert*, good *Granivert*.
Grani. With a Wax Candle in her Hand,
Looking as if ſhe had loſt her way;
At Twelve at Night.
Marin. Oh! any Hour, any hour.
Grani. Now I think on't, by this Hand
I'll Marry and be long Liv'd.
Villa. Long Liv'd? how?
Grani. Oh, he that has a Wife, Eats with an Appetite,
Has a very good Stomach to't firſt:
This living at large is very deſtructive,
Variety is like rare ſawces; provokes too farr,
And draws on ſurfeits, more then th'other.

Enter Doran.

Dor. So; is this a time to Fool in?
G. What't the matter?
Dor. Draw out your choice Men, and away to
Your Coronel immediately. there's work,
Towards my Boys, there's work.
Grain. Art in earneſt?
Dor. By this light.
Grain. Theres ſomething in that yet.

This moiety War
Twilight,
Neither Night nor Day

Pox upon it:
A ſtorm is worth a Thouſand
Of your calm;
Theres more variety in it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Almerin, Francelia, *as talking earneſtly.*

Alm. Madam, that ſhews the greatneſs of my paſſion.

Fran. The imperfection rather: Jealouſies
No better ſign of Love (my Lord) then feavers are
Of Life; they ſhew thete is a being, though
Impair'd, and periſhing: And that affection,
But Sick and in diſorder. I lik't not.
Your Servant.——— [*Exit*

Al. So ſhort and ſowr? the change is viſible.

Enter Iphigene.

Iph. Dear *Almerin*, welcome, y'have been abſent long.

Alm. Not very long.

Iph. To me it hath appear'd ſo;
What ſays our Camp? am I not blamed there?

Alm. The wonder———

Iph. While we ſmile———
How have you found the King inclining?

Alm. Well.
The Treaty is not broken, nor holds it.
Things are where they were;
T'has a kind of Face of Peace,
You my Lord may when you pleaſe return.

Iph. I Almerin?

Alm. Yes my Lord. *I'll* give you an eſcape.

Iph. 'Tis leaſt in my deſires.

Alm. Hum!

Iph. Such Priſons are beyond liberty.

Alm. Is't poſſible?

Iph. Seems it ſtrange to you?

Alm. No, not at all.
What? you find the Ladies kind?

Iph. Civil——— [*Smiles*

A. You make love well too they ſay (My Lord)
Iph. Paſs my time.
Alm. Addreſs unto *Francelia*?
Iph. Viſit her.
Al. D'you know ſhe is my Miſtriſs, Pallatine?
Iph. Ha.
Alm. D'you know ſhe is my Miſtriſs?
Iph. I have been told ſo.
Alm. And do you court her then?
Iph. Why? (*Smiles*
If I ſaw the Enemy firſt,
Would you not charge;
Alm. He does allow it too, by Heaven:
Laughs at me too; thou filcher of a Heart,
Falſe as thy title to *Francelia*.
Or as thy friendſhip: which with this *I* do (*Draws.*
Throw by—— draw.
Iph. What do you mean?
Alm. I ſee the cunning now of all thy Love,
And why thou cam'ſt ſo timely kind,
Suffering ſurprize. Draw.
Iph. *I* will not Draw, kill me;
And *I* ſhall have no trouble in my Death,
Knowing it is your pleaſure:
As *I* ſhall have no pleaſure in my Life,
Knowing it is your trouble.
Alm. Oh poor———*I* lookt for this.
I knew th'wouldſt find 'twas eaſier to do a wrong
Than juſtifie it——but——
Iph. *I* will not fight—— —— hear me:
If *I* Love you not more, than *I* Love her;
If *I* do Love her more than for your ſake;
Heaven ſtrangely puniſh me.
Alm. Take heed how thou doſt play with Heaven.
Iphi. By all that's juſt, and fair, and good,
By all that you hold dear, and Men hold great;
I never had laſcivious thought, or e'er Did

Did action that might call in doubt my love
To *Almerin*.

Alm. That Tongue can charm me into any thing;
I do believ't, prithee be wiser then.
Give me no further cauſe of Jealouſie,
Hurt not mine honour more; and I am well.

Iphi. But well——— Of all
Our paſſions, I wonder nature made
The worſt foul Jealouſie her favourite.
And if it be not ſo, why took ſhe care
That every thing ſhould give the monſter Nouriſhment,
And left us nothing to deſtroy it with?

Alm. Prithee no more, thou plead'ſt ſo cunningly
I fear I ſhall be made the guilty,
And need thy pardon.

Iphi. If you could read my heart you would.
I will be gone to morrow if that will ſatisfie. Indeed
I ſhall not reſt until my Innocence
Be made as plain as objects to the ſence.

Alm. ——— Come;
You ſhall not go, I'll think upon't no more.
" Diſtruſts ruine not friendſhip,
" But build it fairer than it was before———

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Brennoralt, Capains, Stratheman, Doran.

Bren. No more but ten from every Company,
For many hands are Thieves, and rob the Glory,
While they take their ſhare How goes the Night?

Stra. Half ſpent my Lord.
We ſhall have ſtraight,
The Moons weaker light.

Bren. 'Tis time then, call in the Officers.
Friends, if you were Men that muſt be talk'd
Into a Courage, I had not choſen you;
Danger with its Vizard, oft before this time
Y'ave look'd upon, and out-faced it too;

We are to do the trick again, that's all.
Here——— [*Draws his Sword.*
And yet we will not Swear:
For he that ſhrinks in ſuch an action
Is damn'd without the help of Perjury.
Doran; if from the Virgin-Tow'r thou ſpieſt
A flame, ſuch as the Eaſt ſends forth about
The time the Day ſhould break, go tell the King
I hold the Caſtle for him; bid him come on
With all his force, and he ſhall find a Victory
So cheap 'twill loſe the Value. If I fall,
The World has loſt a thing it us'd not well;
And I, a thing I car'd not for; that World.
Stra. Lead us on Coronel;
If we do not fight like——
Bren. No like.
We'll be our ſelves ſimilitude,
And time ſhould ſay, when it would tell
That Men did well, they fought like us.

Act V. Scene I.

Enter again.

Bren. WHat made the ſtop?
One in's Falling-ſickneſs had a fit
Which choak'd the paſſage; but all is well:
Softly, we are near the place. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum within, and Fight, then enter Almerin, *in his Night-Gown.*

Alm. What noiſe is here to Night?
Something on fire—— what ho!
Send to the Virgin-Tower, there is diſorder——
Thereabouts. *Enter*

Enter Soldier.

Sold. All's loſt, all's loſt:
The Enemy's upon the place of Arms;
And is by this time Maſter of that,
And of the Tower.

Alm. Thou lieſt.——[*ſtrikes him.* *Enter* Moral.

Mor. Save your ſelf my Lord and haſte unto the Camp,
Ruine gets in on every ſide.

Alm. There's ſomething in it when this fellow flies.
Villains, my Arms; I'll ſee what Devil reigns.

Enter Iphigene, Francelia.

Iphi. Look, the Day breaks.

Fran. You think I'll be ſo kind, as ſwear
It does not now. Indeed I will not——

Iphi. Will you not ſend me neither,
Your Picture when y'are gone?
That when my Eye is famiſh'd for a look
It may have where to feed,
And to the Painted feaſt invite my heart.

Franc. Here, take this Virgin-bracelet of my Hair,
And if like other Men thou ſhalt hereafter
Throw it with negligence,
'Mongſt the Records of thy weak female conqueſts,
Laugh at the kind Words and myſtical Contrivement.
If ſuch a time ſhall come,
Know I am ſighing then thy abſence, *Iphigene*;
And weeping o'er the falſe but pleaſing Image.

Enter Almerin.

Alm. Francelia, Francelia,
Riſe, riſe, and ſave thy ſelf, the Enemy
That does not know thy worth, may elſe deſtroy it.
Ha! mine Eyes grow ſick. [*Throws open the Door.*
A plague has, through them, ſtoln into my Heart;
And I grow dizzy; Feet lead me off again,
Without the knowledge of my Body:
I ſhall act I know not what elſe—— [*Exit.*

Franc. How came he in?
Dear *Iphigene*, we are betray'd;
Lets raise the Castle lest he should return.
Iphi. That were to make all Publick.
Fear not, I'll satisfie his anger:
I can do it.
Franc. Yes with some quarrel;
And bring my Honour, and my Love in danger——
Look he returns, and wrecks of fury, { *Enter*
Like hurried Clouds over the face of Heaven, { Almerin.
Before a tempest, in his looks appears.
Alm. If they would question what our Rage doth act
And make it sin, they would not thus provoke Men.
——I am too tame.
For if they live *I* shall be pointed at,
Here I denounce a War to all the VVorld,
And thus begin.—— [*Runs at* Iphigene.
Iphi. VVhat hast thou done?—— [*falls.*
Franc. Ah me, help, help!—— [*Wounds* Francelia.
Iphi. Hold.
Alm. 'Tis too late.'
Iphi. Rather than she shall suffer,
My fond deceits involve the Innocent;
I will discover all.
Alm. Ha!—— VVhat will he discover?
Iphi. That which shall make thee curse
The blindness of thy rage.—— *I am a Woman.*
Alm. Ha, ha, ha, brave and bold!
Because thy Perjury deceived me once,
And saved thy Life, thou thinkest to escape again,
Impostor, thus thou shalt—— [*Runs at him.*
Iphi. Oh hold!——*I* have enough.
Had *I* hope of Life, thou shouldst not have this Secret.
Franc. What will it be now?
Iphi. —My Father having long desir'd
A Son to Heir his great Possessions;

And

And in ſix Births ſucceſſively deceiv'd,
Made a raſh Vow: Oh how Raſh Vows are puniſhed!
That if the burthen then my Mother went with
Prov'd not a Male, he ne'er would know her more.
Then was unhappy *Ipbigene* brought forth,
And by the VVomens kindneſs nam'd a Boy;
And ſince ſo bred: (a Cruel pity as
It hath faln out.) If now thou findſt that, which
Thou thoughteſt a Friendſhip in me, Love, forget it.
It was my joy,——and—— death.—— [*Faints.*

Alm. ——For curioſity
I'll ſave thee, if *I* can, and know the end
If't be but loſs of Blood,——Breaſts!
By all that's good a VVoman!—— *Iphigene*!

Iphi. I thank thee, for *I* was faln aſleep, before
I had diſpatch'd. Sweeteſt of all thy Sex,
Francelia, forgive me now; my love
Unto this Man, and fear to loſe him taught me,
A fatal cunning, made me court you,—— and
My own Deſtruction.

Franc. *I* am amaz'd!

Alm. And can it be? Oh mockery of Heaven
To let me ſee what my Soul often wiſh'd,
And mak't my puniſhment, a puniſhment,
That were *I* old in Sins, were yet too great.

Iphi. VVould you have lov'd me then? Pray ſay you would,
For I, like teſty Sickmen at their Death,
VVould know no news but health from the Phyſician.

Alm. Canſt thou doubt that?
That haſt ſo often ſeen me extaſy'd,
VVhen thou wert dreſt like VVoman
Unwilling ever to believe the Man?

Iphi. *I* have enough.

Alm. Heaven!
VVhat thing ſhall *I* appear unto the VVorld!
Here might my ignorance find ſome excuſe.

But,

——— But, there,
I was diſtracted. None but one enrag'd
VVith anger to ſavageneſs, would ere
Have drawn a Sword upon ſuch gentle ſweetneſs.
Be kind, and kill me; kill me one of you:
Kill me if't be but to preſerve my VVits.
Dear *Iphigene*, take thy revenge, it will
Not misbecome thy Sex at all; for 'tis
An act of pity not of cruelty:
Thus to diſpatch a miſerable Man.

Franc. And thou would be more miſerable yet,
VVhile like a Bird made Priſoner by it ſelf,
Thou bat'ſt and beat'ſt thy ſelf 'againſt every thing,
And doſt paſs by, that which ſhould let thee out.

Alm. ——— Is it my fault?
Or Heavens? Fortune, when ſhe would play upon me,
Like ill Muſitians, wound me up ſo high,
That I muſt crack ſooner than move in tune.

Franc. Still you rave,
VVhile we for want of preſent help may periſh.

Alm. Right.
A Surgeon, I'll go find one inſtantly.
The Enemy too—— *I* had forgot———
Oh what fatality govern this Night.

[*Exit.*

Franc. How like an unthrifts caſe will mine be now?
For all the wealth he loſes ſhift's but his place;
And ſtill the world enjoys it; ſo will't you,
Sweet *Iphigene*, though I poſſeſs you not.

Iphi. What excellence of Nature's this! have you
So perfectly forgiven already, as to
Conſider me a loſs? *I* doubt which Sex
I ſhall be happier in. Climates of Friendſhip
Are no leſs pleaſant, 'cauſe they are leſs ſcortching,
Than thoſe of Love; and under them we'll live:
Such precious Links of that we'l tye our Souls

Together

Together with, the Chains of the other
Shall be groſs Fetters to it.
Franc. But I fear
I cannot ſtay the making. Oh would you
Had never undeceiv'd me, for I had dy'd with
Pleaſure, believing *I* had been your Martyr.
Now———
Iphi. She looks pale! *Francelia*———
Franc. ———I cannot ſtay;
A haſty Summons hurries me away:
And——gives——no—— [*Dies.*

Iphi. ———She's gone:
A noiſe within. Enter Soldiers: She thinks them Almerin.
She's gone. Life like a Dials hand hath ſtoln
From me the fair figure e'er it was deceiv'd.
What will become of me?——Too late, too late
Y'are come; you may perſuade wild Birds, that wing
The Air, into a Cage, as ſoon as call
Her wandring Spirits back.——— Ha!
Thoſe are ſtrange Faces; there's a horror in them:
And if I ſtay, I ſhall be taken for
The murderer. O in what ſtreights they move,
That wander 'twixt Death, fears and hopes of Love? [*Exit.*

Enter Brennoralt, Grainevert, *Soldiers.*
Bren. Forbear, upon your Lives, the place:
There dwells Divinity within it. All elſe
The Caſtle holds, is lawful prize,
Your Valours wages. This I claim as mine,
Guard you the Door.———
Grain. Coronel, ſhall you uſe all the Women your ſelf?
Bren. Away——'tis unſeaſonable—[*Draws the Curtain*
Awake fair Saint and bleſs thy poor Idolater,
Ha! ———pale!———and cold! Dead!
The ſweeteſt gueſt fled, murdered by Heaven;

The

The purple Streams not dry yet.
Some Villains has broke in before me,
Rob'd all my hopes; but I will find him out,
And kick his Soul to Hell— I'll do't— [*Dragging out* Iphigene.
Speak.
Iphi. What ſhould I ſay?
Bren. Speak or by all———
Iphi. Alas! I do confeſs my ſelf the unfortunate cauſe.
Bren. Oh d'you ſo?
Hadſt thou been cauſe of all the plagues
That vex Mankind, th'adſt been an Innocent
To what thou art, thou ſhalt not think repentance. [*Kills her.*
Iphi. Oh! Thou wert too ſudden.
And ——— [*Dies.*
Bren. VVas I ſo?
The Luſtful Youth would ſure have ſpoil'd her honour;
VVhich finding highly guarded, rage, and fear
To be reveal'd, counſel'd this Villany.
Is there no more of them? *Exit.*

Enter Almerin.

Alm. Not enter?
Yes Dog, through thee——— ha! a courſe laid out
In ſtead of *Iphigene*: *Francelia* dead too?— [*Enter* Bren
VVhere ſhall I begin to curſe?
Bren. Here——— If he were thy friend.
Alm. Brennoralt!
A gallant Sword could ne'er have come
In better time.
Bren. I have a good one for thee,
If that will ſerve the turn.
Alm. I long to try it,
That fight doth make me deſperate;
Sick of my ſelf and the VVorld.
Bren. Didſt value him?
A greater Villain did I never kill.
Alm. Kill?

Bren.

Bren. Yes.
Alm. Art ſure of it?
Bren. May be I do not wake.
Alm. Th'aſt taken then a guilt off from me,
VVould have weigh'd down my Sword,
VVeakned me to low reſiſtance.
I ſhould have made no ſport, hadſt thou conceal'd it.
Know, *Brennoralt*, thy Sword is ſtain'd in Excellence,
Great as the VVorld could boaſt.———
Bren. Ha,—ha,—how thou art abus'd?
Look there, there lies the Excellence
Thou ſpeakeſt of, murdred; by him too;
He did confeſs he was the cauſe.
Alm. Oh Innocence, ill underſtood, and much worſe us'd!
She was alas, by accident, but I,
I was the cauſe indeed——
Bren. *I* will believe thee too, and kill thee——
Deſtroy all cauſes till *I* make a ſtop
In Nature; for to what purpoſe ſhould ſhe
VVork again?
Alm. Bravely then,
The title of a Kingdom is a trifle
To our quarrel, Sir; know by ſad miſtake
I kill'd thy Miſtreſs, *Brennoralt*,
And thou kil'ſt mine.
Bren. Thine!
Alm. Yes, that *Iphigene*
Though ſhown as Man unto the World,
Was Woman, excellent Woman!——
Bren. I underſtand no Riddles; guard thee—[*Fight and*
Alm. O could they now look down, *pauſe.*
And ſee how we two ſtrive
Which firſt ſhould give Revenge,
They would forgive us ſomething of the crime.
Hold prithee, give me leave
To ſatisfie a curioſity——

I never kiſſed my *Iphigene* as Woman.

Bren. Thou motion'ſt well, nor have I taken leave, [*riſing*
It keeps a ſweetneſs yet———
As ſtills from Roſes, when the Flowers are gone.

Alm. Even ſo have two faint Pilgrims ſcorcht with heat
Unto ſome Neighbour Fountain ſtept aſide,
Kneel'd firſt, then laid their warm lips to the Nymph,
And from her coldneſs took freſh Life again
As we do now.———

Bren. Lets on our Journey if thou art refreſh'd.

Alm. Come; and if there be a place reſerved
For heightned ſpirits better than other,
May that which wearies firſt of ours have it.

Bren. If *I* grow weary, Laugh at me, that's all.
[*Fight a good while,* Alm. *falls.*

Alm. ——Brave Souls above which will
Be (ſure) inquiſitive for News from Earth,
Shall get no other but that thou art Brave.

Enter King, Stratheman, Lords, Minſe.

Stra. To preſerve ſome Ladies as we gueſt.

King. Still gallant, *Brennoralt*, thy Sword not ſheath'd yet?
Buſie ſtill?———

Bren. Revenging Sir
The fouleſt Murder ever blaſted Ears,
Committed here by *Almerin* and *Iphigene.*

Alm. Falſe, falſe: The firſt created Purity
Was not more Innocent than *Iphigene.*

Bren. Lives he again?

Alm. Stay thou much wearied gueſt
Till *I* have thrown a truth amongſt them———
We ſhall look black elſe to Poſterity.

King. What ſays he?

Lord. Something concerning this he labours to
Diſcover.

Alm. Know it was I that kill'd *Francelia.*
I alone—— *Minſ.*

Minſ. O barbarous return of my Civilities!
Was it thy hand?
Alm. Hear and forgive me *Minſe.*
Entring this Morning haſtily
With reſolution to preſerve
The fair *Francelia*, I found a Thief
Stealing the Treaſure (as I thought)
Belong'd to me. Wild in my mind
As ruin'd in my Honour, in much miſtaken rage
I wounded both: Then, Oh too late! I found
My Error. Found *Iphigene* a Woman
Acting ſtoln Love, to make her own Love ſafe,
And all my Jealouſies impoſſible,
Whilſt I ran out to bring them cure;
Francelia dies; and *Iphigene* found here.
I can no more——— [*Dies.*
King. Moſt ſtrange and intricate.
Iphigene a Woman?
Mel. With this Story I am guiltily acquainted;
The firſt concealments, ſince her Love,
And all the ways to it I have been truſted with:
But Sir, my Grief with the inſtant buſineſs
Begs a deferment.
King. I am amaz'd till I do hear it out.
——But i'th mean time,
Leſt in theſe miſts merit ſhould loſe it ſelf,
——Thoſe forfeitures
Of *Trock* and *Menſeck*, *Brennoralt* are thine.
Bren. A Princely gift! But Sir it comes too late.
Like Sun-beams on the blaſted Bloſſoms, do
Your favours fall: You ſhould have given me this
When't might have rais'd me in Mens thoughts, and made
Me equal to *Francelia*'s Love: I have
No end, ſince ſhe is not———
Back, to my private Life I will return.
"Cattel, though weary, can trudge homewards, after.

King.

King. This Melancholy, time muſt Cure: Come take
The Bodies up, and lead the Priſoners on,
Triumph and Funerals muſt walk together,
Cypreſs and Laurel twin'd make up one Chaplet.
——For we have got
The Day; but bought it at ſo dear a rate,
That Victory it ſelf's unfortunate.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE
SAD ONE.
A
TRAGEDY,

Written by Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1694.

THE

SAD ONE,

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

THE ARGUMENT

Introducing to the following

SCENES.

Sicily had been a long time tormented with Civil Wars, and the Crown was ſtill in diſpute, till *Aldebrand* getting the upper-hand in a ſet Battle, eſtabliſh'd himſelf in the Throne, and gave a Period to all thoſe troubles in ſhew only; for the old Factions were ſet on foot again ſhortly after, and the Houſe of the *Floretties* and the *Cleonaxes* ſtrove now

as much who should be most powerful with the King, as before who should make him. In conclusion, the favour of *Aldebrand* inclining to the *Cleonaxes*, and by degrees resting wholly upon them, the *Floretties* took Arms, but in a set Field lost all; The Father and the Son being both taken Prisoners, the one was Banish'd, the other Condemned suddenly to lose his Head.

Thus far the Author drew the Curtain; the rest of the Plot is wrap'd up in the following *Scenes*.

The

The ACTORS.

Aldebrand, *King of* Sicily.
Cleonax, *Senior, Treasurer.*
Cleonax, *Junior, His Son.*
Bellamino, *Favourite of Pleasure, and Cousin to* Cleonax
Clarimont, *An old Lord.*
Clarimont, *Junior, His Son.*
Fidelio, *Friend to* Clarimont.
Florelio, *A Lord Married to* Francelia.
Florelio, *Junior, His Brother.*
Lorenzo, *An ambitious Courtier.*
Parmenio, *His supposed Creature.*
Drollio, } Two Courtiers.
Lepido, }
Doco Discopio, *One that pretends to be a great Statesman.*
Signior Multecarni, *The Poet.*
Petruchio, *Servant to* Florelio.
Ambassador from Spain.
Actors———
Amasia, *Queen to* Aldebrand.
Francelia, *Daughter to* Clarimont.
Keeper.

The Scene SICILY.

The Sad One.

Act I. Scene I.

Enter old Clarimont *in Priſon, in his Night-Gown, his Servants following him.*

COndemn'd unheard! Juſt Heavens, it cannot be!
Why, Tyranny it ſelf could do no more;
The pale Ghoſts of *Tiberius* and *Nero*
Would bluſh to ſee an act ſo Foul and Horrid,
So full of black ingratitude as this.
'Twas I that ſet the Crown upon his Head;
And bid him live King of his Enemies,
When he durſt hardly hope it:
And does he thus requite me! Now I ſee,
Who by the Compaſs of his Merit ſails,
May guide his Fraught of Hopes in Seaſons fair
And Calm; but when Storms come,
All his good Deeds, with his good Days, muſt periſh:
Oh my unhappy Stars!——— [*Beats his Breaſt.*

Serv. My Lord, let not a fruitleſs Paſſion
Make you to die leſs Man than you have lived.

Cla. Who art thou?

Ser.

Ser. I was lately one, my Lord,
Of the vaſt Crowd that waited on your Fortunes,
But am now become the whole Train,
The reſt have left you.

Cla. Prithee do thou leave me too. [*Servant Exit.*
The clap o'th Vulgar, and loud popular applauſe,
Are not the Eccho of our Acts, but Fortunes.
Great Men but Dials are, which when the Sun
Is gone, or hides his Face, are hardly look'd upon.
But yeſterday I was Times Miniſter;
On me the whole Court gaz'd, as at
Some Comet ſet in *Caſſopeia*'s Chair:
Who but old *Clarimont* could with Nods create,
And with a ſpeaking Eye, command bare Heads and Knees?
But now——— [*Beats his Breaſt again.*
Greatneſs is but the ſhadow of the beams
Of Princes favours, nouriſh't in extreams;
Firſt taught to creep, and feed on hopes, to live
Upon the glance, and humbly to obſerve
Each Under-Minion, till its own deſire
Work near enough to ſet it ſelf on fire.
[*Studies a little.*
Fain would I make my Audit up with Heaven,
For 'tis a large one; but the ſmall vain hopes
Which yet I have of Life and of Revenge,
Smother theſe thoughts within me,
Faſter than they are born.

Enter Fidelio *diſguiſed like a Fryar.*

———A Ghoſtly Father!
My Minutes are but few, I ſee by this.
Sir, you are welcome:
I was but now conſidering how to die;
And, truſt me, I do find it ſomething hard,
I ſhall extreamly need ſome ſuch good help
As yours, to do it well.

Fid. Faith, my Lord, Divines do hold,
The way to die well, is to live well first.

[*Discovers himself.*

Cla. Fidelio!

Fid. Not too loud, there's danger in't:
The King has promised Life, but none as yet
must know it; the Enemies are too potent,
And must be softned by degrees.

Cla. Why then I see, he hath not quite forgot
Past services.

Fid. ——Not too much of that:
This is not gratitude; or if it be, it does
As thankfulness in great ones use to do,
It looks asquint and seems to turn to favours,
But regards new ends.

Cla. Prithee unriddle.

Fid. Why to be short, it is your Daughters beauty,
Not your merit.

Cla. My fears prompt me too quick;
She's not turn'd Whore, is she?

Fid. No, but her Honesty is so strait beset,
That if she be not Victualled well within
And have some sudden succours,
She will I fear e'er long surrender.

Cla. O *Fidelio!* when Kings do tempt,
Th'had need be Angels that endure the shock,
Not Women——

Fid. 'Tis true, my Lord,
Yet let not uncertain fears create new Griefs:
Doubt is of all the sharpest passion,
And often turns distempers to diseases:
Collect your self, and be assur'd my Zeal
Shall watch abroad; and when I may reveal
My self your Servant, I'll not do't in breath,
But with the adventure of my Life or Death.

Cla

Clar. Oh you are noble Sir, I know't,
And mean to hope the best, Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lorenzo *and his Father with Servants, whispering together and frowning, pass over the Stage. Exeunt.*

Enter Lorenzo *solus, as going to a Prison.*

Arm'd with the Love of Soveraignty and Revenge,
I'll ravish Fortune and all Engines try,
That Heaven or Hell have yet discovered.
But I will scale my end, and plant desire
As high as any thought durst e'er aspire:
The dotage of the King shall not secure thee, poor old Man.
Clarimont, I come; this Night our quarrel ends,
Nothing but Death could ever make us Friends.

[*Knocks at the Prison-door.*

Enter the Keeper.

Where's old *Clarimont*?

Keep. In's Bed my Lord.

Lor. In's Grave, thou wouldst have said.

Keep. Must he then Die to Night?

Lor. The King will have it so,
He fears the People Love him, and to save
His Life may prove Tumultuous.

Keep. Poor Gentleman! how quick is Fate come on him!
——How sudden is all woe!
Bad Days have Wings, the good on Crutches go.
My Lord, wilt please you walk into that privare Chamber.
The *Executioner* shall strait be here.

Lorenzo *goes forth. Murders him within, enters again.*

Lor. You must be sure to keep it secret now;
Perchance the King, to try your honesty,
And Blind his Daughters Eyes, will send to ask
Of's welfare.

Keep. Oh my Lord!

Lor. Nay, I know you understand, Farewell.

Turns back again.

One

One thing I had forgot: If any ask
What groan that was, say 'tis an usual thing
Against great Mens Deaths to hear a noise
At Midnight———.
So, now Royal Letcher set you safe.
'Tis your Death must secure my Life;
I'll on, Danger is but a bug-word,
My Bark shall through,
Did Mountains of black horrors me surround,
———When Fortunes hang in doubt,
Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Lorenzo, Parmenio *attending.*

ALL leave the Chamber; if any come,
I'm busie. *Parmenio*, be higher, nigher yet;
What dar'st thou do to make thy Master King,
Thy self a Favorite?
Par. 'Tis something blunt, my Lord, [*Studies.*
Why, I dare do———
That which I dare not speak.
Lor. By all my hopes, spoke like the Man *I* want!
'Twould be lost time to use much circumstance
To thee: shall we this Night dispatch the King?
Par. This minute, were he my Father;
He's not the first, nor shall he be the last.
Lor. Soul of my Soul! my better Angel sure
Foresaw my wants, and sent thee hither.
Parmenio, there's none but he
Stands 'twixt a Crown and me.
The Cloud that interpos'd betwixt my Hopes before,
Is like a Vapor faln, and seen no more.

The

The House of *Clarimont* is lost,
The King hath sent one Son to Banishment,
And I have sent the Father.
Par. How Sir!——You have not Murdered him! [*Starts.*
Lor. Why?
Par. Nothing my Lord, onely I'm sorry
I had no hand in't.
S'death, hath the villain kill'd him? [*Aside.*
Lor. Oh thou art jealous,
Thy hand comes well enough; this Night
I have determined that soon, e'er
The Royal Bloods a tilt, you shall to Horse,
Tis easie to out-ride ———
Par. Imagination it self, my Lord.
Lor. For then report will say thou kildst him.
No matter———
Par. Oh none at all my Lord.
Lor. When *I* am King.
I can restore at ease.
Par. True, my Lord.
What if your Excellence cast out when *I*'m gone,
That *Clarimonts* youngest Son did this, and took
His flight upon't. His discontent's known well enough.
To make of a Suspition a most received Truth;
Besides, whersoever *I* go, *I*'ll swear 'twas he.
Lor. By *Jove* most rare, when I am King *I* shall
Be poorer than *I* am, by giving thee
Thy due: Away, let's lose no time in words.
We're both resolv'd to put this cause to Swords:
I'll to the King, thou to prepare for Night,
Four hours hence wait me in the Gallery.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Clarimont Solus.

Break Heart and burſt! my Father Murthered,
And in the midſt of all his hopes of Life!
Methinks I ſee Millions of Furies ſtand
Ready to catch my Rages ſacrifice.
O for a Man that could invent more plagues
Than Hell could hold———
I have conceiv'd of wrong, and am grown great
Already: O ſweet Revenge! *I* humbly thee intreat
Be my griefs Midwife, let the Mother Die,
So thou bringeſt forth her long'd for Progeny.
Methinks *I* feel the Villain grow within me,
And ſpread through all my Veins:
How could I Murder now, Poyſon or Stab!
My Head is full of miſchief, Sulphur and flaming Pitch
Shall be but Mercy to thoſe Deaths I'll give.

Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter the King Fidelio.

Fidel. Though it be not ſafe for Subjects
To prie into the ſecrets of their Prince,
Much leſs to queſtion about them,
Yet the implicite Faith of blind obedience,
Poiſon'd with pleaſing oft——*Fid.* And't like
Your Majeſty, why do you court this Lady thus?
King. Why doſt thou ask?
Fid. *I* know 'tis inſolence to make reply,

Yet

Yet hear me as the Eccho of the Court, great Sir,
They call your last given Mercy, and those favours
But fairer ends to Lust.

King. Thy zeal hath got thy pardon:

[*Starts upon him.*

No more, he that does offer to give direction
To his Prince, is full of Pride, not of discretion.

[*Exit.*

Fid. So, to give Kings good advice,
May shew, *I* see, Men faithfull, but not wise:
I'm honest yet, and I do fare the worse for't,
Oh the Court!——
There humours reign, and merits only serve
To mock with idle hopes those best deserve.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Francelia, Bellamino.

Franc. Sir, leave your complement;
Methinks the sweetest Speech is that that's meant.

Bell. Wrong not my Love, best Creature so to think.
My words are not the true Ambassadors
Of my Heart; by thy fair self *I* swear,
Nature has been too partial
In Robbing Heaven and Earth to give you all.

Franc. Their weaknesses you mean, and I confess my Lord.

Bell. Their richest graces, sweetest,
Oh do not wrack me thus:
I Love, can you give Love again?

Franc. Yes, any Love that you dare ask,
Or I dare give my Lord——

Bell. Oh but Fair Lady; Love must have no bounds,

It

It pines in Prison.

Franc. Oh but my Lord, hot Loves, if not contain'd,
Like fiery Meteors, promise no good to others,
And are themselves consum'd.

Enter the King and Lords attend.

Bell. O leave me not in doubts distracting trance.

King. How, my Boy, what Courting!

Bell. No Sir.

King. What was he a doing then, *Francelia?*

Franc. So please your Grace, he was i'the midst
Of all your praises, when your Highness entred.

Bell. Hum——
There's yet some hope then. (*Aside.*

King. Oh you are glad we are come then!
That discourse was tedious.

Franc. No my Lord, I should have been well pleas'd
To have heard him longer.

King. You are grown a Courtier, fair one!
Sileo, are the Coaches ready?

Sil. Yes, and't please your Majesty.

King. Come, we'll abroad then,
This Day invites us forth; where's our Queen?
(*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Clarimont, Fidelio, *Young* Florelio.

Clar. Then with a pause fill'd up with Sighs,
Ask him how strong his Guards are; but above all,
Be sure to apply inflaming Corrosives,
Screw up his anger to the height,
And make his fears be double:
Officious Friends and mediation
May else prove Remedies.

Fid.

Fid. Enough; If we do fail to Act
Our parts to the Life in's Tragedy,
May all those horrors that do threaten him
Fall upon us, Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Clar. So, my revenge flies high:
The Villain first shall kill his Father,
And while his hands are hot i'the Blood,
This Sword shall pierce him.
——Murdered he shall sink quick to Hell,
I will not give him leave t'unload himself
Of one poor single Sin of thought:
But least he should wake out
Of's great security, and shun his Fate,
I will rock him on——
Mischiefs are like the Cockatrices Eye,
If they see first, they kill; if seen they Die. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter King, young Florelio, Fidelio.

King. AND must the Villain kill me too?
Flor. This very Night.
King. Why 'tis not possible, what would he have (had more?
He had my Heart, and might have had
All but the name of King:
Oh, Heaven had tyed
So strict a Friendship, we could not part with't;
I durst have thought that I had merited
Fidelity from him.
Fid. O my Lord, let ne'r so many drops
Sweet as the Morning Dew fall on the Sea,
The brinish Water turns them all to Salt:
Where there's an Ocean of ingratitude,

Favours

Favours must needs be loft.

King. Thou ſpeakeſt but Truth,
Who dare to merit ſtuft,
But writes an Obligation in the Duſt.
Your councel now my Faithfull Life preſerve,
Is there a way for pardon?

Fid. Faith Sir, it would pollute Mercy to uſe it here;
The Facts ſo foul, it calls it ſelf for Death.

King. And it ſhall have it:
Traitor's enough but when Ungratefull comes,
It ſtops the Mouth of pity. Go take our guards
And apprehend him ſtraight.

Flor. Soft, great Sir,
'Twere fit your Juſtice ſhould conſider
What way is made, if you ſhall apprehend him,
For Treaſon Unborn, and which he only did intend;
Fooliſh report which never was i'the right,
May clear his guiltineſs, and cenſure Majeſty.
If you'd permit him to approach the Chamber,
(Yet who'ld adviſe Treaſon ſhould come ſo near?)
You would take him in the Act,
And leave no place for foul ſuſpition:
Than if your Grace ſent for his Father,
And kept him with pretence of buſineſs by you,
Till he became the witneſs of the attempt,
Envy it ſelf could have no cauſe to bark.

King. Thou art my Oracle; I cannot tell
Whether my Debt be greater to thy Faith,
Or to thy council: Go and watch abroad,
And let theſe cares wait upon Fate and me.
The Captain of the Guard 'twere fit you founded,
He may do miſchief: *Florelio*, you
Shall to his Father, the reſt is mine to manage. (*Exeunt.*
Theſe Men are honeſt, and muſt be rewarded,
They do deſerve it; 'tis moſt rare to find
A greatneſs that enjoys true Friends.

For

For commonly it makes us fear'd and hated;
The one does breed offence, th'other leaves naked.
Let the impartial eye but look upon
All we call ours, and then again behold
The many hungry eyes of expectation
That wait upon our bounty, and it shall find
That we have scarce enough to keep mens hopes up high,
We are rich if we can purchase Friends:
Thrones, though they advance their glory ne'r so
Are but the fears of fear and misery. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Parmenio, Loranzo.

Par. In deep security, my Lord,
The Lady is at one window courted;
The King with *Floralio* and the Favourite
Contriving of a Masque, which he must never see.
Lor. Which! he must never see.
Oh thou dost hug my Fates;
How *I* am ravisht to think upon
Ensuing joys!
Parmenio, he's dead already.
Par. Six hours ago, my Lord, you cannot think
How much ado I had to keep my self
From saying, and t'shall please your Majesty,
I'th' open presence to you:
Methinks one while I see your highness sit
Like *Jupiter* in State,
With all the petty Gods about you:
And then again in a more tempting shape
Than was the shower of Gold,
Lie in some *Danae*'s lap
More wanton than *Europa*'s Bull;
Another time with some great train,

As if you went to battel,
Rockt in a downy coach, go take the Air,
And have the thronging City
Crowded into a handfull,
Looking along to bleſs your Eyes,
And ſtriving who ſhall cry loudeſt,
God bleſs your Majeſty!

Lor. And all the while thou, Like my Ganimede
Shalt taſt *Ambroſia* with me, while the petty Gods,
Burſt with repining at thy happineſs:
Thou ſhalt diſpoſe of all, create, diſplace,
Be cail'd my Boy, revel and mask, what not?
Oh for one half year I will not ſpeak unto the people,
Take you that Office, keep that part for yours.
Oh how I long for night!
Thou canſt not name the pleaſure
Could make time not tedious,
Away unto thy watch, and when the King's abed,
Be here.

Par. I ſhall, my Lord,
And't pleaſe your Majeſty, I ſhall, *Exeunt*

SCENE III.

Enter the Queen, Amaſia, Bellamino *her Favourite*, Drollio, *Attendants.*

Bell. What is the matter, Madam, that the Court
Is in ſuch clouds to night? The King
Feigns mirth and Freeneſs, but withal
Flaſhes of Fury make eſcapes.

Q. 'Tis ſtrange, my Lord, you ſhould not know.

Bell. Faith Madam, I know nothing.

Q. Troth not I, but I ſuſpect:
The Clock no ſooner ſtruck, but all the ſtateſmen

Started as if they had been to run a race,
And the King told me 'twere fit I took my rest:
There's something in't; but these designs of State
We women know no more than our own fate.
To turn our talk, Faith my Lord where lies
That beauty that so captivates you all?
She has a graceful garb, 'tis true.
Bell. Who, Madam, *Francelia*?
Oh she has a dainty foot,
And daintier hand, an eye round as a globe
And black as jet, so full of Majesty and Life,
That when it most denies it most invites.
Q. These parts she has indeed, but is here all
Bell. All! Heaven forbid:
Her Hair's so preciously fair and soft,
That were she fal'n into some river and
In danger, one would make a conscience
To save her life, for fear of spoyling it.
Her lips are gently swelled unto
Some blushing cherry, that hath newly tasted
The dew from heaven and her cheeks——
Q. Hold, hold my Lord, all this is poetry,
A painter could not flatter more:
To my eye now she is so slender,
She's scarce, I think, a span about i'th' middle.
Bell. Oh madam, you must think wise nature
Of such rich mould as she was framed
Would make as little wast as could be
Q. So, so,
VVhat think you of the upper part o'th' nose the
Does it not look as if it did give way
The eyes should shortly have an interview?
Bell. You're too severe a Critick, Madam?
So good a Wit as yours could make,
Where there where any, all blest perfections.
After all, next to your highness, I am resolved to think

She is chiefeſt Beauty.

Q. Not next to me, my Lord, now I am ſure you flatter
But it is too late to chid you for it.
Goodnight———— *Exeunt*

SCENE. IV.

Enter the King, *going to bed*, Cleonax, Lords, Attendants.

King. Good night to all, Lord *Cleonax*, a word in pri
(Whiſper) (vate
Take away the lights and ſhut the door. *Exeunt*

Enter Parmenio, *and* Lorenzo.

Lor. Is the King gone to bed?

Par. An hour ago, my Lord.

Lor. What if he ſhould not be aſleep yet

Par. No matter; ere his tongue can ſpeak, our ſwor
Shall kill: What though he calls us traitors?
Twill be his laſt, and may be pardoned.
Come Sir, bravely on?
————Fear's worſe than death,
You are Lord of all, or not of your own breath.

Lor. Nay if I fear, may I not live.
Follow————

The King calls out Treaſon? Old Cleonax *riſing to go o*
at the door to call for help, is met by his Son, who to
him for the King and kill'd him: Lorenzo *is preſent*
of ſet purpoſe run through by Parmenio.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter the King *in his Night-Gown*, Lords, Attendants.

King. Truſt me, moſt ſad and ſtrange!
A flood of Grief beats at my eyes for vent.
Poor *Cleonax*, I'm truly ſorry for thee.
Lords. So are we all.
King. This accident commands our pitty;
But what is done, is done
Let it not be as yet divulged;
Remove the Corps, and let it be the care
Of thee *Florelio*, to ſee his burial
Honorable and private.——
Good thanks to all the reſt. *Exeunt.*
Clarimont, ſtay you with me.
The Traitors dead by *Parmenio*; but you muſt know,
There's one yet lives within me, *I* love *Clarimont*.
Clar. That paſſion of all others, Sir heaven
Eaſily pardons;
He lives not ſure, that loves not.
King. I, but my love's not pure,
'Tis great not good, *Clarimont*,
I love *Francelia*.
Clar. Take heed of unchaſt fires, great Sir,
They Miſchief, Sir; Forget her;
Such fits as theſe are ever cur'd like agues,
But when they are moſt ſtarv'd:
If you ſhall give them their deſired fuel
They'l not be quencht with eaſe, and it is ever ſeen
(Heaven keep my Soveraign!)
The houſe they are bred in, feels them firſt and ever.

King. *Clarimont*, thou wert ne'r in Love;
Thou art Philosophical, and wouldst have reason
Guide where it was never yet Companion:
Thou shewst thy want of Love;
But helpest not mine: Council is not too late,
It's like Smiths water flung upon the coals
Which more inflames, here——
Thou twice hast sav'd my life, if thou now speed'st;
Go to *Francelia*, and presene
This Jewel to her, and withal my Love,
(*Gives him a Jewel*
Do't with thy best of language and respect.
Fair means at first we use,
But soul shall come, if she the fair refuse:
Goodnight, and good success.
Clar. Obedience is the best of what I am,
Your will's my Law, Sir.
Clarimont solus.
Why then it be:
Was there no women in the Court
To feed thy lust with, but my sist,
And none to be the Bawd but I?
Could'st thou not think of any other way
To express thy greatness. but by doing me wrong,
My fathers angry Ghost, I see,
Is not full appeased yet:
(*Studies*
Why should I make of Murther thus begun,
A Massacre?——
He did my Father right in his revenge;
I, but he wrong'd him first; and yet who knows
But it was Justice to attempt by force?
The removal of great favourites, though enemies
To the State,
Is not so warrantable,——I'm in a maze:
Something I'll do but what I cannot tell,
I fear the worst, Lust never ended well.

Act IV. Scene I.

Enter Francelia *and* Bellamino.

Franc. Fie, leave this importunity, my Lord,
I shall yield else, by this Kiss I shall.

Bell. By this, and this, and this, thou shalt:
Heavens, what a Breath is here!
Thy Father fed on Musk and Amber
When he begot thee, sure; the wanton Air
Chas'd by the hot scents of Arabick Spices
Is nothing nigh so sweet; the *Ambrosia*
The Gods themselves were drunk with
Dwells on thy Lips.

Enter Florelio, *Senior.*

Fran. Come, come, you flatter,
'Tis on yours, my Lord.

Bell. On mine! Alas, Nature gave us the Prickles,
You the Roses, but meant that they should grow together.
[*Kisses again.*

Fran. So, so, what if the King or *Florelio* saw ye?

Bell. What if they did? I can fear nothing now
But surfeits: Come, we lose time, my Fairest,
Do we not? this is the minute —— [*Kisses her again.*

Flo. By Heaven this is not fair, Madam.

Franc. Wonder strikes me Dumb. [*Exit.*

Flo. How does she Kiss, Favourite?

Bell. Who, my Lord?

Flo. My Wife, my Lord: Draw, draw, or by all my hopes,
My rage will make me turn a Murderer.

Bell. Not so easily —— [*They fight.*
Flo.

Flo. Hold, let's breath: Why ſhould I do him right,
Who has done me ſuch wrong? or die for her
That will not live for me—— [*Puts up.*
Go enjoy her—— [*Offers to go out.*
Bell. Soft—— [*Pulls him back.*
You have ſtoln a Secret here
That you muſt give again, or take my Life — Draw.
Flo. Prithee diſturb me not,
Bell. No, unleſs you promiſe never to diſcloſe
What you have here diſcover'd,
This muſt be the paſſage. [*Stands betwixt the door and him.*
Flo. Hum! I will be mute, credit me,
I will not ſpeak one word. [*Offers to go out again.*
Bell. Nay—— [*Pulls him back.*
You muſt ſwear it too.
Flo. If I muſt, I muſt,—By Heaven,
And by my Honour.—How tame a thing
A Cuckold is! [*Exit.*
Bell. 'Sdeath, why did I let him go?
We can no more ſubſiſt together
Than Fire and Water——
——One of us two muſt die;
And Charity tells me, better he than I.
But how? It is not for my Honour
To kill him baſely—— [*Studies.*
Nor is it for hers to kill him otherwiſe;
The whole Court will gheſs the Quarrel
If it be a Duel—— [*Studies again.*
It is decreed; No matter which way, ſo he fall:
Mine, in reſpect of hers, are no reſpects at all.
Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Docodisapio, Drollio.

Doc. Abused! grosly abused! a base affront,
Believe it, *Drollio*.
Drol. Why, what's the matter, Signior?
Doc. Why, do you hear nothing?
Drol. No, why what should it be?
Doc. *Pisaro* is the Man.
Drol. Fie, fie, it cannot be;
The State could not commit so great an oversight,
Neglect a Man of Merit for *Pisaro*, fie, fie!
Doc. Want of Judgment, *Drollio*;
An unlearned Council, I ever told you so,
Never more heads, nor never less VVit, believ't:
Drol. Say you so, Signior, that's hard;
VVhat say you to *Diano*?
Doc. Alas, an ordinary Brain,
Talks and talks it's true;
But speaks more than he is, believ't,
Betwixt you and I, a meer prater.
There's *Falorio*; why, he cannot read his own hand;
Vasquez cannot speak sence without two days
Premeditation, *Sillio*, *Vecbio*, *Caromio*,
All Stones in their Head———
Drol. If *I* should tell these Lords now, Signior,
VVhat you say, it might cost an *Earebso*.
Doc. *I*, why there's another abuse i'th State,
A Man shall have his Ears cut off for speaking
A truth. A sick Government, *Drollio*.
And a weak one believ't; it never thrived
Since *Spain* and we grew so great.
There's a mystery in that too, *Drollio*;

I will know all, before they have any more of my Money.

Drol. Peace, Signior, the King [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Queen, Lords, an Ambassador from Spain, *who has his Audience; after which the King goes out talking with* Fidelio, *the rest follow. Then enters the two Brothers, the* Florellies, *the Elder speaks earnestly.*

Fl. S. I prithee leave me, by all that's good
Thou canst not know it, why shouldst thou thus
In vain torment thy self and me! [*They whisper.*

Fl. J. VVell, *I* guess, and 'tis enough. [*Exit.*

[*The Elder* Florello *goes out at another Door.*

SCENE III.

Enter Clarimont, Francelia.

Franc. Think not, good Sir, your Elegant inforcements
Can seduce my weaker Innocence; it's a resolution
And sooner shall the fixed Orbs be lifted off their hinges,
Than *I* be moved to any act
That bears the name of foul;
You know the way you came Sir.

Clar. Is this all the respect the King shall have?
No, you would do well to cloth his harsh denial
In better Language. ——————

Franc. You may please to say,
I owe my Life unto my Sovereign,
And should be proud to pay it in
At any warning, were it ne'er so short;
But for my Chastity, it doth so much concern another,
I can by no means part with it:
So fare you well Sir —————— [*Exit.*

Cla. By Heaven a Saint, no VVoman!

Sure

Sure she was born o'th Virtues of her Mother,
Not of her Nieces; the whole Sex
May come to be thought well of for her sake.
I long to meet *Florelio*; my joy is not compleat
Till I have cured his Jealousies as well as mine. *Exit.*

Enter Florelio, *and a Boy.*

Flo. There was a time when Snakes and Adders had no being,
VVhen the poor Infant VVorld had no worse reptiles
Than were the Melon and the Strawberry:
Then were the Golden Times of Innocence,
There were no Kings then, nor Lustful Peers,
No smooth-fac'd Favourites, nor no Cuckolds sure.
Oh!— how happy is that Man, whose humbler thoughts
Kept him from Court, who never yet was taught
The glorious way unto Damnation;
VVho never did aspire
Farther than the cool Shades of quiet rest,
How have the Heavens his lower wishes blest?
Sleep makes his labour sweet, and Innocence
Does his mean fortunes truly recompence:
He feels no hot Loves, nor no Palsie-fears,
No fits of filthy Lusts, or of pale Jealousies:
He wants, it's true, our Cloaths, our Masks, our Diet,
And wants our Cares, our Fears, and our Disquiets.
But this is all but raving,
And does Distemper more; I'll sleep:
[*Lies all along on the Ground,*
Boy, sing the Song I gave you.

A Song to a Lute.

H*Ast than seen the Down i'th' Air,*
When wanton Blasts have tost it;

Or

Or the Ships on the Sea,
When ruder Waves have croſt it?
Haſt thou marks the Crocodiles Weeping;
Or the Foxes Sleeping?
Or haſt view'd the Peacock in his Pride,
Or the Dove by his Bride,
When he courts for his Lechery?
Oh ſo fickle, oh ſo vain, oh ſo falſe, ſo falſe is ſhe!

Good Boy leave me! [*Boy exit.*

Enter Clarimont.

Clar. How now *Florelio*, Melancholy?
Flor. No, I was ſtudying, prethee reſolve me
Whether it be better to maintain
A ſtrong implicit Faith,
That can by no means be oppreſt;
Or falling to the bottom at the firſt,
Arm'd with diſdain and with contempts, to ſcorn the worſt?
Clar. This is a ſubtil one; but why ſtudying about this;
Flor. Faith I would find a good Receipt for the Head-ach,
That's all.——
Clar. Hum, I know now whereabours you are;
No more on't, I am come to clear thoſe doubts,
Your Wife is Chaſte, Chaſte as the Turtle-Dove.
Flor. Ha, ha, ha!
Clar. Ha, why do you laugh? I know ſhe is, 'tis not
So many hours, ſince I tempted her with all my eloquence,
And for the King, yet found her cold as Ice.
Flor. Ha, ha, ha,
Clar. You do not well to tempt a Friend,
You do forget, ſhe is my Siſter.
Flor. I would I ne'r had known you had one.
Clar. You'll give a reaſon now for this.

Flor.

Flor. None.

Clar. By all that's good since our dear Father left us,
We are become his scorn; look you Sir, [*Draws.*
I dare maintain it.

Flor. But *I* dare not; put up, put up, young Man,
When thou hast known a Woman, thou wilt be tamer. [*Exit.*

Clar. Ha! what should this mean?
I know he's Valiant, Wise, Discreet: and what of that?
Passion, when it hath got the bit, doth oftimes throw the
——Rider.
——Yet why should I be preremptory?
She may, for ought I know, be yet unchaste
With some unworthy Groom. [*Studies.*
What if *I* stole into some corner, and heard her at Confession
'Twould not be amiss——
For Souls, at such a time, like Ships in tempests
Throw out all they have. And now *I* think on't,
Her trial shall be quick: Friend, I'll do thee right,
Come on't what will, she Dies if she be right. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Signior Multicarni *the Poet, and two of the Actors.*

Mul. Well, if there be no Remedy, one must act two Parts;
Rossello shall be the Fool and the Lord,
And *Tisso* the Citizen and the Cuckold.

1 *Act.* That cannot be, Signior, you know,
One still comes in, when the other goes out.

Mul. By *Jove*, 'tis true, let me see,
We'll contrive it, the Lord and the Usurer,
The Citizen and the Politician;
And sure they never were together,

But

But who shall Act the honest Lawyer;
'Tis a hard part, that.

Act. And a tedious one,
It's admir'd you would put it in Squire;
And 'tis against your own rules,
To represent any thing on the Stage,
That cannot be.

Mul. Why, dost think 'tis impossible for a Lawyer to be honest?

Act. As 'tis for a Lord Treasurer to be poor,
Or for a King not to be Cozened. ——
There's little *Robin*, in debt within these three Years,
Grown Fat and full by the trade:
And then there's *Barochio*, an unknown Man,
Got it all by speaking loud and bawling:
Believe it, Signior, they have no more conscience
Than an Inn-keeper ——

Mul. I grant you all this; an old Cook, and a good, will please all Palates:
There's that for the young Tapers of the Law;
Then there's a bawdy jest or two
Extraordinary for the Ladies;
And when it comes to be Acted in private,
I'll have a jerk at the State
For the Country Gentleman: If it does not take,
My Masters, it lies not upon me,
I have provided well;
And if the Stomach of the times be naught.
The Fault's not in the Meat or in the Cook.
Come, let's find out *Lepido*
And Dine at the Mermaid ——
Come let us have one Rowse, my *Foves* in *Aristippus*
We shall conceive the better afterwards.

Act. Agreed, agreed —— (*Exeunt Singing*

Come

Come, come away, to the Tavern I say,
For now at Home is Washing Day:
Leave your prittle prattle, let's have a Bottle,
We are not so Wise as Aristotle.

SCENE V.

Enter Clarimont, Florello.

Clar. By Heaven she's false, false as the tears of Crocodiles,
Or what is yet more feign'd: I do confess,
Your pardon, *Florello*, come pray your pardon,
Perchance I may deserve it.

Flor. You have it, so has she: would Heaven would do it as easily as I.

Clar. Heaven cannot do so foul an Act,
She has oh, she has done too much!
And should not I see justice done,
The Gods would punish me, Brother, clear up,
The World shall not be one Day elder
E'er I see thy injuries revenged:
This Night the King will revel
And be Gamesome; he will change Beds with thee,
Deny him not, and leave the rest to me.

Flor. Thy Youth I see doth put thee on too fast,
Thou hast too much of passion, gentle Brother:
Thinkst thou the Death of a poor lustfull King
Or Peer can give me ease?
No, for if it could, my hand durst go as far that way
As thine——
Had she been chaste, there had no tempers been,
Or if there had, I had not thought it Sin!
Draw not thy Sword at all, I do beseech thee,
'Twill not deserve one drop of Noble Blood;

Forget

Forget it, do, for my ſake———
Clar. May Heaven forget me then!
Where is the courage of thy Houſe become?
When didſt thou ceaſe to be thy ſelf?
Shall two brave Families be wrong'd,
Moſt baſely wrong'd,———
And ſhall we tamely like Philoſophers
Diſpute it without Reaſons
Firſt may I live the ſcorn of all the World,
Than Die forgotten.———No, no,
Were there as many Actors in thy wrong,
As does the vaſt Stage of the World now bear,
Not one ſhould eſcape my rage, I and my Ghoſt
Would perſecute them all.
By all our ties of Love, of Brother, Friend,
By what thou holdſt moſt dear, I do conjure thee
To leave this work to me;
And if e're thou canſt think
That I preſent thee not a full revenge,
Than take it out on me.
Flor. Thy zeal hath overcome me,
What wouldſt thou have me do?
Clar. Nothing but this; obey the King in all
He ſhall deſire, and let your Servants be at my diſpoſe
This Night: one of your faithfulleſt Confidents
Send hither preſently.
Flor. Well I ſhall, but what you'l do, Heaven knows,
I know not, nor will I———
It is enough that I, againſt my will,
Am made a paſſive inſtrument of ill.
Farewell.——— *Exit.*
Clar. So, there is but this,
The wanton King this Night thinks to embrace
My Siſter; his Bed ſhall prove his Grave,
His own Favorite ſhall make it ſo:
I have perſwaded him ſhe yields,

And

And this Night doth expect him:
He to make ſure o'the Husband,
By my advice, as if he did intend
Some jeſt, means to change Lodgings
With wrong'd *Florelio*, the Favorite.——

Enter Petruchio.

Oh *Petruchio*! welcome, You have other Cloths.
Theſe *I* ſhould borrow for a little while,
In Masking times diſguiſes are in faſhion?
I have a pretty plot in hand, and if it take,
'Twill be ſome Crowns in thy way.

Pet. I ſhall pray hard it may, Sir,
My Cloaths howſoever are at your ſervice.

Clar. And I at yours, *Petruchio*;
But you muſt be Dumb
And ſecret now.

Pet. As any Statue, Sir,.

Clar. Come then, let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

Act V. Scene I.

Enter Lepido, Drollio.

Droll. A Rare Mask no doubt, who contriv'd it?

Lep. Marry he that ſays 'tis good, howſoe'er he has made it,
Signior *Multicarni*.

Droll. Who, the Poet Laureat?

Lep. The ſame.

Droll. O then 'twere Blaſphemy to ſpeak againſt it:
What, are we full of *Cupids*?
Do we Sail upon the vaſt, and reſail,
And fetch the Mask from the Clouds?

Lepi Away Critick, thou never understoodst him.
Droll. Troth I confess it; but my comfort is,
Others are troubled with the same disease,
'Tis Epidemical, *Lepido*, tak't on my word,
And so let's in, and see how things go forward.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Francelia *sola Weeping.*

Swell on my griefs, and O ye gentler Tears
Drop still, and never cease to fall
Till you become a boundless Ocean;
Then drown the Source that sent you out, and hide
Francelia from her Husbands sight:
Her wronged Husbnads:
Oh could my *Florelio* but see
How all hot flames within me are gone forth,
Sure he would Love again:
Yet sure he would not: Heavens! how just you are,
And oh how wicked I am!
My Heart beats thick as if my end were nigh,
And would it were! a better time Death
Cannot take; an Absolution I have had,
And have confest my unchaste Love
Unto my my Ghostly Father; my peace is made above,
But here below ——— what mak'st thou here
Petruchio? ——— (*Enter* Clarimont *like to* Petruchio:

Clar. She Weeps, the Whore repents perchance:
Madam, it is my Masters pleasure that this Night
You keep your Chamber.

Franc. Thy voice and countenance are not the same,
They tell me that thy Master is displeased.

Clar. Madam, it may be so; but that to me
Is as unknown as is the New-found-World,

I am his Servant and obey commands.

Franc. And so am I, I prethee tell him so,
I will not stir.——— [*Exit.*

Clar. How cunning is the Devil in a Woman's shape!
He had almost again perswaded me
To have become her Brother.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Petruchio the Favorite is lighted at the Door,
And asks to see my Lady.

Clar. My Lady is retir'd, where is he?
This to my Hearts desire falls out.

Enter Bellamino *the Favorite.*

Bell. Where's *Francelia?*

Clar. My Lord, she is not well,
And craves your Lordships Pardon.

Bell. What, sick upon a Mask-Night,
And when the King sends for her!
Come, come, that must not be;
Which way is she?

Clarimont *steps to him and whispers.*

Bell. By Heaven——— [*He starts.*

Clar. By Heaven, nor will she ever see you more if he—

Bell. I understand you, I am *Bellamino*;
If e'er he see the Morning,
I had decreed it, nor should he have surviv'd
Three Days, had he been ne're so silent:
This Night's his last, *Petruchio*,
This Arm shall make it so,
I will not trust my Brother with the Act.

Clar. Nobly resolv'd; but how, or where, my Lord?

Bell. No matter where, rather then fail,
I'll make the Presence-Chamber be

The

The place of execution.

Clar. Still nobly, but my Lord——

Bell. But again, *Petruchio.*

Clar.——And again, my Lord, why
Think you that *Petruchio*, when he is
Entrusted in a business, will not see
It rightly done, and for his Ladies honour?
You'll kill him, and in publick, then forsooth
When you're i'th' saddle, all the Court shall cry
Francelia was weary of her Husband:
No, no, my Lady loves you well,
But loves her honour too; and there are ways, I hope
To keep the one, and yet not lose the other:
Do not I know my Lady lies alone,
And will feign her self sick this Night,
And all on purpose too?—am not I to let you
Into her Chamber, and to give out, the fact once
done,
That he killed himself.——

FINIS.

SUCKLIN whose numbers could invite
Alike to wonder and delight
And with new spirit did inspire
The Thespian Scene and Delphick Lyre;
Is thus expresst in either part
Above the humble reach of art;
Drawne by the Pencill here you find
His Forme, by his owne Pen his mind.

THE

WORKS

OF

Sir John Suckling,

CONTAINING

All his POEMS, LOVE-VERSES, SONGS, LETTERS, and his TRAGEDIES and COMEDIES.

Never before Printed in One Volume.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. H.* and sold by *R. Bentley* in *Covent-Garden*, *J. Tonson* in *Fleet-street*, *T. Bennet* in *St. Paul's* Church-yard, and *F. Saunders* in the *New-Exchange*, 1696.

HARVARD COLLEGE
DEC 4 1922
LIBRARY
Lodge-Stickney Fund

ON *New-Years Day*, 1640.

To the KING.

1.

AWake (great Sir) the Sun shines here,
Gives all Your Subjects a New-year;
Only we stay till you appear,
For thus by us Your Power is understood,
He may make fair days, You must make them good.
Awake, awake,
and take.
Such Presents as poor men can make;
They can add little unto his
who cannot wish.

2.

May no ill vapour cloud the Skie,
Bold Storms invade the Sovereignty;
But gales of Joy, so fresh, so high,
That you may think Heaven sent to try this Year,
What fair or burthen; a King's mind could bear.
Awake, awake, &c.

May

3.

May all the discords in your State
(Like those in Musick we create)
Be govern'd at so wise a rate,
That what would of it self sound harsh, or fright,
May be so tempered that it may delight.
Awake, awake, &c.

4.

What Conquerors from battels find,
Or Lovers when their Doves are kind,
Take up henceforth our masters mind,
Make such strange Rapes upon the place, it may be
No longer joy there, but an extasie.
Awake, awake, &c.

A

May every pleasure and delight,
That before does your sence invite
Double this year, save those o'th night:
For such a Marriage-bed must know no more
Then repetition of what was before.
Awake, awake,
and take
Such Presents as poor men can make,
They can add little unto bliss
who cannot wish.

Loving and Beloved.

1.

THere never yet was honest man
That ever drove the trade of love;
It is impossible, nor can
Integrity our ends promove:
For Kings and Lovers are alike in this
That their chief art in reigne dissembling is.

2.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love,
Good nature now and passion strive
Which of the two should be above,
And laws unto the other give;
So we false fire with art sometime discover,
And the true fire with the same art do cover.

3.

What Rack can Fancy find so high?
Here we must Court, and there engage,
Though in the other place we die.
Oh! 'tis torture all, and cozenage;
And which the harder is I cannot tell,
To hide true love, or make false love look well.

4.

Since it is thus, God of desire,
Give me my honesty again,
And take thy brands back, and thy fire;
I'me weary of the State I'me in:

Since (if the very best should now befal)
Loves Triumph, must be Honours Funeral.

IF when Don *Cupids* dart
Doth wound a heart,
we hide our grief
and shun relief;
The smart increaseth on that score;
For wounds unsearcht but rancle more.

2.

Then if we whine, look pale,
And tell our tale,
men are in pain
for us again;
So neither speaking doth become
Th Lovers state, nor being dumb.

3.

When this I do descry,
Then thus think I,
love is the fart
of every heart:
It pains a man when 'tis kept close,
And others doth offend, when 'tis let loose.

A Sessions of the Poets.

A Session was held the other day,
And *Apollo* himself was in it (they say)
The Laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

And
Therefore the wits of the Town came thither,
'Twas strange to see how they flocked together,
Each strongly confident of his own way,
That day thought to carry the Laurel away.

There was *Selden*, and he sate close by the chair;
Wainman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with *Townsend*, for they kept no order;
Digby and *Shillingsworth* a little further.

And
There was *Lucan* Translator too and he
That makes God speak so big in's Poetry;
Selwin and *Waller*, and *Bartlets* both the brothers;
Jack Vaughan and *Porter*, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old *Ben*,
Prepared before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deserved the Bayes,
For his were called Works, where others were but Plays.

And
bid them remember how he had purg'd the stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age,
nd he hoped they did not think the *silent Woman*,
ue *Fox*, and the *Alchymist* out done by no man.

Apollo

Apollo stopt him there, and bid him not go on,
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption
Must carry'r; at which *Ben* turned about
And in great choler offer'd to go out:

Those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit;
And therefore *Apollo* [illegible]
And made him mine host of his own new Inn.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a Laureat;
His muse was hyde bound, and th'issue of's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

All that were present there did agree,
A Laureat Muse should be easie and free,
Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his Grace
Consider'd he was well he had a Cup-bearers place.

Will. Daveuant ashamed of a foolish mischance
That he had got lately travelling in *France*,
Modesty hoped the handsomeness of's Muse
Might any deformity [illegible] excuse.

Surely the Company would have been content,
If they cou'd have found any President;
But in all their Records, either in Verse or Prose,
There was not one Laureat without a nose.

To [illegible] Barlei sure all the [illegible] meant well,
But first they would see how his Snow would sell:
Will [illegible] judgments they went [illegible]
That concluded of [illegible] upon success.

Sudden

Suddenly taking his place agen,
He gave way to *Selwin*, who streight stept in;
But alass! he had been so lately a wit,
That *Apollo* himself scarce knew him yet.

Toby Mat hews (pox on him) what made he there?
Was whispering nothing in some bodies ear,
When he had the honour to be named in Court,
But Sir, you may thank my Lady *Carlisle* for't;

For had not her character furnisht you out
With something of handsome, without all doubt
You and your sorry Lady-Muse had been
In the number of those that were not let in.

In haste from the Court two or three came in,
And they brought letters (forsooth) from the Queen,
'Twas discreetly done too, for if th'had come
Without them, th'had scarce been let into the room.

This made a dispute; for 'twas plaine to be seen
Each man had a mind to gratify the Queen;
But *Apollo* himself could not think it fit;
There was difference, he said, betwixt fooling and wit

Suckling next was call'd but did not appear,
But straight one whispered *Apollo* i'th'ear,
That of all Men living he cared not for't,
He loved not the Muses so well as his sport;

And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls above all the Trophies of wit;
But *Apollo* was angry, and publickly said
Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

What Montague now stood forth to his tryal,
And did not so much as suspect a denial,

But wise *Apollo* asked him first of all
If he understood his own Pastoral.

For if he could do it, 'twould plainly appear
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the Bayes above all the rest,
But the Monsieur was modest, and silence confest.

During these troubles in the Croud was hid
One that *Apollo* soon mist, little *Sid*;
And having spied him, call'd him out of the throng,
And advised him in his ear not to write so strong.

Then *Mumvy* was summoned but was urged, that he
Was chief already of another Company,

Hales by himself most gravely did smile
To see them about nothing keep such a coil;
Apollo had spied him, but knowing his mind
Past by, and call'd *Falkland*, that sate just behind:

He was of late so gone with Divinity,
That he had almost forgot his Poetry,
Though to say the truth (and *Apollo* did know it)
He might have been both his Priest and his Poet.

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which *Will. Davenant* began to swear;
But wiser *Apollo* bad him draw nigher,
And when he was mounted a little higher.

He openly declared, that it was the best sign
Of good store of wit, to have good store of coyn,
And without a Syllable more or less said,
He put the Laurel on the Aldermans head.

At this all the wits were in such a mood
That, for a good while, they did nothing but gaze
One upon another, not a man in the place
But had discontent writ in large in his face.

Onely the small ones chear'd up again,
Out of hope as 'twas thought of borrowing,
But sure they were out for he forfeits his Crown
When he lends to any Poet about the town.

Loves World.

IN each mans heart that doth begin
To love, there's ever fram'd within
A little World for so I found,
When first my passion reason drown'd.

Instead of *Earth* unto this frame,
I had a faith was still the same,
For to be right it doth behoove,
It be as that, fixt and not move.

Yet as the Earth may sometimes shake
(For winds shut up will cause a quake)
So often jealousie, and fear,
Stolne into mine, cause tremblings there.

My *Flora* was my *Sun*, for as
One *Sun*, so but one *Flora* was;
All other faces borrowed hence
Their light and grace, as stars do thence.

My hopes I call my *Moon*; for they,
Inconstant still, were at no stay;

But

But as my Sun [illegible] to me,
Or more or less [illegible] to be.

Sometimes it would be full, and then
Oh! too too soon decrease agen;
Eclip'st sometimes, that 'twould so fall
There would appear no hope at all.

My thoughts cause infinite they be
Must be those many Stars we see;
Of which some wandered at their will,
But most on her were *fixed* still.

My burning flame and hot desire
Must be the *Element of Fire*,
Which hath as yet so secret been
That it as that was never seen.

No Kitching fire, nor eating flame,
But innocent, hot but in name;
A fire that's starved when fed, and gone
When too much fewel is laid on.

But as it plainly doth appear,
That fire subsists by being near,
The Moons bright Orbe, so I believe
Ours doth, for hope keeps Love alive.

My Fancy was the *Air*, most free,
And full of mutability,
Big with Chimera's, vapours here
Innumerable hatcht as there.

The Sea's my mind, which calm would be
Were it from winds (my passions) free;

But out alas! no Sea I find
Is troubled like a Lovers mind.

Within it Rocks and Shallows be,
Despair and fond credulity.

But in this World it were good reason
We did distinguish time and season;
Her presence then did make the *Day*,
And *Night* shall come when she's away.

Long absence in far distant place
Creates the *Winter*, and her face
She tarryed with me will I might
Call it my *Summer* of delight.

Diversity of weather came
From what she did, and thence took name;
Sometimes she would smile, then made it fair;
And when she laught, the Sun shin'd clear.

Sometimes sh'would frown, and sometimes weep,
So Clouds and Rain their turns do keep;
Sometimes again sh'would be all ice,
Extreamly cold, extreamly nice.

But soft my Muse, the world is wide,
And all at once was not descri'd:
It may fall out some honest Lover
The rest hereafter will discover.

Song.

WHy so pale and wan fond Lover?
Prethee why so pale?
Will, then looking well can't move her
looking ill prevail?
prethee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute young sinner,
prethee why so mute?
Will then speaking well can't win her,
saying nothing do't?
prethee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame this will not move,
this cannot take her;
If of her self she will not love,
nothing can make her:
the Devil take her.

Sonnet I.

I.

DO'st see how unregarded now
that piece of beauty passes?
There was a time when I did vow
to that alone;
but mark the Fate of Faces;
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it could not charm or I not see.

And

2.

And yet the Face continues good,
and I have ſtill deſires;
Am ſtill the ſelf ſame Fleſh and Blood,
as apt to melt
and ſuffer from thoſe fires;
Oh! ſome kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my Heart be faulty, or her eyes.

3.

She every day her Man does kill,
and I as often die;
Neither her power then, nor my will
can queſtioned be,
what is the myſtery?
Sure Beauties, Empires, like to greater States,
Have certain periods ſet, and hidden fates.

Sonnet II.

1.

OF thee (kind boy) I ask no red and white it
to make up my delight,
no odd becoming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in Faces;
Make me but mad enough, give me good ſtore
Of Love, for her I Court,
I ask no more,
'Tis love in love that makes the ſport.

There's

2.

There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
it is meer colledge all,
for thought some long ago
Like certain colours mingled so and so,
That doth not tie me now from chusing new;
If I a fancy take
To black and blew,
That fancy doth a beauty make.

3.

'Tis not the meat but 'tis the appetite
makes eating a delight,
and if I like one dish
More than another, that a Pheasant is;
What in our watches, that in us is found,
So to the height and nice
We up be wound.
No matter by what hand or trick.

Sonnet III.

1.

O H! for some honest lover's ghost,
Some kind unbodied post
Sent from the shades below,
I strangely long to know
Whether the nobler Chaplets wear
Those that their Mistris scorn did bear,
Or those that were us'd kindly.

2.

For what-so-e're they tell us here
To make those sufferings dear,
'Twill there I fear be found,
That to the being crown'd,
I have lov'd alone will not suffice;
Unless we also have been wise,
And have our loves enjoy'd.

3.

What posture can we think him in,
That here unlov'd agen
Departs and's thither gone
Where each sits by his own?
Or how can that *Elixsum* be
Where I my Mistress still must see
Circled in others Armes?

4.

For there the Judges all are just,
And *Sophonisba* must
Be his whom she held dear:
Not his who lov'd her here:
The sweet *Philoclea* since she dy'd
Lies by her *Pirocles* his side,
Not by *Amphialus*.

5.

Some Bayes (perchance) or Myrtle bought
For difference crowns the brow,
Of those kind souls that were
The noble Martyrs here;
And if that be the only odds
(As who can tell) ye kinder Gods,
Give me the Woman here.

To his most Honored, the Lord Lepington, *upon his Translation of* Malvezzi *his* Romulus *and* Tarquin

IT is so rare and a new thing to see
Ought that belongs to young Nobility
In print (but their own cloches) that we must praise
You as we would do those first shew the ways
To Arts, or to new Worlds: You have begun
Taught traveled youth what 'tis it should have done:
For it has indeed too strong a Custom bin
To carry out more wit than we bring in.
You have done otherwise, brought home (my Lord)
The choicest things farr'd Countries do afford:
Malvezzi by your meanes is English grown,
And speaks your tongue now as well as his own,
Malvezzi, he, whom us as hard to praise
To merit as to imitate his waies,
He does not shew us *Rome* great suddenly,
As if the Empire were a Tympany,
But gives it natural growth, tells how, and why
The little body grew so large and high,
Describes each [illegible]
Concern'd our selves before we are aware;
And at the wars they, and their neighbours wagged,
Each Man is present still and full engaged.
Like a good Prospective he strangely brings
Things distant to us; and in these two things

We see what made greatness, and what it has been
Made that greatness, contemptible again:
And all this not tediously derivd,
But like to Worlds little Maps contrivd.
Tis he that doth the Roman Dame restore,
Makes *Lucrece* chaster for her being whore;
Gives her a kind Revenge for *Tarquins* sin;
For ravisht first, she ravisheth again:
She says such fine things after, that we must
In spite of vertue thank foul Rape and Lust,
Since twas the cause no woman would have had,
Though shes of *Lucrece* side, *Tarquin* less bad.
But stay; like one that thinks to bring his friend
A Mile or two, and sees the journeys end,
I straggle on too far: long graces do
But keep good stomachs off that would fall too.

Against Fruition.

STAY here fond youth and ask no more, be wise,
Knowing to much long since lost Paradise;
The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst should still
Last in their pride; and wouldst not take it ill
To rudely from sweet Dreams (and for a toy)
Who wert awake? he wakes himself that does enjoy.

ruction adds to new wealth, but destroys,
nd while it pleaseth much the palate cloys;
Who thinks he shall be happier for that,
s reasonably might hope he might grow fat

By eating to a Surfeit this once past,
What relishes? even kisses lose their tast.

Urge not 'tis necessary, alas! we know
The homeliest thing which mankind does is so;
The World is of a vast extent we see,
And must be peopled; Children there must be;
So must bread too; but since there are enough
Born to the Drudgery, what need we plough?

Women enjoy'd (what ere before 'thave been)
Are like Romances read, or sights once seen:
Fructions dull and spoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the Plot before;
'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear,
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.

And as in Prospects we are there pleas'd most
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess; so here restraint
Holds up delight, that with excesse would faint.
They who know all the wealth they have, are poor,
Hee's onely rich that cannot tell his store.

I.

THere never yet was woman made,
nor shall, but to be curst;
And oh! that I (fond I) should first
of any Lover
This truth at my own charge to other fools discover.

2.

You have promis'd to your ſelves
propriety in love,
Know womens hearts like ſtraws do move,
and what we call
Their ſympathy, is but love to jett in general.

3.

All Mankind is alike to them;
and though we ſeldome find
The Loadſtone with the Iron joyn'd,
'tis not its fault;
It is becauſe neer the Loadſtone it was never brought.

4.

If where a gentle Bee hath fallen
and laboured to his power,
A new ſucceeds not to that Flower,
but paſſes by;
'Tis to be thought, the gallant elſe-where loads his thigh

5.

For ſtill the Flowers ready ſtand,
one buzzes round about,
One lights and taſts, gets in, gets out,
all, all-wayes uſe them,
Till all their ſweets are gone, and then again refuſe them.

Song.

NO, no, fair Heretick, it needs must be
But an ill Love in me,
And worse for thee;
For were it in my Power,
To Love thee now this Hour
More then I did the last;
I would then so fast
I might not Love at all;
Love that can flow, and can admit encrease,
Admits as well an Ebb, and may grow less.

2.

True Love is still the same; the Torrid Zones,
And those more frigid ones
It must not know;
For Love grown cold or hot
Is lust or Friendship, not
The thing we have.
For that's a flame would Dye
Held down, or up too high:
Then think I Love more than I can express,
And would Love more could I but Love the less

To my Friend Will. Davenant; *upon his Poem of* Madagascar.

WHAT mighty Princes Poets are those things
The great ones look at, and our very Kings
Lay down, they venture on, and with great ease,
Discover, conquer what you please,
Some Flegmatick Sea-Captain, would have staid
For money now, or Victuals; not have waid
Anchor without 'em; Thou (*Will*) dost not stay
So much as for a wind but go'st away,
Land'st, view'st the Country, fight'st, put'st all to rout,
Before another could be putting out!
And now the news in town is, *Davenant*'s come
From *Madagascar*, Fraught with Laurel home;
And welcome (*Will*) for the first time, but prithee
In thy next Voyage, bring the gold too with the.

To my Friend Will. Davenant *on his other* Poems.

THou hast redeem'd us, *Will.* and future Times
Shall not account unto the Ages crimes
Death of pure wit: Since the great Lord of it
(*Donne*) parted hence, no man has ever writ
So nere him in his own way; I would commend
Particulars, but then, how should I end
Without a Volume; Every line of thine
Would ask (to praise it right) twenty of mine.